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SKETCHES OF MODERN GREECE.

CHAPTER I.

Oh! if you rear this house against this house,
Will the woofallest division prove,
Never fell upon this cursed earth.

King Richard II.

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S.H. 1828.

SKETCHES

OF

MODERN GREECE,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY A

YOUNG ENGLISH VOLUNTEER,

IN THE GREEK SERVICE.

Se s'ha da perder la libertà, non stimo
Il più ricco capel' che in Roma sia.

ARIOSTO.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

To attempt to deny the prevalence of vices amongst the Greeks, would be as ridiculous as to detract from their enormity, on the plea of the causes which have produced them, is pardonable, and even a duty. The links which for centuries have fettered this oppressed race, have been wrought by the prime advocates of barbarism, and distended from the hands of the most perverted in principle of all God's creatures, over the last unstable relics of a nation once free and glorious. The spirit of faction, engendered by the

ambitious disciples of the Fanar, whose only shrine is diplomacy, and whose only tenets of virtue are in the promulgation of licentiousness, whilst spreading its poison has tainted with its rancour spirits in their natural state free, open, generous, and brave. Of such a kind are the klephtes, who, even prior to the revolution, have spurned the yoke, which the policy of individuals has courted; who, amalgamating their natures with their rocky, but free soil, have preferred the refreshing wind which blows over it, to all the dazzling* gems and perfumed couches of their sensual and low-spirited Primates in the vale. And to these mountaineers, before we hazard an opinion of a nation, must we first of all look for traits of its character.

It is not the mere coasting along a shore with our mind full of prejudices against it—it is not from those parasites, called Franco-Greeks, met with in these gleanings, who have used their travels merely to cull the vices of both races to which their name alludes, and to acquire a speciousness which, like “a painted sepulchre,” renders them fair without,—it is not from such causes that opinions should be disseminated, or judgment formed, with respect to the character of a sorrowing people.

Convinced, however, that where prejudices have strengthened, a power far mightier than the author’s must be exerted to dispel them, as well as that where they do not exist, these palliatives are already anticipated, no longer trans-

gression shall be made on the public patience by any further prelude—save this affirmation—that all the characters mentioned in the following pages, as well Franks as Greeks, are the fair delineation of those who are now acting on the same field which the author himself has so recently strayed over, and to which, God willing it, he purposes speedily to return.

SKETCHES OF MODERN GREECE.

VOL. I.

B

SKETCHES OF MODERN GREECE.

CHAPTER I.

Oh! if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.

King Richard II.

AT the commencement of the period which the following pages are intended to illustrate, Greece presented a history of times far unworthy of the preceding three years occupied in her revolution. The only chieftains calculated, by their heroism and disinterestedness, to redeem her primitive lustre—they who had borne first in every fight the holy standard against her oppressors—were now overpowered

by the intrigues of the existing government; and, not losing sight of the patriot in the injured, were lamenting the infatuation of their country rather than their own sufferings within the prison-walls of Hydra. Others, attached to the same cause, had chosen exilement, and sighed over the proceedings of their ill-judging directors, breathing fervently the prayer, that the eyes of the populace being soon opened to discernment, they themselves might be recalled to power and to action, before the storm should burst which was gathering so fast around their beloved nation. Amongst the number of the voluntary exiles was the gallant chieftain Niketas. Proscribed, like the rest who sought to weed out the vices of the administration, he fled from the Peninsula; but, disdaining to seek retirement whilst his arm remained firm, he used the rights of a simple citizen now that the confidence of a general was withdrawn from him, and repaired, with a few trusty followers, to the defence of Missolonghi, at that time sustaining an unequal siege by Veli Pasha, with an army of twenty thousand Turks from

Anatoli. But the most considerable of all these leaders was the Moreote chieftain Colocotroni. His possessions, which, unlike most others, *he* had acquired worthily, aroused the avarice of the government. Perceiving that he was chased for them, he threw at the feet of his pursuers the thing they coveted, not, as the beaver in the fable, for the safety of his life, but for a nobler motive—the preservation of his country. His riches he resigned to them, that their disunion might cease, but this sacrifice failed of effect; for, on their wishes being thus far complied with, they grew insatiable. The power which Colocotroni's merit had secured to him lay in the hearts of the people, and to destroy that, was next the aim of the subtle Mavrocordato. For the purpose of effecting these plans he withdrew into Western Greece, under pretence of inspecting affairs there—whence, returning into the Morea, with an army of four thousand Romigliotes, he subdued the man he dreaded.

The energy which so short time back had evinced itself throughout the nation, was looked

for now in vain, and the stubborn inaction of a long deep dream seemed to have succeeded to the feeling become extinct. The Primates began to sigh for the days of Turkish luxury,—the peasants for those times when they were suffered to render their annual tribute, and then let their sheep graze on unharmed;—nay, the very Stratioti⁽¹⁾, as the cumbrous yataghan⁽²⁾ pressed on their slender waists, bethought them how much lighter had been the Moslem's wine-cups; and, as this deadening lethargy glided through their nerves, they forgot how nobly but yesterday they had strained them, to drive] far from the bracing mountains the tyrants who first had planted on their manly soil the luxuries which their enervated souls now pined for. The same deep-scheming Fana-riote⁽³⁾, whose snares overpowered Colocotroni, had formerly promoted, by his intrigues, to the rank of President, the Hydriote Conduriottis, and he rejoiced at these dissensions which agitated the country, and turned the attention of the public entirely towards them, instead of to the annual change of members, by which means

the patron of his choice still remained on the throne where he had placed him. The very inability displayed by Conduriottis for this high station, was the very motive which urged the wily Mavrocordato to attain it for him. His own term of government he well knew had expired, and he could not think of a better machine whereby to protract it than this Hydriote, whose total ignorance promised to his designs all the facility he could hope for in their execution. For the continuance of this man's power beyond the usual space. Mavrocordato assigned as pretext, that the riches and influence which he possessed in his own island were the sole means existing by which the expedition might be effected of the Hydriote fleet, which now kept stationary in its port, refusing to put to sea until money should be advanced for its sailors and its stores. But this pretext for the continuance of his power, like numbers which had been made use of to palliate his installment in his high station, served only to belie the hopes of those who had put faith in them. No funds were transmi-

and of the ships so fondly reckoned on, some were employed in piracy, some in private traffic, and others within their port, but none took measures to oppose the fleet of Mechmet Ali, which was proudly dashing through the waves of the *Ægean*, and shipping forces from Cyprus, Rhodes, and Candia, for the destruction of the Morea. Not that his Excellency was ignorant of these operations,—no—his views were favoured by the plans of the Egyptian; for to such an extent did individual ambition carry him, that he would have beheld with indifference the destruction of the whole Peloponnesus, so long as it impeded the enemy from invading his own dear island of Hydra, with its stony houses and well-tended orchards.—The public interest, in a word, was never so much sacrificed to the wish of dominion in an ambitious few, as by placing at the head of the nation Conduriottis. Too weak to command, too vain to consult, and too stubborn, even when advised, to obey, the errors of his administration could not fail to produce their effects upon a people so well calculated to re-

ceive them as the Moreotes. These, hived in their capital, and surrounded with luxuries, to which, on the snowy mountains, they had been unused, were soon fascinated by the change, and determined to enjoy the benefits of their President's repose as long as it might last; too happy, while in free possession of their own wills, for the feeling of regret to evince itself on the loss of the chieftains whom once they had obeyed; or, even if sometimes these were reflected on, it was but as on those in whose disgrace depended the tranquillity of the people as mere puppets to their will, who might be restored, should impending dangers render necessary their redemption, at the pleasure of the nation, without the thoughts of them or their captivity being allowed previously to break in upon the happy quiet it now enjoyed. This infatuation was quickly approaching to a crisis: already rich golden phermeli^(*) had taken the place of the vermin-coloured jacket, which until now each had been proud to exhibit in boasting of the campaigns wherein they had been worn. The rough

mountain-treading sarrukia ⁽⁵⁾ were exchanged for the light papoutzi ⁽⁶⁾, exquisitely modelled to the foot; and the humblest stratiote, who had ever trembled at the nod of his chieftain, would now acknowledge none greater than himself, and bend a still haughtier brow on the Primate who chanced to pass him. As these symptoms of disaffection increased, Mavrocordato, whose talents were never idle, began to look around him, and perceive the necessity of a reform. He reflected that an ignorant populace, with nothing but their inclinations to govern them, seldom confined these, when they tended to ambition, within very moderate bounds; that, forgetting their emancipation was to be struggled for, they might dream of it as wrought; and he feared lest, in the aspirations attendant on these bold imaginings, his patron's seat might totter, and he himself might fall. He felt that the security of the leaders could never be maintained while the people remained in inactivity. With a view to disturb it, therefore, he began to urge the necessity of entering with speed upon the campaign of

Western Greece, as well to defend Missolonghi, as to blockade Patras—a plan which had long been suggested, but which, through the disunion of the leaders, had failed of being practised. Sanctioned to the step by the President, Mavrocordato sent off orders forthwith to Xaimi, Londo, and Seceni,—the three Moreote Chieftains of most power,—to march out their followers ; the concurrence of these leaders being absolutely necessary, from the position of their several estates, Calavrita, Vestizza, and Gastuni, which border on the confines of the Turkish city. These, however, had their individual interest too much at heart to comply with the orders of the President. Each well knew that should Patras be conquered, and his possessions remain no longer in hazard of the enemy, the present privilege of having so many retainers would be denied him, and the large sums extorted annually from government, on pretence of their support, (though in reality for the purpose of satisfying his own aimings at pre-eminence,) would also be denied him, as their object was removed. Thus aware that

in the capture of this town their own authority would be destroyed, these three chieftains delayed submitting to the orders of the government, alleging their inability to procure provisions necessary for their armies, and demanding them at the same time from the leading power. No sooner was this *request* refused than the Chieftains formally refused obedience. Mavrocordato, aware that this insubordination, unless quelled, would add nothing to the dignity of his patron or his own well-doing, and perceiving that the means of averting it by force were far beyond his power, had recourse, as usual, to stratagem. First, he boldly affirmed these leaders to be traitors to the cause, and, adding that their disaffection stood not in the way of his projects, persisted in his first intentions—sending off all the old Capitani, who had heads to plod with, to the different parts of the Morea in the vicinity of Patras, and appointing the place of rendezvous at Gastuni. The refractory chieftains, not ignorant of these measures, which threatened as much danger to their own estates as to the

possessions of the enemy, called secret councils amongst themselves, to concert on the best method of destroying them. Too haughty to submit after having once resolved to disobey, they disseminated their rebellious spirit amongst the neighbouring districts, and, setting forth the right of the nation to an annual syneleipsis (^r), insisted upon its being no longer delayed. The flame, once kindled, quickly spread; half the people, on being aroused, joined its voice to these demands, and dissensions seemed once more about to embroil the Morea in civil feuds, no less destructive than those which, after so much bloodshed, had been quelled. Mavrocordato knew well the character of Xaimi, and he dreaded its influence amongst the nation. He perceived him to be reviving in its bosom the seeds which Colocotroni had first planted there, and finding that the public seemed well disposed to favour the views of this new opponent, he set all his talents to work on their defeat. He urged the President to assure the people of his entire attachment to their per-

sons, and devotion to their interests—and the necessity of adopting the plans he had made, which were grounded on the preservation of both ; to exhort them to delay, if not utterly to cease, these civil factions, which, by retarding the common operations against the enemy, would work infallibly their own destruction. The required address was made, and these persuasions, heightened over by the rhetoric of Mavrocordato, had for awhile their effect—the fleet prepared to sail, and Conduriottis, albeit unused to war, himself set out to march at the head of his army, for the supposed invasion. Yet the calm, thus formed in a moment, was but short-lived and delusive. All the disaffected of the nation, of whom, when thus called to show themselves, were found many, had already flocked round the uplifted banner of Xaimi. Amongst them were to be found those who had been engaged with Colocotroni during the civil war ; some few, whose sentiments of patriotism were centered in the success of Xaimi, as the only method by which their country might be free ; but the far greater

number of the insurgents consisted of persons whose individual interests were connected with his advancement. Londo, the cousin of this leader, was likewise increasing considerably the number of his partisans from amongst those dependants, who, allured by the seducing lasciviousness of his divans, had made themselves his retainers for the pleasures these luxuries afforded. Seceni alone, of the three proscribed, took a neutral part. He loved his case too well voluntarily to disturb it; and, predestinarian as he was, seated in the midst of the Turkish harem, which his *own* money and others' toils had provided for him, he left to fate the result. The energy of the two other chieftains, however, made up for the want of it in this old dotard. Already they were in arms to force the reform they needed, when intelligence was received that Ibrahim, son of the Pasha of Egypt, had effected a disembarkment of his troops at Modon and Coron, and had already commenced an attack upon Navarene.

It was early in the spring of 1825, when the

Morea, so lovely still and once so fertile, was suffering yet further devastation from the troops scattered over it, in their wild and disorderly retreat from Gastuni, to repulse this new enemy the Egyptian: trampling under foot the few crops which some peasants' industry had reared there, whilst they denounced bitterly against the farce which had been played them—in making them wear out their sarrukia merely to satisfy the whims of their capricious leaders, and reverted with sorrow to the good old time of Colotroni, when that which was commenced was continued. Greece was not rich, although the Greek soldiers were willing to suppose her so. "How can such numberless loans have been drained on the receipt of them?" was the cry of the poor Vlacho⁽⁸⁾, regarding his tattered yelé⁽⁹⁾. The only response given to this demand was made by a shrug of the shoulder—and the word patience (*υπομονή*) pitifully uttered by his comrade, equally miserable with himself. Not so with the more haughty Chīous⁽¹⁰⁾. Savouring in mood of the chieftain whom he served, he would inveigh in

strong terms against the usurpation of his rights. "With the present rulers," he would exclaim, "we shall ever be poor. While the riches intended to be equally distributed amongst us serve only for increasing the retinue of the President, and to cherish the prodigality of such members as he favours, we, without a covering to our feet, are fain to pierce them on the stony mountains, and endure the rigour of every season; not for the advancement of the cause, but for the repose and luxury of individuals, in which even, when purchased by our blood, *we* gain no share."

At the small *village* of Chiarenza, (if a place boasting of three ruined cottages can deserve that name,) rendered interesting only by its castle, which is said to have been the telegraph of the ancients, in a most miserable, although the most distinguished, hovel there, sat the Epparch⁽¹¹⁾ of Gastuni. His stratioti, eighty in number (the deduction of twenty from his right having been made for the sake of appropriating to himself their pay), all armed to the teeth, and strongly marked with the stern,

swarthy features of the Albanian character, were stunning the little abode with their clamours, demanding, previous to their march, the advancement of Louphé, and gazing at the same time, with a savage determination of not being refused, on a number of Machmouds⁽¹²⁾, which glittered through an ill-constructed box of netted rushes. Whether he was rendered more steady to his charge, than he would otherwise have been, from a desire of replenishing his own chimera⁽¹³⁾, which, hanging by a nail above his head in a state of long disuse, kept flapping at every light breeze in sad emptiness against the wall—or whether he really laid claims to an extraordinary fidelity, could not be ascertained; but sure it is, that at each threat bestowed on him he grasped with more obstinate firmness the desired treasure, and displayed his whole store of rhetoric with hopes to silence their clamours. He begged them, as they valued their fathers and their brethren, for the lives of whom he would not fail, he said, to pray, to cease their demands upon him. “Although,” he continued, “these de-

mands were indubitably just, the punishment due to those who did not satisfy them should alight on the persons of his superiors, all of whom he most devoutly anathematized—being at a distance—for not having attended to the claims of so many honest men and stout pallicari. “Trouble me no more then,” added the Epparch, “but, like good Christians, invoke the blessings of the holy Panogea, and march, God speeding you, to victory. The Mamelukes’ silk shawls and gold pelascas ⁽¹⁴⁾ shall be the fruit of it, and will stand you in more stead than all you could now be possessed of. For when were parades ⁽¹⁵⁾ ever used upon a march by those who have hands with which to plunder, and legs for flight? whereas I, who lead you on—who have to support the merit of so many brave fellows, deprived of the little that remains to me, how can *I* show myself amongst the dashing Capitani with Arab steed and gold pherméli; and would you desire to be worse headed than the rest?” The Epparch’s last idea was a happy one, an argument which, to a Greek soldier who estimates ever the fol-

lower by the chieftain, is irresistible. Already their hands began to slide from the yatagans they had held in their grasp; their eyes to revert from the gaze of deep interest to their former vacuity of expression, and their tongues to change from the boisterous roar to the less unpleasing, half-quieted murmur, when the revolution, so happily commenced, was effected altogether by the phenomenon of a young Frank, who entered the room, and held out a slip of paper, *cunningly* folded, to the Epparch. His peace, however, was destined to be of shorter duration than he had anticipated; for no sooner had he perused it than his visage fell from the satisfaction which was beginning to brighten it, to the renewed expression of melancholy.—“These Franks,” he exclaimed to his Chious, setting down with a deep-drawn sigh, the new cause of trouble, “will eat our heads (¹⁶). As though our present difficulties were not sufficient, each succeeding moment prepares for us fresh ones. God surely does not love us! They ask from us mules now to take this stranger to Napoli.”—“And where are we to

find them?" roared out the Chious. "Three out of the five which we plundered, after a long day's march over the mountains, were driven away yesterday by the cursed Suliot Costa as he passed by, and so we are to march, forsooth, and make Arabs of ourselves, with the calabacleiki⁽¹⁷⁾ on our shoulders, for want of other beasts to carry it!" Innumerable difficulties now started themselves, which it would have been impossible for the Epparch to remove during the present aspect of affairs, even had he wished it; and the acrimony of the poor man's temper not permitting him to seek resources, he replied to the objections of his Chious only by an expressive shrug of the shoulder, denoting his impotence to resist them, and fell into a silence, which he at length broke by a call on the caphidge⁽¹⁸⁾ to bring him his chibouk⁽¹⁹⁾. The Frank, who, either from ignorance of the language or from inattention, had not heeded at first the subject of the debate, became sensible, as well by the increasing expression of discontent in those around him, as by the sullen indifference which the Epparch

assumed, that circumstances were against him, and began to get impatient for the result.—
“ Good luck to my mission,” thought he : “ if this is to be the promptness with which my wants are to be attended to, and the cordiality which is to mark my reception throughout during my sojourn in the land, I shall pass, I guess, but a tedious life of it amongst them.”

CHAPTER II.

———The untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit—
No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show, which, God, he knows
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

King Richard III.

THE train of thoughts which were universally insinuating themselves amongst the assembly, and the silence which they imposed, might have endured for a still longer space, had not the striking of a small portmanteau against the narrow entry, and the person who bore it, diverted their attention towards that part. It was the servant of the Frank, who had hitherto been absent, employed in removing from the fishing-boat, wherein they had been conveyed, the few effects which were to accompany his own fortune and that of his master. He was a

Greek, and the shrewdness with which nature had gifted him enabled him quickly to divine the reason of this general gloom. Being most liberally endowed with the talents of embellishing truth according to his fancy, a genius in great estimation, as well as of lying when it much suited his purpose, he called both into requisition as he hastened forwards towards the Epparch to explain to him how much importance was annexed to the unfortunate scroll which had caused such ill will throughout. He let him know that his master, who had desired these mules, and who had been treated so cavalierly, was a great Milordo from Frankestan⁽¹⁾—that he now visited their country, to assist the cause, not only with his person and advice, but likewise with a large body of Frank troops, who had been sent over to Napoli in a ship, whilst Milordo travelled by land, and that these had now already arrived, and were impatiently awaiting the presence of their captain, with despatches of importance for the government, and a large sum of money for its expension. Paniote's skill in composi-

tion wrought like a talisman on all. The sturdy Chious, with more alacrity than he had ever before used, even in a retreat, ran out to fetch back the stolen mules. The Palicari⁽²⁾, who had been so sullen and disobliging, cheerfully gathered up the few leaves which the sterile land about Chiarenza could furnish for the stranger's better seat; and the old Epparch himself, who, most versed in politeness, seemed most ashamed at having neglected it, took the hand of the former in one of his, and placing the other in a respectful attitude upon his breast, entreated him to sit down. In vain did the young Frank cast his eyes around him in search of a chair, or some elevation that might enable him to comply with his request. The damp, uneven ground, which an old worn-out mat but partially covered, was the only "place of repose" which his gaze could encounter. He was beginning to show, by perseverance in the same position, his inability to exchange it for another, when his host, with a smile of pity, set him the example—as, bending his knees like the camel, he lowered himself cross-

legged on his tattered canopy, and drew after him forcibly his suffering guest. The old man, whose features still wore a blush, next clapped his hands for the café to be prepared, and being possessed but of one chibouk, which he then was smoking, he took it from his mouth, and wiping the amber piece⁽³⁾ with his chin, presented it to his guest, stammering at the same time, several unconnected sentences, which he intended should be taken as excuses. In these the Italian predominated, and no sooner did the stranger observe his proficiency in that tongue, and the superior facility derived thereby of mutual explanation, than he took great pains to assure him that excuses were less required than the mules, as he was impatient to proceed upon his journey. But the Epparch owed a duty to himself; and now that the first awkwardness of error had cleared away, and his shaken ideas had arranged themselves, he hastened to seek forgiveness for his late omission. "You see my troubles, Effendi⁽⁴⁾," he exclaimed, "and those likewise of my poor countrymen, and you must needs forgive me for having been so

much embarrassed by them, as to have forgotten at first the respect which is due to you. But I am still more grieved," he added, "when I think that your worth may be overlooked even as you continue on your way; for how, alas! can the generosity of your motives be appreciated, when half the nation consider as beneath their notice the sentiments which have brought you hither? In the overthrow of her patriots she has shed more blood than ever has been drawn before since the revolution commenced. Unhappy Greece is swayed by the caprice of individuals, and her people would rather see the utter extermination of their race than they would give up one feud, incited by the vanity of their chieftain. If you join, for example, the standard of one who rises in arms against a relative for having been enamoured of his wife, or of a politician, whose pride is stung by the more successful diplomacy of a rival, you will do well, and have high court paid to you amongst them. But the man, whom a noble desire of seeing us liberated draws to this land, is neglected and

turned from coldly, as a maniac, whose wanderings are founded on nothing. I will not, however, attempt to damp your spirits just as you arrive, although the shores you have touched upon be strange ones. To-day you must not leave us, for you have a Klephtes ⁽⁵⁾ dinner to partake of; you are besides fatigued, and when you depart from hence, the road before you will be long and cheerless, and you will find no roofs to sleep under, Purgos being in revolt from the disaffection of its governor, the nephew of Colocotroni." Much as the young Frank longed to resume his journey, he nevertheless felt that to persist would, besides offending his host, be to no purpose eventually, since the old man had the mules, and was determined on his stay. He therefore tacitly gave his consent, by remaining on the seat assigned to him, which, although painful, was not so much so as would have been an attempt to answer a speech so long and dry as the one addressed to him, not because he felt convinced of its authenticity, but because his ignorance of the real state of the country would not allow him to uphold it

against the declaimer. Fortunately, however, the sudden entrance of several Capitani, with the accustomed salutation of "many years may you live (6)!" prevented the difficult task otherwise incumbent on him of a reply. These chiefs had been attracted to the small mansion from a curiosity to see the stranger, and to question him on the dispositions of the various cabinets towards their struggle. They were all to march on the following day, and their dress, indeed, betokened them in marching order; for as they seated themselves around him, the Philhellene shrunk from their familiarity, on observing the crowds of vermin which lurked about their vestments. His apprehensions, however, served but to amuse them; and one, the youngest and the merriest of the party, distinguished likewise from the rest by a gold pherméli, to appearance twice the age of its wearer, consoled him in wretched Italian,—which he was proud notwithstanding to display before his companions,—with a Greek saying much in vogue (7), adding that the time would soon arrive when he would lose

these little peculiarities, and wonder at himself for ever having indulged in them. "The time may come," replied the Frank, encouraged by the unreserve of the young Hellene to an equal share of it himself, "when all these disasters may be my lot, but let me retard them as long as possible, since my taste and yours do not coincide; and spare me from anticipating, by a contact with your person, those luxuries from which may heaven preserve me!" This response was no sooner uttered than interpreted by the young Greek to the other part of the assembly, and followed by a roar of laughter from its facetious members; but of this admiration the Frank soon had sorely to repent, for it doomed him to suffer an increased familiarity from his addressor, who edged up towards him, and clapped him upon the shoulder too suddenly to be avoided. Compelled to suffer as well by the cramping of his legs, which for a long time had endured the same unhappy posture, as by the reiterated marks of acquaintanceship in his new companions (with whom, however, accompaniments excepted, he could

not forbear being amused,) he resolved to make a virtue of an evil which he found it impossible to avoid, and suffering for good fellowship-sake the caresses of all, thrust himself nearer into their circle, and soon forgot, amidst their gaiety, all the phlegm of his good old friend and entertainer, the Epparch, who sat indulging it on the person of a serious Capitano, advanced like himself in life, whispering in his ear matter apparently of deep import, if such might be judged from the expression of its delivery, with the slow motion of the head, and the long whiff of the chibouk, which accompanied the pauses deemed necessary for its digestion. The chiours of this grave old leader, of less consequence in reality, though no less pretending to it than his master, played his beads in silence beside him, affecting to know fully the subject, and to appreciate the importance of these debates so mysterious to the rest of the party. A difficulty, however, soon presented itself, which rendered their nature no longer a secret. A subject of contention had arisen, and the

sparkling eyes and heightened tone of the disputants, gave signs that it could not be happily decided without the medium of an arbiter. A parley accordingly was demanded, and the point referred by the Epparch, in Italian, to his guest, of whom he eagerly enquired "if the Franks had not sent out two frigates and eight steam-boats for the Greeks, and if he had not himself been on board of them at Corfu?" The young stranger expressed his perfect ignorance, adding that his doubts were great as to the probability of what he asserted. The Epparch, whose dignity, had the true result of this reference been made known, would have been overthrown entirely for the day, had a greater regard to policy than to interpret it aright, but taking advantage of the ignorance of his adversary in the language, he betrayed his trust of Dragomaun (⁸), and echoed the reply to his own favour, triumphing at the same time over his opponent, who fell forthwith into a gloomy silence, having recourse to his Chibouk anew. The crafty host, exulting at the success of his feint, with more dignity even than

he generally assumed, laid down the law to the grave part of the assembly—nay he went so far as to exert his powers in endeavouring to attract the attention of the young and giddy circle, who were all occupied in impressing upon their Frank companion, theoretically, the rules absolutely indispensable for the well-roasting of a sheep or goat, so as to give to it a greater relish after a long day's march. This discourse, so unsubstantially delineated, served in no ways to abate the hunger which already had made several severe attacks upon the listener, when a lamb of goodly dimensions was brought entire upon its wooden spit into the apartment, announcing to the inmates that mid-day had arrived. The Chious, to whom, as chief of the soldiery, the honourable task devolved, disjoined speedily with his yataghau, and laid the clumsy offerings upon a wooden trencher placed upon the mat, around which the guests seated themselves. To the Frank was assigned, as the place most distinguished, a seat between the Epparch and Lucca, the old klephtes, who had been his disputant so lately,

and it was with difficulty that he could retain himself from abandoning the politeness for which hitherto he had suffered so cruel a martyrdom, when his vanity came to his aid, and rather than show himself undeserving of the encomiums lavished upon him by the party, for his ready conformance with its customs, which evinced, too, they added, a real enthusiasm for the Hellenes, he resigned himself still to circumstances, and bending his legs as well as his whole frame into a narrower compass, to make way for the bulks of those who pressed on him as they surrounded the board, he signed his cross, like a good Christian, previous to commencing the repast, dipped his hands with the many amongst the fragments strewed on the trencher, selecting from them those pieces most grateful to his palate, and, finally, received from the fingers of those who wished to show him the greatest attention, the savory delicacies as a token of regard. The lamb, however, was excellent, and roasted to a marvel, and the well-stored chitza⁽⁹⁾, with good Monemvasia wine within, as it passed from mouth to mouth, did

not go by the young Frank untasted, who soon, in the primitive manners of his exhilarated companions, not only forgot the distortion of his limbs, but likewise the rigidity and punctuality which generally preside over repasts in more western climes, and he rejoiced at having exchanged them for that happy stimulus to appetite, the assurance of his presence being welcome, and himself liked by all those with whom he broke his bread. As the second flask went its round, vivas louder, and pronounced more energetically than ordinary, shewed its influence over the party, and brought the Palicari to their element; pistols were drawn from every belt, and each new health that was given was followed by a salute at the poor Epparch's beams, who looked on their sport, however, without a derangement of muscle, philosophically considering that on the morrow he would be far away from the mansion, and it little mattered to him in what state of dilapidation the next owner might find it. Old Luca had sought the means of retaliating the taunt which his host had put on him, and smiled with perfect satisfaction at

every thing around. His head, however, was a prudent one, and the wine which already had begun to mount there, gave him hints that it was time to discontinue his libations. Most, in fact, had either resigned, or else dosed over them, and even the mischievous young Capitani, who had expended their cartridges so fruitlessly, contented with the number of splinters which they had driven from the roof beams, took a friendly leave of the Epparch and his distinguished guest, for the purpose, they said, of being the fresher on the morrow for their march. Their example was soon followed by the older and more sedate, and in a short time the room was deserted of all its former inmates, save its proprietor and his old opponent Luca. The young Frank could hardly be mentioned as an exception to the general retirement, for the glow emitted by the pan of charcoal, the silence which had succeeded to the late uproar, and above all, his ideas, at first excited, now lulled to rest by a too copious use of the wineflask, these several causes combined, had thrown him into a quiet dose, which his officious domestic

Paniote no sooner observed, than he laid a cushion under his head, and made other preparations for the better enjoyment of his slumbers. The conversation, renewed between the Epparch and the pacified old Klephtes, increased meanwhile in interest as it proceeded, and not only the lamps, announcing the approach of night, but even the supper, were brought into the apartment without being able to abstract their attention from the discourse in which they were engaged. It died away at length merely from lack of matter with which longer to support it, and the snoring of the Stratioti who lay around, wrapt in their rough capotes, shewed them that the hour of repose had come on them unheeded. As Luca prepared to depart, and the Epparch to take his rest, they bethought them suddenly of the young guest, whom in the ardour of debate they had both so long neglected. But when they perceived how effectually he had anticipated the slumbers which they only prepared themselves to enjoy, neither would commit the deadly sin of awakening him, considering, as the hardfaring Greeks most natu-

rally do, that sleep is secondary to no blessing. So deeply, in fact, was the Frank possessed by it, that not until the morning beams burst on him, and the clattering of hoofs, the signal for his departure aroused him, did he awake and find how cruelly he had been tormented by the musquitoes, and other insects not less painful, that infested the abode. The Epparch was on his old seat, smoking tranquilly his chibouk. Starting up from the mat he had lain on, and rubbing his eyes, the Frank stammered out an excuse to his host for having so far exceeded the bounds of moderation. No answer, however, being returned, he imagined that he had not been heeded, and was repeating his words, when the placid and indifferent countenance of the Epparch, as he wished him "benefit from his repose," intimated that further explanations would be utterly thrown away. Without saying more, therefore, he performed his lavations, water being poured upon his hands by Paniote, who with jug and napkin had been standing patiently by the side of his master while he slept, watching the time to arrive when God should

be pleased to awake him from his long protracted slumbers. The pipe was handed him, and as he inhaled its perfume he resolved to have a dispute with his domestic the first time in which an opportunity should offer itself, in seeking to correct the only custom from which he had as yet revolted, that of suffering a man to sleep on to eternity. This determination formed, he awaited until the vapours of the night should be sufficiently dispelled to allow the old man to break the silence into which he had fallen on the first compliments of the morning having been interchanged; but so inflexible seemed his taciturnity, that the patience of the young Frank ultimately yielded to it, and drawing from his small portmanteau some fine gunpowder, which in the present state of the country he judged to be a present most acceptable to an individual, he presented it to the Epparch, taking him by the hand at the same moment, and wishing him farewell. "You are going then," replied his host, removing from his saddle bags a fine gold carbee⁽¹⁰⁾, which he pressed on him in exchange, "and perhaps you may not

return, but recollect that you have gained on the first small spot you tarried at, a friend whose equal you may not find again throughout all your wanderings in Greece, let the time employed by them be ever so long, for all love self too much to bestow a sentiment on another. In my greener years, while I followed the same track with the many, I was no better myself, perhaps, than those whom I now condemn, but those years are fled from me, and age, in sobering my temperament, has enabled me likewise to bestow an interest on others save myself." This short address was uttered with so much true feeling, that in awakening the sympathy of him for whom it was intended, it gave him patience likewise to await what yet remained to be said. "Trust in me," continued the old man, "for you may find no other to trust in, and keep in memory the last piece of advice I may ever be destined to give you, since hereafter, in time of need, it may prove to you serviceable. You will be courted by all for your riches, whether real or imaginary; you are young and easily to be deceived, and I see by your eye that you are am-

bitious. Here there will be no lack of adulators to besiege your vanity, or for partisans to advance you in your schemes. Trust not, however, too much in either set, and should you employ the latter, teach them to obey rather than to advise; so that when occasion makes it needful, you may govern, not be governed by them. Above all, never confide in their powers to effect aught which you may feel diffident of your own ability to accomplish, for their fidelity is established only on your success: while *this* looks bright, for their own views they will support you, and add by their exertions to your power and fame; but should fortune, who is fickle in proportion to the stake we aim at, once turn her wheel on you adversely, he who has shared first of all your favour, will be the very first to work your destruction. Hundreds will flock around you and proffer to you every thing, but not in any one will you find stability of character, or even a point to hold by; all is artifice about them; but this artifice is so well supported, and dazzles so strongly the imagination, that it is too apt to assume the shape of

solidity, and prevent you from probing into the real inconsistency which the interior would otherwise present. Of one thing therefore be careful—dupe all, or you yourself will be duped.” The old man concluded the advice which he had so liberally imparted: there was a tone of feeling throughout it which left little doubt but that he himself had experienced a sad downfall in the same career, to which he now attempted to pave the way for others less experienced. But, spite of the impressive manner which marked the delivery of these precepts, and the earnest attempts made to inculcate them, they had been lavished on one who gave to them but little heed, for the strong glare of the sunbeams emitted through the rafters, and the heads of the mules stretched staringly upon him through the door-way, reminded the young Frank that the morning was already far advanced, and that the journey before him was a long one. He thanked the Epparch, therefore, again and again, for these fresh tokens of his esteem, but trusted, he said, that he might never be doomed to split on the rocks of which he

warned him, assuring him, that his head was too light and his heart too merry, to become, just yet at least, entangled in party intrigues. His views, he added, were to become a Palicar, not a politician. "You may laugh at my fears, Effendi," resumed the persevering old man, "and the Virgin grant that you may ever rest as lighthearted as I see you at this moment; but there is an influence, my son, in the climate of Greece, which has infected many with weariness and sorrow, who yesterday were heedless and gay as you are now. The mountains soaring above each other, in barriers seemingly eternal, snow topped yet smiling with flowers, present to the young imagination a certain grandeur to be aimed at. As you approach their lofty summits, and feel proud to repose there on having gained them, you are frequently led on to apply these semblances in nature to your views of ascendancy in life. There is a bracing air never absent on these mountains, more refreshing and inspiring than is to be found in the vallies beneath: as this breathes over your frame, it leads you to forget all the

travail of the road past, and while it bestows on you new energy for that which is to follow, your sanguine spirit converts it into the breeze of hope, which cheers you on to aspirations of loftiness. By hourly gazing on them you nourish these phantasies, until you find life not worth possessing, unless it be a life of enterprise."

"You have made a convert of me, my dear Epparch," exclaimed his young guest, no longer able to refuse a reply to so many kindly designed injunctions; "your precepts shall remain always near to me, and doubt not but that I will profit by them. Meanwhile, however, not to retard purposes and employments, which to a man of your importance, must every moment be of value, and not to keep longer in waiting the stout Palicari, who are to be my escort, and the beast of burden which is to convey me, I repeat to you farewell." Saying which, to avoid a reply that he feared, from the length of the preceding addresses, if once made, would be unceasing, and receiving patiently, in hopes of its being his last martyrdom, the

parting kiss from the well-greased mustachios of his old adviser, he mounted his mule with intention of taking flight in earnest. But his destiny was not yet fulfilled: other obstacles awaited him no less adverse to his wishes than the Epparch, for Paniote, who had taken particular care that the dignity of his master should not lose a whit, whilst himself could be its supporter, had long before this dispatched various couriers about the vicinity to make known to all around the arrival of the Milordo, and the purpose of his mission. This was no other, he assured them, than the deliverance of Greece, and that too without further trouble to themselves; nay, the very time of it he had specified, and the means of it he had discussed, until the heralds, in persuading others, had lyed themselves into belief, and now flocked to the mule's side, together with the wondering of all ages, for the sake of expressing their humblest acknowledgments to this generous visitor, who, in so short a time, and in so singular a manner, was to work the enfranchisement of their race. These greetings were succeeded by innumera-

ble offerings of service ; nay the whole crowd, had he so willed it, would have followed him on his route in ecstasy at being near so great a man. The Frank acknowledged the civility of all, but he heartily wished it to be passed, for, besides the delay which it occasioned to his journey, it possessed, he thought, more of interest than goodheartedness, and surfeited more than satisfied him. His modesty too began to contend within him for its right ; it had not, it is true, been sufficiently ingenuous to check these superfluous adorations so long as it rested only with the knave who had first raised, to maintain the cause of them ; but when at length he found himself assaulted by the pressing demands of some admiring old Vlachos, whom respect had excluded from the Epparch's mansion ; and when to these was joined the prostrate homage of old mens' withered lips saluting his hand, an inexpressible feeling of disgust succeeded to his prior forbearance, the which, not to betray, he kicked his obdurate beast, and with a wave of the hand, accompanied by as few words as possible, hurried away from these

loud salutations, followed at some distance by the sagacious Paniote bringing up a heap of necessaries with the luggage, on a sumpter mule, and by a swift-footed, well-arm'd Moreote, who served as a guide.

CHAPTER III.

I shall lose my life for want of language.

All's Well that Ends Well.

As they proceeded on their route, the scenery around soon varied from the unchecked monotony of Chiarenza to a flourishing and vegetable soil, on which the eye reposed with pleasure. Trees, studded beside narrow brooks, forming barriers to small estates, which the hands of some peasants had cultivated, gave signs that industry was yet to be found amongst them. Though far more cheering the path which witnessed this, and though the bleak moors of Chiarenza had little interest to recall to them the ideas, when once lost sight of, the young stranger felt, notwithstanding, that the farther he strayed from that small hamlet, the more did his regret at its eloignement strengthen

upon him. "What great interest," thought he, "can have been excited in me for a spot so unblest, after a day's residence under a roof which certainly offered no luxuries for me to sigh at quitting? Is it from an anticipation, then, that the lamb which I partook of will be my last—famine henceforward hovering over my route? or is my heart so soft and so desponding as to look back with regret on the conviviality of the banquet there, as being the only one I am allotted to share in? No, none of these causes can have disconcerted me—it must then be the old Epparch!" He had touched on the right chord; he found, at last, and he felt happy that his discernment had at length reduced to a point of simple reasoning—the nature of the gloom, which, as long as it had rested undefined, would have haunted his imagination as a presentiment of evil. His regret he felt, on the whole, not to be uncalled for: he had left many originals behind him, and much good advice—a tone too had marked the latter and a look—both well brought back to memory, now that the old man was away, bearing in them an

expression kind and disinterested, which he had supposed impossible to have been assumed by a complete stranger. That the old man had been strongly prejudiced in his favour, he felt no doubt—or why waste so many good counsels upon him? and he now fully accounted for the sensations which pervaded him, in attributing them to the loss of a good friend. The beauty of the plain before him, which had been unable to attract his attention whilst this gloom prevailed, on the mystery of its nature being elucidated, gained its full influence, and inclined him to admiration. It was the extensive vale of Pyrgos, interesting as well from its present luxuriance and beauty, as from the recollection attached to the sports, of which, in ancient days, it had been the site.—Here had been held the Olympic games, and the turf, in many parts, was laid bare, as though the chariot-wheels had but recently been over it, or the quoits had but just then cut it away. The amphitheatres were in many places distinctly visible; the gladiators seemed still to contend upon the arena, and from the benches to be

heard the din of applause—while, in other parts, they were obscured in their forms, and scarcely to be known, save by the semi-circle about the ground, and a few relics from the decayed pillars, which once had ornamented their interior. These seemed to pray for hands to excavate them, and brought irresistibly to the mind of the young Frank how time wears out, and confounds things. “How strange,” he reflected, “that by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature—all the master-pieces of art—all the labours of men—are reduced to nothing—all that we admired and adored, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished, while another form and face of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole earth!—where are now the empires of the world, their imperial cities, their pillars, their palaces, and their monuments of glory? Who can tell me where they stood, or declare the victor’s name?” The river Alphæus, rippling at his feet, interrupted his musings, which were beginning to be sad—nor did he feel displeased at the intervention—for

seldom does man contemplate with pleasure the progress of a nation falling or fallen into decay. 'Tis true, that Greece was no more the slave, while she gloriously struggled for her emancipation : but then he had heard so much of the blindness of her leaders, of the dissensions from which she was never free, that he almost dreaded the result of their exertions while dis-united—nor was he well situated for supplying with dreams of hope the real deficiency of generous spirit amongst the people, when the two companions of his wanderings—the only beings with whom he held converse on his route—were the most uninspired and stubborn of the nation. These would pursue their own movements just as their wills prompted them, without the slightest reflection on the taste of the Effendi whom they were to conduct ; both being convinced, by his long silence and abstraction, that his disposition was a pliable one, and that his mind was too much occupied with himself, to bestow any heed upon them. They had now unpacked the provisions from the sumpter mule, and Paniote was digesting his share of the third repast they had that day

made, by a copious draught from the well-nigh exhausted chitza, when his master awoke from the reverie he had indulged in, and, jumping from his mule, dashed it on the ground. "So you would have me to starve, you villain," he exclaimed, in a language wherein the Romaic only predominated, "that you yourselves may eat in peace. Finish your supper, however, as hastily as you choose, and take care that your speed be improved by it." The two banqueters, who had been praying that the abstraction of the Frank might endure for ever, and had taken their capotes from the back of the sumpter mule, in order to accommodate themselves for the night, received this unhopedor summons with feelings in no wise disposed to obey it. They were both, however, too cunning to betray their sentiments, either by a word or sign, but resolved upon pursuing a wiser method—that of feigning entire ignorance to the hint which had been given them. They passed it off, therefore, as a pleasantry congratulated themselves on the presence of their master to the meal, of which, by the bye,

their conscientiousness had saved but little—and Paniote took vast pains to represent the extreme mournfulness with which they had commenced it without his accustomed appearance. The Frank, who had not been deaf to the “loud vivas” and other signs of merriment which, in reality, had presided over their repast, resolved to punish his servant for the consummate impudence of his assertion: no sooner, therefore, had he finished the slight portion which remained, than, taking from the ground the capotes which they had strewed on it, and throwing them over the sumpter mule, he mounted his own, and, with an expression more resolute than he had ever before used towards them, bade them take up what was theirs and resume their journey. In vain did entreaties and remonstrances succeed to this command; in vain did Paniote sigh and cross himself, and the guide most solemnly swear that they could not reach the village before night-fall: the Frank knew the road better than the knaves were inclined to teach it him; and, finally, when they beheld that nothing

ould oppose his wilfulness, they took up the broken chitza from the ground, and with a few oaths, which their good manners enabled them in part to stifle, resumed their journey over the hills which now began to rise to them, ill enabled to console themselves for the change from passive to determined in their Effendi. In lieu of deceiving they had been deceived, and it was a great mortification to their pride that a Frank, and so young a one too, should have proved himself superior to them in penetration. Spite of the assertions of Anastasi the guide, they arrived by night-fall at the village where they designed to take up their quarters; and so reviving to the spirits of the exhausted followers was the tolerable cottage which they found there, that in a few minutes they forgot all the fatigues of the march, which, in fact, had been a long one. Paniote, rendered more than usually submissive and obliging, disburdened himself of twice his ordinary quantity of lies to the old priest of the mansion, for his master's credit and his own, whilst Anastasi amused himself in relating to the old woman

hideous tales of all the vampyres and hobgoblins who had made their appearance in days gone by, to his mother and his aunts, until both fell asleep; and their master betook himself to a very tolerable paploma⁽¹⁾, which the exaggerated relations of the servant had been the means of procuring from the host. But the morning had scarcely dawned when the Frank shook off his slumbers, and, transgressing law so inviolably preserved throughout Greece, disturbed the repose of all around, in hurrying his followers to their task. The provisions, which overnight they had provided, were huddled into the bag, and placed in the hand of the muttering guide, who, with the still dreaming Paniote, put himself once more in order of march. Although the plain was past, hills, diversified with various kinds of verdure, presenting an aspect little superior to it in beauty, lay before them to traverse. At night the party halted on the slope of one of these, and on the next morning continued their journey. But as the scene of yesterday had been lively, so now was it become bleak and disheartening. Instead

of vales and gentle acclivities, here mountains arose, and immense precipices yawned beneath them; nor had the barren steep, over which lay their path, one solitary shrub to temper their wildness.

“By Panogea,”⁽²⁾ exclaimed the guide to Paniote, after a long time mutually passed in silence; “this Milordo⁽³⁾ is curious; he drives us on as though Drameli Pasha were at our heels; nor will he listen to a word except his fancy so incline him—nay, if I were to tell him now that no village is at hand, he would only give me the lie, so that where we shall sleep or what we shall eat, the virgin only knows.”

“Patience, brother,” rejoined the more resigned Paniote; “what can we do? Here we are now, and God, if he wishes, will get us out of it. To argue with Milordo, would be to lose words; for he tells us, when not inclined to answer, that he is ignorant of our tongue, although, when he is in a passion, he can talk it fluently enough.”

“Would that I had contrived the death of my beasts before they brought him,” resumed

the guide ; “ better far than that they should bear one so wilful and obstinate.”

“ Patience, Anastasi, I repeat to you,” interrupted Paniote, “ my master is a great man, and has more machmouds than would smother both of us ; he gives me a hundred piastres every month, and we will pilfer him a little so as we get well on.”

“ Impossible !” exclaimed the guide, amazed at what he heard, “ to throw away so much on no better a subject than you are : he must certainly be a fool ; but, however, since he is a great man, and will pay us well for the mules, give me the wine, as you hope to live, that I may drink to his prosperity and our own.”

“ And where am I to find it ?” roared out Paniote, “ if the chitza which bore it be broken.”

“ You will find it in the skin, slung to your mule’s pack-saddle,” persevered the guide ; “ it is all well to tell the Frank, your master, you have none ; but I am an old vlacho, whom you cannot so soon deceive. Come, then, to

have no slanders, let's finish what remains, and talk more freely afterwards."

Paniote held out a short time longer, but Anastasi at length succeeded in persuading him, leaving but little for his companion. Exulting in his success, and still more so at the rhetoric to which he owed it, his vanity suggested to him that by improving on the powers already displayed, he might gain by them still further advantages.

"My good Paniote," he cried, "your choice has been worthy of yourself; who would have thought, that after so many campaigns as you have taken, with the same coarse Arab shirt to your back, and a miserable fare of olives, Fate should at length have brought you to the service of a rich Milordo, to be paid your ten pieces a month, only for sitting with him like a Pasha, and eating out of the same dish : your fortune is an exalted one, and, perhaps, some day or other you may have it in your power to do something for poor Anastasi."

“You can depend upon me,” replied Paniote; “I see that you are a good lad, and as Milordo takes soldiers in his pay, I, of course, shall be appointed his Chïous, and then you shall be Bairakta⁽⁴⁾. He likewise will assume the Hellenic dress when he gets to Napoli, and my office being to provide it for him, as he knows nothing of the price, I will get you and myself a pair of sarrukia with the money, so that we may the better follow him where he goes.”

“The virgin prosper your intentions,” rejoined the guide; “you have now touched upon a point which interests me profoundly. Look but for a moment on the sarrukia which I wear; they are soleless, and *you* do not feel the stones which pierce my feet, because you are on the mule. I have marched in pain by your side over all the mountains, and have only been able to bear my sufferings because your conversation so charmed me. Now, however, we are descending into a plain, be not so hard-hearted, my good Paniote, as

to refuse dismounting for a little, and take my place, while I ride slowly by your side until it be passed."

Paniote, who wished to be obliging to one for whose services hereafter he might have occasion, graciously condescended to surrender the seat he had so long occupied to his fagged companion, in full persuasion of repossessing it an hour afterwards. But of his complaisance he had sorely to repent; for no sooner had the guide mounted, than expressing a vast number of acknowledgments, he pressed the stirrups to the flanks of the beast, and scampered with all the speed he could draw from it towards the common, which began to appear. "Evil year⁽⁵⁾ may you have of it," roared out his astounded companion, but the wish was not heard, and the dying strains of a trite Albanian war song mingling with the air, announced the guide, his spirits in their element, far away from Paniote, whose rage turned into despondency, on reflecting upon the situation in which he was left. How to find out his road again, or how to avoid the rebukes of his master, whom he had faith-

lessly abandoned to chance, were thoughts which equally perplexed him. To stay, however, where he then was, seemed not to be the wisest plan, so he followed, as well as he could discern in the almost entire darkness which surrounded him, the track which the guide appeared to have taken when he played so villanously the traitor, trusting fervently for an encounter with some person who might direct him. But when an hour had been spent in this incertitude, and without the appearance of a being, save himself, the imagination of Paniote got replete with evil bodings. The plain on which he found himself was, he knew, in the vicinity of Vampyres; nay, perhaps, the very spot he stood on might be their favourite haunt. He bethought him midst this gloomy recollection of all his relatives in battle slain, and what had been their deeds during life, so that he might judge, from a summary of their actions, whether any of them were likely to be converted into the state he feared. This he found difficult to determine; but crossing himself most piously, he put up his prayers to the

higher powers, that if so cruel a fate had been their's, for *this* night at least he might be spared the terror of a visit. As the fellow's fears were fast increasing, a loud shout issued from no great distance, and startled him from his suppliant posture. As he knew, however, that a vampyre generally announces his approach by a flame of fire, and not by any vocal sound, he collected a sufficient degree of courage to trace the noise to the spot whence it had proceeded: but what was his surprise when, approaching nearer, and hearing the sound repeated close to him, he recognized his friend Anastasi the guide, who in the sallies suggested by the wine, had forgotten the whole of his twenty years' experience of the Morea, and together with his unfortunate mule, was plunging in a deep swamp, from which either sought in vain to extricate himself. "Oh, my friend!" exclaimed Paniote, in an ungovernable ecstasy of malicious joy, "you have not then altogether deserted me; you would fain have made yourself Effendi and laughed at me,

but that you were stopped in your course untimely."

The poor guide most willingly would have heard any other voice, or beheld any one else near him, save the person whom so recently he had injured, and shame struggling for a while with the sense of his situation, silenced his lament. The exultation of Paniote, on the other hand, quite excluded his former terror: to have a human being near him, though in a ditch, was some consolation, and his revengeful wishes were perfectly gratified, at finding that Anastasi was the person. As soon as his bursts of admiration, which he took no pains to conceal from the sufferer, had somewhat subsided, Anastasi, who was making his calculations on how long a feeling of virulent malignity could endure, ventured to claim his pity. "I have wronged you, my brother," he said, "but, nevertheless, for the sake of the blessed virgin, forgive me, and grant me assistance, that I may not let out my soul in so wretched a plight; let me yet survive, and you

shall find in me a slave who will toil for you at the tambouri (⁶) and carry your calabaceiki for you on his shoulders, if you will but extricate him. I see you are moved; listen to my lamentations, much-wronged Paniote, as you value the repose of your father, and let not revenge, which belongs only to the devil, choke those christian feelings which I perceive to be struggling within you."

"If I assist you now," replied Paniote, drily, "it will be a bad action, and I shall fare the worse for it, since you are but justly punished, by the holy St. Steffano, for your wilfulness and sin. Not only have you abandoned my much-revered master to be slaughtered by the Klephti for a Turk, but you have eaten the meat, and drank nearly all the wine which the botza contained, excluding me thereby from consoling myself for his loss, and for your obduracy. You have left, however, I perceive, a little drop, with the which I now drink to your redemption."

"I forgive you, my brother," he continued in the same tone, "for all the aggravated

wrongs which you have committed this day against your fellow-creatures. I forgive you likewise the fatigue which you have caused me to undergo, on condition that you invoke the holy St. Steffano, with the promise of a suitable offering to intercede with the Virgin, that through her means the curse laid on you be removed, and that you cease to beg of me the destruction of my white calzes (7) in endeavouring to extricate you from the mire, into which, by higher powers, you have been thrown."

The unfortunate Anastasi perceiving that no pity was to be gathered from an opponent so inflexible, contented himself with a few oaths, which were soon, however, converted into interjections of fear, and addressing all the saints in the calendar, lest St. Steffano might be disposed for his enemy, he vowed donations to them of candles, size and quality specified, to grace their images on his arrival at any place of Christian worship, should they deliver him on this emergency.

The young stranger, meanwhile, whom the

increasing melancholy of the route had rendered more peevish than usual, folded closer and closer at every moment his boat-cloak around him, until he began to feel that it made but a wretched defence against the effects of the weather. He bethought him then of the far-famed Grecian sky, and wished that just now that eulogy might be justified ; but a mist was fast thickening around him, which, while it bounded his gaze to the part he immediately stood on, added a fresh gloom to its bleakness. He sought anxiously for his two followers, and called out repeatedly their names, but to no purpose. Alone, in such a place, all the perplexity of his situation became manifest, and he found himself quite at a loss how to act, or what course to pursue. The mountains round about him were barren and rugged : small paths, hardly to be traced from the snow, which in many places had defaced their outlines, were the only signs existing that these mountains had ever been trodden by man before. After torturing his mind for a long while to no purpose, he resolved to submit to destiny, and

dropping his bridle on the mule's neck, he suffered it to go whether it would, although he augured but little benefit from the animal's instinct. Accustomed to the clambering up rocks, the beast kept the higher path, and by such time as the night had well set in, contrived to conduct its master to a small spot planted with fir trees, over which the wind blew most uncharitably, and where was seen no habitation or human being to inspire him with confidence. His passions struggling within him, however, by keeping his blood in circulation, prevented, in some measure, the benumbing effects of the atmosphere; for the more displeasing his situation became, and his uncertainty of bettering it increased, the stronger did his anger rise against the disloyal authors of his embarrassment. Descending therefore from his mule, whose talents as a guide he now no more than justly appreciated, and praying that some being might interrupt by his presence the solitude around, he paced and repaced, in sad loneliness, the spot to which fortune had brought him, with a full determi-

nation never again to lose sight of a Greek on whom so essentially were placed his interests, as on the two knaves who had abandoned him. "I know not," thought he, "whether that old man from whom I last parted has really prophesied to me things which are to happen; but should my star continue ever in the same mood as that in which she has commenced, his evil auguries may justly be verified. A mournful countenance never pleases me; for when fixed on me, the expression which it bears seldom fails to involve me in some event equally gloomy in its nature. These and many other reflections crowded upon and disturbed him, until his better genius hinted, that to grant them further indulgence could assist but little one benighted in a strange land, and that the time which they commanded might be much more profitably employed in endeavours to rescue himself from the perplexing state into which he was thrown. Roused, moreover, to exertion from the cold, which now, spite of his warm fancy, began to assail him, he drew, as the last resource, a pistol from one

of his holsters, and discharged it, listening at the same time attentively to hear whether it might not be repeated : but to no purpose ; all, when the echo had passed, became still as before, and the young Frank relapsed into despondency. The mule, however, as though tired of inaction, began to move towards a fence of tambouri, which was thrown up at no great distance around a lake of snow. His master, not willing to lose the only companion which remained to him, followed the beast's steps ; and as it seemed more cheerily to advance, became inspired himself with hope, and mounted again upon its back. The mule proceeded more gaily than before, as though it had in view some object ; but whether or no for their mutual interest, the stranger felt himself puzzled to determine. But he was not long in suspense ; the trampling of horses became soon distinguishable, and afterwards the long deep strains of a klephtes chaunt. Never did music come to his ear more sweetly, for though it was a doubt to him how amongst the approaching troop he might be received, or

whether even its members belonged to the cross or to the crescent, still his encounter with them, at all hazards, was better than the certainty before him in the alternative of starving from hunger and cold on the bleak desolate spot whither his mule had brought him. The animal seemed perfectly to agree, for it so increased its pace as to bring his master into the midst of some horsemen. A shout was presently heard from one of these, and no answer being returned, the discharge of a *douphéghi* ⁽⁸⁾ succeeded to it. Fortunately our traveller was too well favoured by the shades of night to suffer from the shot intended for him: not caring, however, to hazard a second, he called out loudly for a parley with this unknown band. A short pause followed this request, when a man, striking his stirrups ⁽⁹⁾ into his horse's flanks, and riding up towards him, seized hastily the bridle of the mule, and questioned the rider; but no sooner did the latter begin to relate the accident which had made him so lonely and so suspicious, than

the horseman alighted and embraced him. "Have you forgotten me," he asked, "when so lately since we parted?" Although it was too dark to discern the features of the enquirer, the voice immediately reminded the Frank of the Epparch's testy old disputant at Chiarenza. His joy was no less than his surprise at the discovery, and he felt that the man whom but a short time since he had never cared to look on again, was now the best encountered in the world. "My dear Luca," he addressed him, after the congratulations had been exchanged, "I was beginning to lose all hopes of ever quitting this dreary place, and was thinking whether to condole with myself or not on having none to raise me a tomb stone and an epitaph, when your presence has so opportunely released me from these gloomy apprehensions, and allowed me, perhaps, the still further gratification of continuing my journey to Napoli with you, and trusting no longer to those rascals who have deserted me."

"And never fear but you shall pass your

time well with us," replied the old Capitano ;
" The Bulgarians know how to treat a stranger.
Hadji Christo (⁹) is our leader ; you shall see
and sup with him, and the slaves who have
forsaken you shall meet their due, for the friend
of our tribe is not to be abused."

CHAPTER IV.

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choak their service up
Even with the having.

As you Like it.

LUCA had no sooner finished his preamble than he led the way for the stranger to where the rest of his party had gone. Their path lay through large woods; the stems of the trees were buried deeply in the snow; branches, and in many parts whole trunks, strewn upon the ground, and bearing the marks of the hatchet, shewed that some Stratioti had been at work there, nor did this longer remain a doubt, when on the windings of the rock's side a large blaze burst full upon the view, round which were collected, in various attitudes, a wild groupe of men in the Bulgarian costume, forming, as it

seemed, the body guard of the chieftain, since others, not so favoured, were excluded from the vicinity of the flame, and employed either in gathering faggots for its continuance, or in taking the rations from their bags and disposing them in order for supper. Hadji Christo himself had just alighted from his steed, a carpet was being strewed by the Chious for him to repose on, and as he meanwhile stood up, the firewood yielding wholly to the efforts of the flames, sent forth a cheerful blaze, and emitted its glare full upon the features of this extraordinary chieftain. He was a muscular man of moderate size, his hue dark as the cabals of his enemies, and his quick keen eye, in its wanderings, seemed to read the closest thought of him upon whom he fixed it. There was a sneer upon his lips which extended likewise to his manner, as though to deny that he had yet found his equal, and to dare the land he fought for, while unaltered, to contain him. His dress was plain in its texture, and not to be distinguished from that of his followers, save by the large fur-lined jubbee⁽¹⁾, which was thrown over his shoulders,

and the well-wrought gold-handled pistols, displayed not only in his belt, but likewise in the holsters borne by his white Arab horse. For the rest, his *person* alone, proclaimed him every where leader—the resolution in his eye, and the high bearing in his mien; nor did his character fall short of his expression. Save Colocotroni, who now could scarce be counted to exist, he was the only chieftain whose hand and heart coincided in their exertions for the country, although, to him, this country was a stranger one. His intrepidity and firmness of character had procured for him a number of enemies, who wrought upon him their political intrigues the more easily, on account of his ignorance of their language, and his want of others to depend on; but he trusted to his courage and his conscience to subdue them, and was the only example of one who, in Greece, had maintained his power by such pure weapons as these. The young Frank, whom Luca had now brought into his presence, attracted the attention of this leader, who bent on him an enquiring eye, as though to demand his mission. Anticipating,

therefore, further surprise, the former introduced him to the chieftain, taking care to inform him, in highflown strains, of the enthusiasm of his young friend for their country, as well as likewise, he added, for the person of Hadji; concluding with the account of the sinister accident to which he owed his rencontre with the Frank. The Bulgarian chieftain took the stranger by the hand, and expressed, through means of his interpreter, the happiness which he felt at fortune's having thrown into his path a young aspirant for liberty, too early on his outset to have been contaminated. "I trust," continued Hadji, setting him down on his carpet, "that we shall not part, but that you will join our handful, and make with us the approaching campaign. In the meantime, I myself will bring to your presence the villains who have deserted you, and they shall be punished as you would have them." The Bulgarian awaited not a reply, but taking from his Chïese (²) the horse from which he had so recently dismounted, he left the firewood for the snows, abandoning to his guest the fine

amber beads and pipe, together with his seat before a good fire, with Luca by his side, and a hundred and fifty savage-looking Palicari around him. The old captain was altogether altered from what he had seemed, and were it not for the same hard features and tone of voice, the Frank would never have recognized him as the dry, phlegmatic disputant from whom he had parted at Chiarenza. Circumstances, however, had ordained, it seems, that an adventure which paved the way for the appropriation to himself of his young friend's pursuits and views, should brighten his countenance, and relieve his spirits from the gloom which the sober converse of the old Epparch had previously drawn on them. Add to this, Luca was a man who had taken his studies at the Fanar, and knew well "to twist a muscle," when benefit could be derived from its distortion. Consulting now the appetite of his young friend, he laid before him a trencher of cold meat and a flask of wine, and then, the night being considerably advanced, threw a spare capote over his shoulders, and pointing out to

him to follow his example, lay down on the rock to repose.

The situation of the two faithless followers, meanwhile, was far different from that of the stranger. Paniote had just taken from the bag, which the unfortunate mule had thrown, the last black crust which it contained, and was eating his supper with all the feelings of a philosopher, on the driest part he could find about the environs of the swamp, wherein stood his ill-fated companion, like a warning beacon, when the neighing of a horse, together with the discharge of a doupheghi, brought back, with redoubled force, the fears of Paniote, and the desire of assistance in the bemired conductor. "Holy God!" exclaimed the latter, paralysed by the agony of his feelings, "is it not sufficient to be left thus, to become rheumatic for life? What I heard then is too true, the Musselmén are on their march to Tripolizza." Paniote, without thinking it necessary to reason on how the enemy could have arrived so suddenly in these parts, felt convinced that it was the case, and would willingly have exchanged places with

Anastasi, from the terror into which his suggestions had thrown him, when a second discharge was heard, with a trampling of hoofs close by. He now felt that to evade discovery was impossible, since some one was evidently being sought for; he returned, therefore, the salute, when a man, booted and turbanned, galloped up, and addressing him in a strange tongue, threw Paniote to the ground. Anastasi, who at the commencement of this scene, had buried himself more deeply in the mud, now blessed the destiny which had brought him there. The impatient chieftain lifted, at length, the domestic from the ground, his fears having rendered him incapable of rising without assistance, and drawing a large pistol from his belt, beckoned to him to follow. Paniote obeyed, and, keeping up his best pace to correspond with the motion of the Arab steed, soon forsook the unlucky common. Hadji led the way over the same wood which the Frank had traversed with Luca, and when the strewed branches met the sight of Paniote, his heart beat still quicker with evil apprehension, for he doubted not but

that the Moslemen were bivouacking near, when the moon, which he had been cursing for not enabling him by its light to survey well the person of its conductor, sent forth the same beams, which shone brightly on the snowy path, to aid his gaze on Hadji. But in gratifying his wish, it robbed him of all his hopes, for he no sooner beheld the large variegated shawl wrapped round his head, with the red morocco boots, and the fur-lined cloak, falling on one side, so as to display the workmanship of the gold pistols in his belt, than a sudden qualm, more violent than he yet had known, came over him. He could distinguish, he thought, the features of Mustapha, an Aga of the Mamelukes, whom, before the revolution, he had defrauded of various articles ; and the only reason which he could assign for the Turk's not having massacred him directly, was from the hopes of first obtaining information of the movements of the Greeks, the which curiosity being satisfied, his least punishment, he knew, would be to have his ears and nose cut off, and himself dispatched with some taunting message to his

countrymen. Possessed with these notions, Paniote began to weigh most seriously in his mind the answer which would be most fitting to give to the demands which his fertile brain had already anticipated. It staggered him long to decide whether by an exemplary conduct, for which in the next world he would be blessed, to show himself the good patriot, and to suffer roasting alive in preference to betraying his country; or, whether, to escape this fate by imparting the desired communications, and to leave the enemy's camp with the loss only of his beauty. Of the former fate all was uncertainty, but, of those who had suffered the latter, many examples had been shown him, in which, after the temporary pain occasioned by the incision, they had been happy and contented as before: on this then he resolved. The moon sunk behind a cloud; the wind began to rise, and all appearances seemed to show that the morning, when it should dawn, would be a bad one. The cold had rendered poor Paniote less vivid in his reflections, and his answers and demands were beginning to jumble themselves together in his

head, when his conductor stopped at the same blaze round which his followers were collected: a voice from amongst them demanded the watch-word: Hadji made no reply, but shaking off the cloak which he had wrapt around him on account of the cold, the discharge of a hundred doupheghia shewed him to be welcome. In the interim, between the salutations made to the chieftain, and his own orders about the well-guarding of his steed, Paniote had time to look into the assembly. The language they spoke, he soon found, was evidently not Turkish, and the features of one or two seemed familiar to him. Reassured at these discoveries, he ventured to intrude himself farther into their circle; when he saw placed by the side of one a large portion of meat well roasted, and a flask of wine much larger than that which his master had broken: from these appearances he collected that the persons present were either about to sup, or else had finished their meal, no longer finding a use for what himself would most willingly have adored. Imagining, likewise, from the silence and suspense

in which he had been kept so long, that it was not the intention of these strangers utterly to destroy him, and trusting to heaven, in case of their first granting him a trial, as well as to his own superior talents for lying, to come off unharmed, his fears gave place to the hunger which attacked him, and stepping up to an old warrior who sat gloomily by the embers, shaking into them the ashes of his just expired chibouk, Paniote ventured to ask "whether his illustriousness would bestow on one, who for two days had not tasted food, a small portion of that meat which, *with his own eyes* (³), he had just seen." The old Vlacho raised his head at this speech, and looked upon the petitioner with that stare which denoted it to be the first time of his having seen him. "And who are you," he demanded in Romaic, "who come at such an hour to the camp of Hadji Christo?" "Hadji Christo!" echoed Paniote, his impudence returning to him, "at least then I have not to do with Turks, but with Bulgarians only." This indiscreet remark was like to have cost dear to the domestic, for the old Stratiote, rendered

more choleric than usual from the lack of tobacco in his sacoula (⁴), felt nettled at the comparison, and, with a number of oaths, was preparing to make use of his yataghan, when from the opposite quarter an old capote, which until now had covered the form and features of its wearer, fell aside, and the young Frank, starting up, threw himself between the disputants. Paniote, who had so firmly calculated on his master's decease as almost to have finished lamenting it, was well nigh reduced to a corpse himself, at an apparition so unexpected: as his senses, however, became collected, he bethought him of the wrath which would burst on his guilty head, and throwing himself upon his knees, he attempted to avert the torrent by submission. His master, although indignant at the manner in which he had been deserted, could not, from very laughter, show his resentment, but considering the state in which the fellow stood with regard to his fears, to be a sufficient purgatory of itself, he determined to retard further punishment until he had put him to a confession. "Where have you wandered to so long?" asked

the Frank ; “ where is the mule, the baggage, and the wine ; and, above all, where is the villain your companion ? ” “ As God may pardon me,” replied Paniote, “ for the last I know not, although, without doubt, the curse still works which was laid on him by the holy saint, Steffano, when, deaf to my cries and entreaties, he carried away the mule, leaving me to reflect, alone and disconsolate, on the fate of your revered person. After having in vain sought traces of it throughout the whole extent of the accursed plain, I perceived the ill-fated wretch labouring under the anathema I had implored for him, and wallowing deep in the mire, without respect even for the baggage of your most excellent self, over which his chief care should have been placed, but using vicious endeavours to extricate himself from the deep swamp into which the heavenly powers had brought him. The abandoned prayed for my assistance, which I gave him in advice, and I was telling him to make his peace with the Saints, and, above all, to have a strict care for my master’s baggage, when the illustrious personage, who is now be-

ginning to repose himself, interrupted me in the midst of my injunctions, and restored me to life and hope by bringing me again before you." Paniote here finished his account, and was watching its effect upon his master's countenance, as well as upon that of the old Vlacho, from whom he still hoped the satisfying of his cravings, but he grew disconsolate again, when he perceived only incredulity on the one, and a relapse into perfect indifference on the other. "Your companion," said the Frank, "must be brought hither before you eat, should you not be slaughtered by Hadji Christo without having the possibility of evading it by his restoration. Half an hour will be permitted you—but remember that, if before that time you are not decided, your head will answer for your delay." Paniote, who saw that his rhetoric no longer availed him, rested awhile in a state of sullenness, reflecting whether it were better to risk the fate of his companion, or await the sad alternative preparing for him. The morning beams, however, as they began to show him the horizon, restored his courage,

and he left the quarters of the Bulgarian with many curses on the evil beings who had brought him there, resuming the path by which he had been conducted, and bawling louder at every step for the ill-fated Anastasi. The apparition of a muddy being on foot with a portmanteau, in the same condition with himself, and a mule without a saddle in his rear, answered at length to his shouts. A little more convinced Paniote that this was no other than the Anastasi whom he sought. How to address him next occurred as a doubt, since he had much to fear from the feelings of a man so lone and dejected as his situation showed *him* to be. He determined, therefore, to suit his style of address to the mood in which he found him. "Unhappy friend," he exclaimed, "much have my fears for you made me suffer. Reflections upon your condition alone have prevented me from doing justice to the best fare ever laid before man. But what shall I say to you? The saints have heard and heeded the prayers I offered to them, and you are delivered; hasten, therefore, as you have been

chastised for your ill-doings, and eat the food prepared for you, forgetting your misfortunes." These encomiums on the good cheer which awaited Anastasi, on his compliance with the request of Paniote, were suggested by the latter as a bribe, well knowing that, if the real truth were not concealed, the guide, from revenge alone, would refuse to follow—lest he should prevent Paniote from losing his head. Many times he repeated the same arguments without removing the obduracy of his companion.—“ May I never taste food again,” exclaimed the crest-fallen slave, “ whilst I remain in such company—my saddle, my wine-skin, every thing is lost, and all that remains is the calabacleecki of the Frank, whom, with all his candle-snuffer (^s) nation, may God most heartily confound. Take it,” he continued, heaving it down, “ and with it all your expectations; *my* shoulders shall no longer pay for others’ burdens.” The gentle Paniote, rather than leave unchecked the irritation which threatened, if continued, to be fatal to him, consented even to this last degradation; and, lifting in his arms the weight

which the other had let fall, complimented his companion on the care he had taken of it, assuring him solemnly, that all the losses which he had received should be repaired on his arrival at Napoli, to a treble extent. The guide gazed for a moment stedfastly on the face of Paniote, as he uttered these assurances, to judge whether or no a shadow of reliance might be placed on them—when the latter made so many signs of the cross, to vouch for the truth of what he had asserted, that Anastasi became half credulous, and followed him whither he led. On arriving at the quarters of Hadji Christo all were preparing for the march, and few, save the young stranger, were sufficiently unoccupied to observe their approach. The latter turned towards the knaves—but when he saw that his effects were saved, he resolved internally to grant them both remission, thinking that the freaks they had indulged in had already procured them sufficient woes. To this lenity he was further induced by the extreme ludicrousness of their appearance, as Anastasi cast a mournful look of inquiry on the lying

domestic for the good things which he had promised, and Paniote stood awaiting, in silence and resignation, the sentence which was to be passed on him. The stranger restrained the Chious, therefore, as he was preparing tortures for their suffering, and would consent only that the labour of the mule, which they had been unable to conduct, should be transferred to themselves, instead of that beast, for the remainder of the journey.

The banner of Hadji Christo was raised from its standing-place; and the Bairaktá, a stout-limbed Bulgarian, whose office was to bear it, with some few of the numbers, moved on in advance. The Chieftain still tarried behind with the young Philhellene and those of his followers—so favoured as to be near him—until the coffee and pipe had been presented. Giving up, then, the horse of the Chious to the stranger, in exchange for the jaded mule which had hitherto carried him, Hadji moved on with his body-guard about him. As he joined the van a salute was given from each douphegi, and echoed by the deep dervanes⁽⁶⁾, along

which their path lay. The rocks they had to descend were steep and bold ; the small valleys which lay scattered beneath looked smilingly, and a universal spirit of independence seemed to preside over every object that happened to wander on their route. Even the harassed peasants, as they formed a junction every now and then with the shawl-girl warriors of Hadji, returned with equal scorn the haughty eye bent on them, well knowing that the great city was at hand whence the Klephti might supply their wants, without ravaging the flocks of the peasantry. Old Luca was close by the young Frank's side, and was most earnestly endeavouring to impress on him the conviction of how delightful a city was Napoli—his enthusiastic praises of the same being no ways diminished by his anticipations of the punch and sherbet flowing within—when they turned a narrow winding in their descent, and, arriving upon a plain, the long-desired city itself burst full upon the view. The sun-beams, now at their meridian force, showed the old palamede⁽⁷⁾ to perfection, as well as the broad bay, glitter-

ing with all banners save the red. The young stranger almost withheld his breathing, while he looked on sights so novel and imposing, and, with an ecstasy which he had never known on hailing even his native land, he felt himself at length arrived in Greece. As he turned his observation from these scenes, towards the plain on which he stood, new beauties of a softer tenor shone before him, and intoxicated his ardent imagination. Palms and fig-trees throwing their shade over streams flowing gently by the side of the small ruined monasteries around—the Turkish fountain, with its moss-grown marble reservoir, spouting its icy water into the cup which the parched Greek held out to it—the soft, rich verdure beneath, on which others reposed their wearied limbs—the eastern elegance, in short, which reigned in every thing around, attracted his gaze towards the plain of Argos, where all these beauties were displayed. So vast and level was it, that the very sky, as it cloudlessly smiled above, seemed protracted in its extent. The ruined castle, crowning the heighth of the immortal

Acropolis, stood before him, and at its base arose modern Argos—not sufficiently far from the site of the ancient to destroy her associations with the latter—and which, as though destined to be great as her mother city, had resisted the whole art of the enemy to destroy her, rising, as they tell us of the Phoenix, from her ashes⁽⁸⁾ each time that she had been involved in them. The stranger was busy dreaming of Hellen and Agamemnon, whose forms he fancied to see embodied there, when a djhereed⁽⁹⁾, whizzing past his shoulder, diverted his imagination from its bewilderings. He looked hastily behind him, and soon discovered from whence it had been thrown. The young Capitani were exhibiting the dexterity of themselves and steeds, in regaining at full flight the darts which their adversaries of the day hurled at them, whilst the lovely Moreote women in vain endeavoured to preserve the expression of indifference which they had predetermined to maintain, when some handsome young Greek, by the cunning movement of his Arab steed, grazed, as he dashed by them, the

hem of their gold-trimmed foustani⁽¹⁰⁾. Joy was on every feature that beamed near, and each heart seemed as happy and thoughtless, as the well-known impotence of others to curb its will could render it. All seemed resolved to spend a sunny day, and to make as much as possible of Napoli and its lovely inmates until the morrow's introduction to Ibrahim, their new opponent, should conclude the season of enjoyment. But as Hadji Christo, with his gay followers, approached nearer to the city walls, these scenes, so cheering to the sight, assumed a different aspect. The extreme numbers crowded together in Napoli, which had obliged many to erect wretched huts about its environs for their residence, the interior not having sufficient room for all—together with the badness of water in the common reservoir, and the long-collected filth in the ditch defending the approach to the walls—had created a pestilence around, which differed only in name from the plague; and the exulting shout of the young and gay, flattered by each kinder smile which their address extorted, was here exchanged

for the dismal chaunt of the priest, who swung his smoking censer in slow march before a mournful procession, bringing upon its bier the form of one who yesterday had been heedless and cheerful, as the crowd now assembled at their sports. It was a young girl, whose features had not sustained sufficient struggle with death to destroy the beauty which still dwelt on them. A fine young Greek, who had been her destined spouse, made one of the bearers, and, by the ill-suppressed agony of his look, seemed to hold contest with feelings too strong for him to stifle. The stranger reined up, for the scene excited his emotions, and, as the "place of graves" was close by, he pressed old Luca to his side, and rode apart from the rest towards it. The ground to which the sad procession moved was small, and so thickly were the bodies lain there, that no space was left for fresh graves; but the earth, which yesterday had covered the inconsiderable Greek, was turned up to-day for the repose of him more noble, or, be it, better enabled to pay well the priests. Even death here struggled for precedence. By

a mound, newly raised, some Moreote women were collected for the sake of guarding the remains of a relative who lay beneath it, resenting at the same time the efforts which had been made by the weeds springing around it, to deface a spot so precious to them. They had lighted little tapers (¹¹), and placed incense at the head of it, and were making their prayers to heaven for pardon to the deceased, when the new candidate was borne by them. The feeling of anger at first excluded any other from within their breast, as they looked on the corpse, for they were apprehensive lest the spot which they tended with so much affection should be despoiled for its admission. Yet this feeling was but short-lived—another and a better soon succeeded to it. The friends and family of her whom they now bore were too humble, too unassuming, to pretend for a preference. Their task was a sad one, and their spirits were too much depressed to admit of ostentation in the fulfilment of it. They had to deposit the burden which they so loved in life, and little cared they what spot or kind of

earth should cover it from their view. As the Moreotes perceived how peaceable were their intentions, they rose up like the rest, and crossed themselves, and, taking the wicker tapers in their hands, encircled the corpse together with those whom compassion or curiosity had led there. The priest finished his dirge, and gave orders for lowering the body into the narrow hole assigned for it : but the lover, as he gazed upon the placid form of his young betrothed, which bore not a trace to mark the decay of its beauty, thought that she only slept ; and, stung with jealousy at their attempts to approach her, pushed away with violence those who dared to advance towards where she lay—drawing at the same moment a pistol from his belt, and threatening to destroy them for their temerity. The mourners started back with surprise, and kept aloof, fearing the effects of this delirium, until the father, a grey-headed old man, whose emotions, though bitter, had not the same colouring of fancy as those of the young lover, went towards him with the priest, and by his mild persuasion awoke him from his error, endea-

vouring to withdraw him from a scene on recovery so painful. But his fortitude returned with his revival; and blushing at his former extravagance, he resisted with disdain the efforts made use of to remove him. "Hear me," he exclaimed, in a firm tone, to the mourners—"I have seen a father and four brothers killed by my side in war, and have not heaved a sigh for them. Think ye then that I would grieve because a *woman* leaves me? She was good, 'tis true, and she loved me: for this I claim no more than to pay her the last duties she will ever receive; and may the Virgin bless her for the sake of him who bestows them." Having said thus, he seized the spade from the hand of one standing near, and, as she was lowered into the grave, with all her vestments, threw over her fair form the first clods of earth which were to hide it for ever from the world. But ere he resigned the instrument, a tear rising in his large black eye, gave signs that he had dearly purchased his philosophy.

The lights were extinguished, and the mourners returned, while the young Frank,

whose sympathy had been powerfully awakened, found, on looking around him, that his party were scarcely to be seen. Old Luca himself, tired of the sentiment which he had found it necessary to display on the occasion, had quitted his side; and he now was obliged to make all the speed his Arab courser was master of, to regain Hadji Christo and his followers. The gaiety of the scenes which he before had witnessed had lost their effect upon him in the more striking sadness of the last. There was a something in the approximation of these two opposites—of joy struggling for empire with woe, and crossing each other in the same path, which had changed to disgust all his appetite for the former. Nor could the throng around him, and its pursuits, so various and so novel, restore to him the pleasure he before had felt. The women, gaudily attired, who seemed, though they bestowed it on none, to claim attention from all, as their right, could not just now succeed in gaining his, although some of them were well worthy of it; for he it was an ill time to gaze on a pretty

face, when so recently reminded of how quickly it may be despoiled : he reserved his attention, therefore, for another moment, well knowing that youth and beauty love not to see fixed on them other eyes than those which kindle at their shrine. Hadji Christo had just entered the city as he joined him, the multitude assembled on the drawbridge making way for his troops as they passed, when the Chious, who had been sent on in advance to procure quarters in the city for the Bulgarian and his soldiers, returned to conduct them thither. As they passed through the various parts which led to them, the young stranger had an opportunity of observing the extraordinary objects which presented themselves in this capital of the Morea. The mosques, once resounding with the Muezzim's call to prayers, but now converted into prison-houses, held within each of them numbers of wretched Arabs rotting in slavery, and neglected even by their appointed guardians. Baths, once upheld by marble pillars, now formed rude stables for the horses of the President and his train : all the proudest

provided him, gave ample scope for the general curiosity. "Who is he?" was whispered from one to the other—nor did they cease their inquiries even when they found the impossibility of satisfying them. The coffee-houses, without which a Moreote would cease to exist, were many, and crowded with visitants, some obscuring the chamber with puffs from their long-breathing *argeleés* (¹²), others playing at Casino, their favourite game: the poor and despised, amongst which number those clad in European dresses seemed to predominate, were drinking apart and in solitude their portion of sober coffee, while the rich were manifesting their generosity in treating the more distinguished visitants, who happened to drop in, with copious streams of punch and sherbet. As Hadji, with his young friend by his side, approached these resorts, the Capitani frequenting them left their occupations for a moment to press them to enter, and be refreshed at their expense; but the Bulgarian had other designs than to enlist himself among the coffee-house chieftains; nor was he sufficiently a

politician to force his will for the satisfaction of others—he left them to themselves therefore, and heeded not the looks of disdain which some few bent on him in anger at the slight which he had put on them by his refusal. Baffled in these endeavours, they sought, from chief to pipe-bearer, to discover who was this Inglese, *thus strangely* appearing within their city, but without better success. They then betook themselves to their conjectures, and, supposing it for granted that he must be somebody very considerable, determined to anticipate the intimation of his grandeur by showing towards him their respect. Many indeed, whom superior loftiness of character did not prevent, followed at his heels, and took observations on every change in his visage; nor did they abandon this merciless scrutiny until the quarters provided for Hadji Christo and his men shut him out from the view of these intruders.

CHAPTER V.

What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities.

King Henry VIII.

LIKE all other Captains' quarters in Greece, there was very little, either in appearance or in effect, to recommend the present to notice. The decayed beams seemed miraculously, considering the nature of their materials, to keep together the apartment; for on the slightest friction being applied to them they would crumble into dust. Above this floor, so mouldering and so dismal, was situated another incomparably more forbidding, appropriated for the reception, or rather exile, of the unhappy family of the mansion, who, on the entrance of a Capitano with his soldiers, were fain to quit

the better, and betake themselves there, praying that their troubles might cease on supplying the chieftain with wood, water, and lights—to which they were compelled—without being called upon to satisfy all the petty wants of each rapacious palicar, who considers himself the most important personage in the world, on finding that he is hived in a dwelling wherein are others to take from him the toil of tending it. The carpet was spread in the most decent, or rather least filthy, corner of the apartment, for the accommodation of Hadji Christo; and the smoked rafters were soon embellished with the doupheghia and yatagans of the weary soldiers, each of whom removed himself to a respectful distance from his chieftain. The Chīous was looking over the rations which Hadji had claimed as being on his march, and the young stranger was preparing some bundles of papers to take them with him to the seat of government, when a youth, dressed in the Albanian costume—although the first glance sufficed to tell him not a true one—strutted into the room with his capote flung carelessly on his shoulder,

being followed close at the heels by a soldier, who assumed the same fantastic air, and making a slight salutation to Hadji Christo and his Captains, addressed himself in English to the stranger, with all the tone and gestures of an insufferable *petit maître*,—"You have just arrived, Sir, in this country, if I be not mistaken, and have not been as yet initiated into the manners and privations of these barbarians?"—The Frank nodded assent.

"God grant you may get on well with them," resumed the interrogator. "I myself have been a long time—some twelvemonth, if I err not—just—is it not so, Psylaki?" turning to his imitator, who had intruded himself nearer, in hopes, perhaps, of gleaning some scraps of English for his pains. "I have borne with them better than most others, on account of an excessive spirit of romance, which has been mine since my childhood, and has enabled me to trace, in the pursuits and habits of the wretches, now and then, a species of this latter charm. Had it not been for this, I should long ere now have sunk under an insuffer-

able load of disgust." The stranger looked impatient, but could not silence this indefatigable egotist.

"With all this," he continued, determined to have an answer, "there is a charm in having sported so long the oriental dress, and in taking a tinge from the languor which the eastern clime inspires, to accompany one home, and excite some interest among the fair sex. My costume, which they assure me becomes me amazingly, though I am not myself capable to judge for the truth, cannot sufficiently have hidden from you, Sir, my fame, as to render you ignorant of who I am."

"If, Sir," replied the young stranger, sarcastically, "I might be favoured with the name of him whom I have the honour of addressing, I should doubtless be better able to inform you whether its astonishing celebrity has yet reached my ears."

"You will cease," replied the talker, "to hesitate when I remind you that I am the same dark mysterious being whom Byron has designated in the person of Lara. My family name

is Simpkins, and it is my intention to send over to Scotland the analysis of many admirable scenes to which I have been witness, which cannot fail to enrol me among the list of heroes of the celebrated author there."

The young Frank with difficulty could restrain the smile which this *soi-disant* Lara threatened to extort, and was on the point of asking him whether that hero was distinguished by a halt in his gait, which was evident in the pretender to the character, when Mr. Simpkins interrupted him—

"But you are not yet aware, my dear Sir, of the beasts you have got amongst. The vulgarity of all the Europeans here is so strikingly base, that any man of refined taste, like myself, creates, I assure you, by being singular, a vast field of interest and adventure. I should by no means be surprised if you, Sir, whom I know to be of family-rank, and of vast acquirements, by keeping yourself always aloof from those barbarians, whom I have mentioned; and being biassed by no other hints than my own, may eventually lead a career not less bril-

liant than I have done. Our names then will, of course, be mingled together in the reminiscences of some masterly pen—and think of the luxury of being known and quoted as the heroes of a romance fraught with incident! the inspiration with which the young beauties of our realms will lisp our names upon every occasion, fondly hoping that their lovers may be such—and imagine only, what is far better than all, our not existing merely in fancy, but embodying these delightful ideas by our appearance afterwards amongst them!”

As Simpkins concluded his rhapsody, the stranger burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which he did not trouble himself in endeavouring to repress. “And pray, Mr. Simpkins,” he said to him at length, “what do you know of my family and talents the very first moment that this unexpected interview has given me an opportunity of preventing the crime I otherwise should have committed, of remaining perfectly ignorant of your name, prowess, or even existence? This you have happily foreseen and hindered; but if it be

only under your tuition that I am to advance myself, and if that tend only to grafting in me the desirable ambition of becoming some day or other the hero of a boarding-school novel, I fear that we shall receive but little mutual assistance from each other's society."

The fallen countenance of Mr., or, as he would have it, Captain, Simpkins, began to give evident symptoms of the shock which his vanity had sustained, when fate ordained that Paniote, who had endeavoured hitherto, without success, to extract a look, much less a word, from one so punctilious in the observance of points of high-bearing as this great person, ran towards him in despair of otherwise being recognised, and kissed his hand. Paniote had formerly been his domestic, and a submission so flattering as this to the dignity of Captain Simpkins, and so well-timed for the recovery of his spirits, produced from his features a smile of acknowledgment, and extended his condescension so far, that imagining, the young Frank not to understand the jargon in which he spoke, he ventured even to address

the servant, entreating him to declare without reserve who was this stranger, and what he wanted; of what nature were his communications, and, in short, every thing which belonged to him. Paniote was just preparing without scruple to satisfy these demands from his own inexhaustible fund of invention, when his master, who, haplessly for the interrogator, had been too well accustomed to the *patois* in which he had delivered himself, and who spoke Romaic much better than Mr. Simpkins, himself spared the trouble of the response to his domestic.

“You would wish, no doubt, Sir,” he exclaimed, “to acquaint yourself with what may be the contents of my portmanteau, the part of the world too in which it was fabricated, as well as the quality of the leather which composes it”—he added, hoping, though in vain, that he might have touched on some branch of trade with which this impertinent fellow had been connected; his manners impressing on him strongly the idea, that he had had more relationship with the counter than himself cared to confess.

"The tongue I spoke in may have deceived you, Sir, answered Simpkins, unblushingly. "I was engaged entirely on the interest of this boor when I patronized him with my address."

"It may be so," replied the Frank, no ways assured, and rising from his seat; "but this matters little. You must excuse me, however, either from hearing or relating any thing further relative to persons or pursuits until another moment may give me the honour of a second meeting. At present I have affairs to arrange which prevent my stay."

"Stop, Sir," rejoined Simpkins, determined not to be repulsed; "you are on your way to the President; without doubt accept of my services; you are acquainted with none there, and no one can be so useful for the first presentation as myself, who am so well known, and I may add, without boasting, feared by them. I am admirably adapted, too, for interpreter, as my *forte* is languages: Psylaki will accompany and carry your letters for you; he has taken a tinge, you see, during his stay in my service, and is positively more respectable than the ragamuffins about you here."

“I give you credit for your perception, Sir,” replied the stranger, “for you have correctly divined my purposes. As to the accompaniment, however, which you so politely offer, I am in no need of it, as all the soldiers whom I have about me are at my command for that purpose, should I wish it. As to interpreter, I imagine Frank languages to be so well spoken there, that my own knowledge will suffice to explain myself. If Mr. Simpkins, therefore, should wish to accompany me merely for the sake of inspiring fear into the assembly, I judge that my presence alone would be more acceptable to its members.”

Simpkins, however, was resolved that nothing should deter him from his plans, and deaf to the remonstrances of the stranger, followed him into the street, as he left the quarters with ten of Hadji's soldiers in his train, and swaggered as near to him as he could, with an affectation of greater majesty than ordinary, on the strength of the acquisition he had made. The effect which he strove for might, perhaps, have succeeded, had those around him been blind

as himself to his deformities; but the diminutiveness of his stature, with the halt in his gait, rendered doubly striking by the contrast which the graceful Eastern vestments presented to them, were defects which utterly destroyed in others the idea he entertained of himself. The stranger doomed to bear with this monster of conceit, thought often of his fancied similitude to Lara, and felt such intolerable mirth come over him each time of being crossed by the idea, that the indignation which had begun to shew itself at the impertinent officiousness of this strange representative, spite of himself, forsook him.

They had already passed the principal street, and had many long narrow lanes, dirty and swarming in population, to wade through yet, and the Frank was beginning to shew astonishment, that no better road should open itself, that he might guess where stood the executive seat of the nation, when on the surmounting of a steep flagged ascent, down which run in torrents the overflowings of the buckets that were filled from a fount in its vicinity, and in com-

parison to which the rest of the town had shewn like a well-swept hall; and after many long slides, which omened badly to the dignity of the young Ambassador, a large half dilapidated Turkish mansion rose to view, at the entry of which the conductor stopt. "Here we must ascend," cried Captain Simpkins: "guard well the mud sluices and better the mules, who are tied up below here; a kick from these animals might seriously disconcert you, and render an audience above more difficult." The romantic gentleman had given this time at least a reasonable piece of advice.

The ground which formed the entry room to this important dwelling was a large stable, in the corner of which lay some Arab grooms, huddled together with their horses, and maintaining a contest of words in the straw: in the other nearest the door were standing two vicious looking mules, who seemed by the position in which their legs were placed, to be the appointed guardians of the entrance. At a sight so extraordinary for such a mansion, the Frank rubbed his eyes to persuade himself

whether or no he dreamt ; but the mud oozing around his feet and forcing itself into his shoes, soon convinced him, by its inconvenience, that all was a reality, and that further deliberation would be productive to him of no benefit. He entered, therefore, and having avoided carefully the barriers which threatened so formidably to oppose him, he could not repress longer his surprise.

“ Is it possible then,” he exclaimed, “ that in a building so miserable as this should hold his seat the President of a nation, to agitate her interest ? that mules and senators should share the same abode—nay, almost the same apartment ? ”

“ Cease your exclamations, my good Sir,” rejoined Mr. Simpkins, as they ascended the first narrow staircase, upon which the light of day denied its influence : there is a vast difference in space, though, perhaps, not in quality, between the two sets whom you have mentioned. Wait until you have seen the upper part, and in the meantime take care of the stairs as you mount them ; grovel well with

your hands for the holes in them, or else, without redemption, you will alight on these quadrupeds' backs, whom we have as yet so happily avoided. Indeed, these unconscionable characters might as well have swung a lamp here to assist our researches, had it not afforded more light to this wretched pathway than the conclusion of their debates do to the nation. However, I myself positively am to blame for not having sent my man, Psylaki, to demand it previous to my paying them a visit."

Entertaining the time with groans and maledictions against the provisionary government's avarice, in not having lent them a flambeau, Captain Simpkins, who loved always to move foremost, conducted the young stranger to the landing-place. Here, at least, was one stage to amelioration: the sun which *did* condescend to revive the objects within, presented to the view a large floor sufficiently well roofed and wainscotted, with two windows of considerable dimensions, latticed like all are, and admitting through their panes, though somewhat checked,

the sunbeam's ray. Several small inner apartments shewed themselves, which, by the nature of the Romaic signatures above, seemed to be offices for the under secretaries and others subordinate in the administration of affairs. In the range of these apartments, one solitary wretch, both time and war-worn to appearance, with an old tattered European soldier's coat and Greek foustinella⁽¹⁾, paced in mournful reverie, a rusty firelock in his arms, to shew, it seemed, that even these men in office, though on the floor most inconsiderable, were sanctioned in their doings, and defended by their patrons above them. The Frank, whose curiosity was excited, demanded of "what species was this being so lorn and so woe-begone?"

"This," replied the communicative Mr. Simpkins, "is one of those of whom they have lately began to raise a body; it is a specimen of the regular troops or *τακτικοι*, who are soon to exterminate all the lawless Palicar around. This band, whose purposes are so imposing, is made up of those poor old wretches, who cannot extort money from pity,

neither will they try their luck for plunder near swifter legs and stronger hands in war. The government, seeing their inability, have adopted with them the middle course, and have formed of them a kind of militia, who, while others go on the mountains, stay here to defend the pretty women from being ravished by any, save the senators, who chance to remain. They have now begun to strengthen this valuable association, by joining to these veterans a few boys, fit only to carry the powder-horn: in a word, save the superannuated and the imbecile, you will find none amongst them. Observe but for a moment, I pray you, that animal yonder, and you will be convinced that infirmity is the sovereign attribute of the band." The Frank complied, and resuming his gaze upon the object, discovered that this sarcasm was little more than just, for the tactic, fatigued with his exercise, had unfixed the bayonet, that it might not scratch his face, and was reposing himself, arms akimbo, over the muzzle of his piece. As he looked at this intolerable fit of laziness, and compared the whole appearance of this poor subject

with the fine forms and faces of the mountain warriors, he foreboded that little good would result from any new institutions which the enthusiasm or policy of Western nations might endeavour to raise there. But though he made these reflections, he, nevertheless, withheld his gaze from the subject of them, lest the poor man should guess the feelings he had produced, and beckoning to his Palicari to follow him, and leaving Captain Simpkins to do so or not as might suit him, he no longer tarried, but left this grotesque appearance for the ascension which lay before him. The landing-place to which this new flight carried him, was really more grand than he had supposed could have existed in a mansion to which the access seemed so forbidding. The apartments on both sides of it, most of which were open and crowded with applicants of various orders, were large and well furnished. One in particular, screened by a green curtain, as though to mark it from the rest, showed rich tapestry work within, as a hand drew back the veil. The Frank demanded to whom this belonged,

and was soon made acquainted, that it was hallowed for the repose of the President during council, whenever too subtle a point, or too strong a whiff of the chibouk during its discussion, by discomposing his temper, or clouding his brain, should induce him to withdraw there. In this story numbers were collected, and by the expression which their faces bore, showed plainly the nature of the reception they had met with above. Some were taking the air at the recesses near the windows, which looked into a fine lemon orchard, and were altogether placid; while others, expelled from the higher regions, had taken their posts as near as could be to their outskirts, and were eagerly in waiting to entrap, by stratagem or by force, the ministers of office, as they bustled along with their papers from the room of the executive to these below, to extort from them a hearing, or, at least, a promise. A longer flight of stairs than the two he before had ascended led the stranger at length to his destination. As he arrived at this stage so important, many and repeated were the injunctions which the

Frank received from the *soi disant* captain, to repulse with a noble indifference the adulators who would besiege him, to offer their congratulations on his arrival; and he directed his attention towards himself, that from the expression *he* already began to assume, might be borrowed a similar one on the occasion. The Frank looked more to the crowd before him than to these precepts, and already saw half the old Capitani of the Morea, who had assembled in this anti-room to glean from the members of government as much as they could previous to their march. Attended by the soldiers of Hadji, he walked through the line of them, and a smile of good-humoured satisfaction, not of fawning adulation, was on every face as he passed by. "Do you see," said an old chieftain to his chious, "mark well the enthusiasm that can bring so fine a youth, a beardless boy, from his soft beds and dreams of peace, to a far land to assist us, while we, who have none of these luxuries to abandon, lose our time in party feuds instead of uniting ourselves!" A kind look of welcome from all followed this

observation. Even the tactiki, of the which disconsolate beings three guarded the entrance to the room of state, lost their roughness as they viewed him, and presented arms in respect on his approach. As he penetrated into the interior of this sacred retreat, his attention was soon entirely occupied by the novelty which appeared there. A large sofa, over which were strewed many cushions of red velvet, stood in the apartment; on it were seated, with their long chibouks in hand, and in attitudes which seemed to assign but little importance to the nature of their discussions—the members of the executive body. A table, with a cloth of the same colour with the cushions, was placed near the canopy, at which sat the under secretary, beating with his fingers for want of other occupation, and a short man, with a Frank dress, and a pair of spectacles, which but ill concealed the clearness of his large black eyes, over which, for some effect best known to himself, he had placed them, laughing immoderately, and wearing on his countenance a strongly marked expression of satire. This mirth seemed unseasonable to all save the Pre-

sident, who now and then condescended to vary the general monotony of his features to something like a smile in encouragement to the rude bursts as they were repeated. The rest of the members seemed to hold in repugnance these uncalled-for sallies, and one in particular, whose wrath overstepped his policy, lowered his brow more gloomily at the laughter, which by its duration seemed inextinguishable. But the sudden manner in which it was repressed, the smile of polite enquiry which succeeded to it, and the momentary change which his features took, from the irony which before had dwelt on them to an expression more gratifying as the young stranger approached, told him instinctively that this was Mavrocordato, of whom he had heard so much. The members of government assembled in the room, by a slight and dignified motion of the head, bade welcome to the Frank, proffering to him a seat on the canopy. Captain Simpkins followed close, and uninvited took his station beside the tall dignified member who had testified so much displeasure at the mirth of the prince⁽²⁾. In vain did Colletti

take an extra fold in his senatorial robes, although suffering at the same time from heat, for the sake of avoiding contact with this new friend, but to appearance not new acquaintance. Captain Simpkins was resolved to show the stranger that he had some importance attached to him, and not being possessed of sufficient delicacy of sentiment to notice the dejection under which the senator laboured, used all his efforts to draw him into converse in a language which none save himself understood. Colletti, who had been bred up amidst the grandeur of Ali Pasha (⁵), and who knew well how to despise the impertinent jargon of a coxcomb, not a word from whom either was intelligible, at first endeavoured to elude his inquiries by removing himself to the further extremity of the sofa, but when he found that the preposterousness of his demands only increased as he became more embarrassed, the politeness of the senator gave way before his indignation, and tired of being pestered by such a moth, he turned his head over his shoulder, and confessed to Simpkins, with a sneer, "that

the language in which he spoke outwitted altogether his comprehension." Captain Simpkins knitted his brow, and was proceeding to tell the stranger in a whisper, that all around him were illiterate and overbearing, when the latter, who had been discoursing with the son of Petro Bey, the most pleasant but least witty of the members, instead of heeding his denunciations, walked towards the person whom instinct told him to be Mavrocordato, and held out his papers, with a bow. The prince took from his head the cap, which no respect to those present had hitherto induced him to lay aside, and listening, with a number of bends and a vast deal of patience, to the speech which the bearer addressed to him in Italian, took the despatches from his hand, and in his quality of general secretary read them aloud. While the prince was perusing them the Frank perceived his large black eyes bent on him at times with a deep scrutiny. "They are rather ancient," he observed, as he concluded; "is it that Venice, my young Sir, may have tempted you by its fascinations to have rendered them so?"—"Your

highness has guessed right," replied the Frank, "my dispatch has not altogether corresponded with my zeal for the country I am now happily arrived in." The prince replied to this compliment by a returning one, and then handed over the papers to Conduriottis, remarkable for his vacuity of expression, his long amber, and his Hydriote drawers, who affected in turn to peruse them. Mavrocordato, meanwhile, whose native politeness would not suffer that the stranger should remain longer unnoticed, broke the silence into which he had relapsed, by requesting to be informed in what quarters he had found an asylum. The Frank told him of his residence with Hadji Christo, but was astonished to observe the impressive manner with which the prince besought him to exchange it.

"You are not yet sufficiently practised, my young Sir," he said, "to tolerate a wild mountain soldier's quarters; though none in the city are of a splendid kind, you can nevertheless exchange it for one incomparably better than the Bulgarian's."

The Frank thought he observed that pique to-

wards the soldier, rather than the inconvenience of his quarters, had produced this advice. He hesitated a little, and then replied ;—

“The obligations which I owe to this chieftain, your Highness is not aware of.”

“You will find too a lack of society there,” rejoined Mavrocordato, not heeding this remonstrance, “for I presume that you are not well versed either in the Walachian or Bulgarian dialects.”

No sooner had the Frank assured him to the contrary, than, turning to one of the soldiers in waiting, he whispered something in his ear. “When it pleases you to retire,” he resumed, as the man withdrew, “this soldier will accompany you to quarters at least more commodious than those you have at present.”

The Frank, though disconcerted at the thoughts of so abruptly leaving the man to whom he was indebted, complied nevertheless with the anxiety of the Prince, who rose from his seat, and presented his hand in the European way, as he left the apartment. Mr. Simpkins, who had been digesting his griefs in silence and unheeded, followed, together with the

temporary retinue of the young ambassador, who felt his former indignation towards him softened into pity, from a forbearance of which he really had not thought him capable, but that nevertheless manifested itself in suppressing his intentions of becoming interpreter. Simpkins soon observed this change and rejoiced at it, for his influence declining with his purse, he had found himself sadly at a loss for a dwelling to which to betake himself, and looked forwards with satisfaction to the asylum offered the stranger, as one that, if he insinuated himself well in favour, might likewise be shared by him. As the Frank descended the stairs, which had seemed so long to him on mounting, a party struck his attention who stood together, with the greatest impatience and apprehension expressed on the visage of each. Of these emotions himself seemed to be the cause, for no sooner had he approached them, than a buzz became audible, and one, who, after a long contest, seemed to have agreed on being spokesman, made up towards him hesitatingly, and with as many low bows for a

prelude as threatened to be eternal, but he contradicted at length this foreboding by addressing him, in Italian, an immense number of compliments, from which, however, but little could be collected. The Frank bowed as low as the short gentleman, but as he knew well, by the manner of the latter, that a something not yet touched upon, but far more interesting than the expression of politeness, was in waiting for his ear, he begged the Italian to anticipate it. There was a peculiar shyness and confusion in the manner of the latter at being interrupted, which manifested itself in a stutter, and seemed extraordinary to the Frank, who had beside him a character of such an opposite nature as Simpkins; it could not be, certainly, that the little Italian had been long in Greece, otherwise he surely would not be so bashful! It was some time, however, before he could sufficiently collect himself to explain his wants, when he demanded, with an expression of eagerness, whether his Signoria had brought with him letters, or communications of any kind for himself, Count Porta, or his *party*.

The stranger assured him to the contrary, but the Count, whose whole soul seemed bent on his enquiry being answered satisfactorily, at first affected deafness, till, on being again replied to in the negative, he followed him into the street, and assuring him with many bows that he must be mistaken, "for that his party absolutely had received letters," turned away, and left him to ruminate at leisure on the request he had made. "How extraordinary!" exclaimed the stranger, on the departure of the Italian, "that party should be the only word current here; that no individual can exist without his *junto*! Though in politics it may be sanctioned, how can any social bond be formed, any confidence exchanged, when apprehensive ever that the man whom we smile with to-day is planning rude schemes against us for the morrow?"

"For my part," replied Mr. Simpkins, "I do not altogether blame this policy. In a country such as this, where all savours of barbarity, the strangers who come over soon verge into the same extreme; those, therefore, whose po-

lish still survives, not being able ever to bring their tastes to accommodate themselves sufficiently for any intercourse of heart, no cement can be formed from that quarter. It is necessary however, they feel, to preserve a mutual understanding for each other's comfort, and adapt their external, accordingly, to this observance ; hence you cannot be surprised that from such a union, which is but a name, a satirical word is sooner turned into odium than a respectful one into esteem. Thus do impressions originate, and parties form." The Frank thanked Mr. Simpkins for this learned demonstration, which surprised him, in having proceeded from a character he had thought so incapable of making it ; and he began to perceive that, although an intolerable coxcomb, the former was not destitute of sense ; when the communicative gentleman, encouraged by the favourable hearing he had received, continued his loquacity. " Talking of societies, by the bye," he resumed, " I will lead you this evening to a house, the only one in Greece, which is possessed of wherewith to save the soul of him who

dwells therein. It is positively choice, I assure you ; a *conversazione*, à la Napolitana, exists there, which has too the charm of being held by the only Greek who is not a savage. *There* you will have the advantage of judging what society to indulge in—what to avoid. But stay, they have brought us, I perceive, to the mansion, which his Excellency, the black Prince⁽⁴⁾, has ordered for your reception, and, by all that's merciful, it is but the *Locanda* !” It was indeed the *Locanda* ; but its appearance did not strike the stranger with the same horror which Simpkins manifested on seeing it. Situated in the finest part of the town, its base washed by the sea, and affording an excellent view of the bay and its vicinity, he admired rather than condemned the taste which had selected it. As he ascended the stairs which their conductor pointed out, he saw below him numbers of Greeks, who kept the khan in a continual fume from the argelees with which they diverted themselves. The apartment destined for his use was shown to him ; it consisted merely of the bare planks that formed it, with-

out the slightest article of furniture to temper its rudeness. Simpkins, who had laid his account with better accommodations, turned sulkily towards the guide : “ If this is all that we are to receive at the hands of his Excellency,” he said, “ the benefit is not great ; I myself could have provided better, as this is common to all who choose to enter it.” “ Effendi,” replied the man, not heeding Simpkins, but addressing himself to him for whom the apartment was intended, “ Napoli is so crowded that no other house can be obtained. The Prince Mavrocordato, who has sought out this, intends to have it paid for from government.” The khan-keeper, a gloomy-looking Cretan, who had hitherto been silent, could not repress his indignation at hearing these terms, but adding a still more repulsive expression to the ordinary severity of his features, declared that he would have been much better satisfied that Milordo should have paid out of his own jeppa ⁽⁵⁾ for his apartments, than to be put off with a cheque on the provisionary government, who, he seemed to think, were not too punctual in their pay-

ments. The man, however, repressed his murmurs, just as a frown from one of Hadji's soldiers told them to be ill-timed ; for these followers, always faithful to him who led them, for however short a time it might be, though they cared little for the Cretan's curses on the government, resented the disrespect that he showed their leader by uttering them ; and the khan-keeper well knew, that amongst a band of lawless Palicari, the pistol was always made use of if any thing went amiss. The man with a good grace, therefore, laid on the planks an old rug, the better to accommodate the guests, and swept away some of the dust from around, to render the appearance of the room more comely.

The stranger laid his cloak under him, and thanking the Palicari who had attended him so faithfully, would have dismissed them, but they lingered as though not contented. Imagining that a requital might be expected, he offered it from his purse, but was astonished to see them draw back with disdain.

"Effendi," said one of the men, after a short hesitation, "we have to pray of you a favour."

"Speak what you will," answered the stranger, "and, if it be not out of my power, for the respect I hold to your chieftain, and for the acknowledgments I feel towards you, I promise to comply with it."

"Nay then," answered the man, "it is but that you would allow us to follow you to Navarine, where your Excellency is about to proceed."

The Frank gave his assent, astonished at the same time that they should have known so exactly his intentions; but he soon perceived, by the arch countenance of the sagacious Paniote, that they were beholden to him alone for these communications.

The soldiers seemed already indebted to the stranger for his promise, which likewise appeared to him extraordinary, in a country where so little importance was attached to points of faith; but his surprise was redoubled when one of the number, who had absented himself for some time, returned, bearing with him a suit of costly habiliments, which he laid at his feet as he approached him. Hadji Christo had sent

them as a mark of esteem, and truly, if the strength of that were to be proportioned to the richness of the present, spite of the old Eparch's insinuation, he might pride himself on having gained a friend, for as the soldier laid it out to view, the gold, of which it was wrought, bent down with its weight the arms that bore it. The stranger, as he invested himself with these new habiliments, and received the various congratulations on the change, wondered how he could ever have brooked the being swathed in accoutrements so demure as those which he rejected. The barber, who officiates with extraordinary alacrity on any occasion in which a novice may require his services, shaved the crown held out to him, and after having operated on the initiated the whole process of Turkish lavations, retired, wondering at his own dexterity in having wrought such a change. The soldiers retired too, bearing with them numerous acknowledgments for the generous Hadji. Simpkins alone remained with the stranger, who had begun to lose much of the disgust he first entertained against him, and

held him, though a very ordinary, yet a very tolerable being. He had been so useful too, during the events of the day, in the information which he imparted, that even some gratitude was due to his pains. In fact, an Asmodeus was necessary to him, and none better calculated for the office had presented himself than the romantic *soi disant* Lara.

CHAPTER VI.

But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself ;
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation.

King John.

THE door of the apartments was opened at this moment by the gloomy Cretan, who had been laying his account with the interest which would accrue to him from his dignified guests, and his expectations being little from the bill he was to draw on the government, he revived them with the trust that his provisions, which he furnished so abundantly for those who were weary, and had long purses, would not fail in drawing a ready ducat out of those of the Philhellenes. He had some savoury ragouts which they might command, some farsouli, or mashed

peas, to add a flavour, and some wine of Cyprus with which to digest them: all these were brought in requisition, and did credit to the taste of the *traiteur*. In the common ordinary, which bordered on their apartment, were three roaring Spezziotes, who were not remiss in their libations, having left their ships to perform them; and who seemed fully determined to enjoy to the utmost the good things on shore while their pay was withheld from them at sea.

The intellect of Simpkins seemed considerably to expand during the meal, and induced him to rail, more than generally, against the nation whom he affected to serve. "Did you mark," he exclaimed, "the dispute which was being held as we entered the room of audience, or rather the laugh which followed it? Mavrocordato and Colletti were the two disputants, although both these gentlemen so well know how to disguise their emotions that an observer, possessed of less penetration than myself, would have found his whole art baffled, in endeavouring to pierce through the assumed veil. Know then, that the former, of whose satirical talents

few care to incur the lash, and who carries so high a hand, that although all condemn, none dare resent his measures, had made a compact some time back with Colletti, whom he considered as most useful to his plans from the influence possessed by him with the Romigliotes, of a nature deserving of the intrigant who proposed it. In public discussions Colletti was to affect the greatest rancour towards Mavrocordato's person and suggestions, for the sake of affording to the latter a better opportunity of displaying the profundity of his talents in defending them. Not so, however, in private. When their arguments had apparently proceeded to the height of bitterness and irascibility, a peace profound though secret linked them to each other on the commencement of the mid-day pipe, so inseparably to all appearance that even the courtier of Ali Pasha felt convinced that for once Mavrocordato was firm in the league which he had made with him. The prince, however, too diplomatic to hold a trust, when he could advance his schemes by betraying it, and who rejoiced moreover at the prospect af-

forded him of playing upon the credulity of his pretended opposer, watched only for the moment when he might best turn it to his own advantage. This looked-for time, as you yourself were witness to, was not long in arriving. The Fanariote, who well knew that those of Suli, the flower of Greece, were devoted to the interests of Colletti, feared lest this force should one day be made use of as the instrument of his own destruction, and having disarmed this more conscientious senator of many suspicions, through means of his art, he determined finally, by a bold betrayal, to reduce the power which he dreaded. To gain over to his purposes the president Conduriottis, was the first plan on which he resolved: on the concurrence of the former he had calculated even before he proposed them, since he carried the key about him to open the feelings of his most enlightened ⁽¹⁾. Mavrocordato began by representing, that should the Suliotes, whose valour so often had been tried, once join themselves, as Colletti wished, to the defence of Navarene, they would succeed in saving it; and then by showing their own

superiority to the effeminate Moreotes, in preserving so large a portion of their country from the enemy, the pride which would result to the former would induce them likewise to claim share in those territories which they alone had proved themselves worthy to defend. "Here too," added Mavrocordato, "these haughty Albanians will not stop; they will exact from us by degrees the whole of our possessions, until we find ourselves in the same dilemma from which we have so lately extricated ourselves with the blood of the nearest of our race." Lest these arguments should fail of their effect on his phlegmatic excellency, on account of their touching only on the *general* good, he added to them others better calculated to impress him with an idea of the great connexion which these proposals had with his *individual* benefit. He archly represented to him, that by keeping back from a peninsular campaign the Suliotes, who (being of the continental part) had no right to engage in it, the loans which western nations had sent out for the increase of the retinue of his illustriousness, would not be lightened by

the exactions of these strangers, who would demand more for their defence of a foreign soil than though they should betake themselves quietly to their own, where still they had villages, nay towns, (Salona remaining in their hands) to furnish them with *taïée* for their troops. This last remonstrance was attended with success. Conduriotti, who never was known heedless to a sentence wherein his private interest was touched on, although deaf to all which merely regarded the right of others, gave full permission to this faithful courtier to use his Fanareote ingenuity in destroying both Colletti and his power. The poor senator was little apprehensive of the perfidy of his colleague. He had been planning together with him his address for the morrow, and both had studied so well their parts, that the latter had already pronounced his share before the assembly, when the wily prince set forth in glowing terms the disadvantages which would accrue to them from the junction of the Suliotes, and ended in persuading the members that both Colletti and they were an incumbrance on the peninsula.

Hence arose the stare and exclamation, hence was sent forth the demoniac yell by the artful prince at having turned the tables on his ally so easily. Your presence just at the moment that it happened acted as a restorative to both parties, for it saved Mavrocordato from the pain of an argument which must inevitably have succeeded to the extinction of his mirth, which was dying away for want of fuel to revive it. The muscles too of his opponent were spared, by the same reason, the further straining which they would have endured. Thus happily did their contention terminate : but let Mavro take heed that a winged messenger do not reach him, as he retires to his dinner." Simpkins concluded his account, and looked for the effect of it on the countenance of the stranger, which had undergone many changes during its recital ; not that the interest he felt in the nature of it had produced them ; but the alternate hopes and fears that pervaded him, as he tried in vain to guess the period of its termination. Three yawns proclaimed it at length arrived. During the interim of peace afforded to him by its conclu-

sion, he reminded the captain of the conversazione that he had mentioned, and urged their repairing to it; for he feared, and with reason, that the silence into which his friend had relapsed, was but the forerunner of a speech as long as the one concluded. Simpkins obeyed, and a few streets, forbidding in appearance as the rest had been, led them before the walls of this fashionable resort. The chords of a guitar well played, sent forth their harmony as they entered the hall, and making their way whence it had proceeded, they found themselves at last in a room elegantly furnished in the European style. On a well-burnished mahogany table, which stood in the centre, were placed in order, wine, liqueurs, and confectionary, with labels on the former denoting their quality; a flute, which seemed to sue in vain for a lip to breathe on it, lay beside them, and an old carbine, with French stock and Turkish barrel, had taken its station on a heap of music, as though to keep it from being blown away by the wind, which, nevertheless, stirred not. Over this motley collection presided a

middle aged man, with a complexion almost too blooming for a Greek, who seemed as though tenacious of his right, by the pains which he took in keeping aloof from it all save himself. An ample French dressing-gown, wrapt negligently round his person, showed that it was not yet day with him; and the libations he partook of were undoubtedly those of the morning, by the listless air with which he received them with the one hand, while he swung the other like a pendulum behind his chair, to an old French major, commandant of the tactic corps, who was in the height of fighting over again, for the thousandth time, the battle of Parta, at which he only once had been present, but which his politics prompted him to renew, (in preference to any of his campaigns under Napoleon) now that his fortunes lay in Greece. These, indeed, seemed little to have been bettered by his prowess there; for, save the present good cheer, which it entitled him perhaps the better to partake of, the separation of one of the fingers from the brawny hand, which he raised mechanically for the

wine poured out, was the only apparent advantage he had derived. The major emptied his glass without affecting to notice it, so deeply interested did he feel in his own description; but in vain did he heighten the tenor of his voice—in vain did he stamp and roar—for not an ear of the many present was so courteous as to receive his continuation; his listeners had attended at first from an effort of politeness, but since it had commenced, the liqueurs had gone their round, and had so utterly destroyed at length that restraint which they had at first thought necessary to put on themselves, that the old major's story and even existence were now forgotten in the superior interest which every one took in his own importance and pursuits. The guitar pincher resumed his chords, and his Greek and Italian love airs, which were sung to perfection, soon drowned the rough talk of war. The host, with the morning gown, hummed over a French drinking song; but he who succeeded most effectually in driving the old Major to despair, was a short man, of keen visage, in the Albanian dress,

who was employed in holding a long discourse with a young stout-built Hydriote, and who persevered in it with such an obstinate monotony, as to confuse in the same strain some of the most eventful parts of the agitated Frenchman's relation. The islander to whom he directed his admonitions, did not seem to consider them of so much value as was wished to be attached to them; for his gaze strayed about as though searching out something, which by an opportune encounter might enable him to fly this importunate counsellor, no less a personage than Adam Ducas, the minister of war, who, convinced of the advantages that would result from it to his purse, was convinced also of the efficacy to the nation, of the speedy departure of the fleet of Hydra to the bay of Navarene, where the Turkish armament frowned so formidably. He had attacked Samadorff accordingly, at the place he thought most appropriate to instil his precepts, for he knew that this young Hydriote would better attend to a lecture produced by the fumes of a flowing feljani (²) than to phlegmatic advice, drily administered at the senate. At the

present moment, however, neither the one or the other seemed suited to his inclination; for, after interrupting the speaker several times with injunctions to him to finish his beverage before the old Major's eye should catch it standing, (which, however, met with no other return than a bah! emphatically thrown out, and an immediate return to the same dry subject)—his patience got exhausted, and turning hastily round to a middle-aged man, dressed in the Albanian costume, who stood in the recess formed by the window which looked out on the broad bay, "Count," he exclaimed, addressing him in Italian, "what say you to an early repast to-night, and a trip with me in my old brig *Miltiades*? I will take an extra share of provisions in my drawers, ⁽³⁾ if you will accompany me." "Leave *Santa Rosa*," interrupted the host in the morning gown. "So intent is he in spelling over that old fragment, that he neglects for it the common rites of civility. The potations have lain out so long for him, that their sparkling has disappeared. How do you think, then, that a man so obstinately sedentary should ever

pair himself with such an eternal talker as you are?" "Nay," rejoined the Hydriote, "if that be all, he is mine, for these objections stand in no force against our unison. I will leave him all day to himself below, without a soul to look on him; not even the fair islands of the Cyclades shall arouse him from his trance, if so he wills it! and all that I require in return is, that he may discontinue his solitary devotions at a sufficiently reasonable hour at night, to enable him to consume a good bottle of Cyprus, to his own better companionship."

"Your rebukes are but just," exclaimed the Count, interposing. "My thirst for the attainment of a language, in which I may be conversant as yourselves, has made me neglect, perhaps, more than I should else have done, the duties incumbent on good fellowship. However, you must both this once pardon me for not complying with your wishes. *You*, Samadorff, the cabin and proffered solitude which I would not be so unkind as to doom you to; and you, Kalagris, addressing the host, the *morning* draughts, as it is past *dinner-time* with me."

The Count did not wait for a reply; but, turning to the old Major, whose wrath at being so often interrupted was now at the full, and who beat unceasingly, but in vain, with his brawny knuckles, for a silence which none chose to yield him, proposed, more from pity than preference, a game at chess. The astonishment which took possession of the countenance of the veteran, at such a demand for one of *his* habits, was so ludicrously depicted, that the other members of this Franco-Greek conversazione, spite of their different pursuits, were attracted from them by the expression to gaze on it; and it was not till after the muscles of the Major were composed, and the attention of the spectators turned from them once more, that the young stranger, attended by his conductor Simpkins, attracted the notice of the party. A youth, richly bedecked, whose slender form, as it reclined along a sofa placed parallel with the door, seemed overpowered with excessive languor, rose up, and taking the hand of the former of these two visitors, led him to the seat that he had abandoned. One could soon discern, as well by a resem-

blance in the features as by a certain similarity of manners, though on a smoother scale in the latter, that he was brother to the host in the morning gown. While the coffee and other refreshments were being handed to the young stranger, Nikolao would talk of no other subjects, when he would sufficiently exert himself to converse, save Vienna and its pleasures. There he had taken his studies, and let any other topic be introduced, still his mind, as though searching for a thing foreign to this, would ever revert to the one beloved theme—perhaps because there he really had enjoyed himself—perhaps only that he might impress on others that idea of his importance, which a weak man readily gives to one whose foot has trod upon a region, which *he* has only heard of. Kalagris, his brother, although he had paid more attention to the young visitor than to the theme so pleasing to his relative, was not willing, nevertheless, that his own consequence should sink into inferiority; he talked, therefore, much of the continent *in general*, until, seeing that Nikolao, spite of his efforts to the contrary, had gained over

more listeners to his side than himself, he changed his subject, and struck his chords to describe his peregrinations over the snows of Russia, a topic which succeeded most effectually in silencing the strains of his more languid brother, whose nerves were not sufficiently strong to bear such inelemencies, even in conception. Their father, a Greek of influence as considerable as any amongst the nation, had never studied or travelled himself, but had determined that his sons should do both, to serve as screens to his ignorance. He wished, too, that they should not only dabble in the sciences, but should take their full dose of them; for which purpose, all the branches necessary by their knowledge for the formation of a genius were disclosed to them, not gradually, but at one survey. The event was a natural one—their heads got crammed with such a collection, all pretending to the same degree of acquaintanceship with the brain, that none in particular would give place for delivery from thence. Nikolao, however, had, it seemed, given the preference to astrology; for, as he sauntered

one fine night with his enraptured father, from whom as yet he had cruelly kept back any manifestation of his abilities, the moon shone brightly on their path, and turned the attention of the youth towards it. After a silent fit of contemplation, he broke out into a rhapsody. His parent, who imagined it to be produced by the workings, at a moment so congenial for them, of his favourite study, dared not to interrupt him, but chuckled with delight and wonder. But both these emotions were broken, together with the silence of his child. "Sir," he said to him, in a manner as though anxious to disburden something of moment, "the same moon which I have seen at Vienna I now see shining as brightly above me here." The father's happy dreams evaporated with this speech. "Son," he exclaimed, "had I but spared the money which I have spent in the solution of so weighty a question, you only would have remained the fool." The old man spent weeks in solitude and silence, only broken by his groans of contrition, until Kalagris, who had never pretended to the same forte, reconciled him by some

salutary precepts, which shewed him to be, at all events, somewhat *less* of a *fool* than his brother. Thenceforward he freely unlocked to them his treasures, with many injunctions to use them sparingly and with profit; all which they promised of course. These good counsels, however, were soon forgotten. Rendered unquestionable masters of their own conduct during the absence of their father, they soon piqued themselves on resisting, by the most expensive establishment and elegant conversazione in Napoli, the general ebb of good manners amongst those few unsullied souls, who might halt as they passed at this redeeming mansion.

Simpkins, who, from a similarity of thought and habits with Nikolao, had contracted a strong friendship for the latter, was now indulging with him in sentiment, while the young stranger, little wishing to break in upon their topics, was listening, in preference, to the growling of the old Major, whose indignation at the proposal of chess had not yet subsided, and who was tapping instinctively a fresh bottle of liqueur, when a tall muscular man, richly armed, with a

pair of laughing grey eyes, and a short stunted black beard, stalked into the room. "Papa Yauni," cried the old Major to this commanding figure, leaving the cork but half drawn, "in the name of your Familiar, what brings you here, at a time, too, when none but thieves and unquiet spirits are wandering abroad? To excuse you for your hours, take off this glass, and grant me absolution for all I have done since we last met; for you are the man I love best in the world to receive it from; a *bon vivant*, who knows the faults of mankind and their nature, and will find us a place yet." "Major," replied the young priest, smiling, "for the absolution you require, even were you worthy to receive it, I doubt much whether there would be time now to give it you. Your house, that is to say, your room, for God, on account of your faults, has not thought fit to bestow on you the former, is closely besieged by a dozen old vlahos, who demand clamorously for the dinner which, last night, you promised them, the better to make free with the bottle of Cyprus with which the poor fellows regaled

you. Run, therefore, hie thee hence, without once looking back on what you leave, or thou art the man most irretrievably lost of any whom the world has ever yet spent an idle sigh over." "By St. Dennis!" exclaimed the major, taking up his cap, "if what you tell me be true, that little ape, Rhodius, I warrant you, is at the bottom of it;" and, without staying to bid adieu, or even to thank the priest for his intelligence, he hied away. No sooner had he retired, than Papa Yauni, who took the seat that the major had relinquished, after curling up his enormous mustachios, and stroking down the beard which shaded the *contour* of his visage, resumed likewise the conversation. "Kalagris," he said, addressing himself to the host, "how can you encourage that old reprobate so near you? You must either exclude him from your doors, or suffer that I myself take fright; for my priestly reverence, and that of my followers, can ill brook to breathe the same air with one so tainted by the wine cask." The eye of the papas strayed for a moment until it caught that of the young

stranger, when its bold expression became fixed, and his countenance at the same time assumed a paler dye. "By the soul of my father!" he exclaimed, as he saw that his glance gave the feeling of an intrusive one; "I would have sworn that I had seen before me my nephew, Vasili, who was killed with Pano Colocotroni at Trippolizza. But I have not wronged you by the mistake," he added, politely; for "he was a brave lad, and fought as he should have done." The young stranger bowed as he explained himself: he had already felt an extraordinary interest excited in him by the priest; and as feelings at first indefinable are not always repugnant to esteem, so did he feel particularly disposed to yield it to the Papas, who, drawing his chair nearer, seemed to be actuated by the same impulse. The wit and humour which marked his conversation—libertine as in many parts it was—the knowledge of men and manners that he betrayed in it, without apparently caring to do so, gave a charm peculiarly striking to a mind which, like the stranger's, sought after the same attainment.

So well too was it tuned—so polished was the man who addressed it—that in the midst of the libertinism it betrayed, no ideas of ribaldry or grossness were discernible. The conversazione was now giving signs of being broken up, all the members who had formed it retiring to their different pursuits. Papa Yauni, however, before he left, extorted a promise from his young Frank friend to visit him on the following day. Santa Rosa alone remained, and he approached the stranger, as he prepared to follow the steps of the others, with a manner which opposed his design. “My young Sir,” he said, introducing himself with a slight bow, “you have so very lately arrived in Greece, that although I myself have not been here sufficient time to drop the name, I feel yet entitled, from the little experience I have received of the country we are both fellow strugglers in, to give you a hint, which the good intentions that dictate it, I hope, will render pardonable. It is so difficult to probe the real characters of those who hang around one here, by reason of the external polish which sits on them, that I,

who am more than twice your age, have been deceived during my short residence by many. I would not then have you experience ill effects from a confidence badly reposed, nor would I withhold from you this advice, which, whether attended to or not at the present, may nevertheless throw you more upon your guard hereafter."

CHAPTER VII.

With equal step she treads, while a faint smile
Chides the dim eye that longs yet fears to weep.

Dimond.

“AND who then is to be avoided by me?” asked the stranger, not much pleased at an interference which paid no compliment to his own talents of discernment.

“I will tell you,” rejoined the Count, no ways disconcerted at the ill-reception his advice had met with; “or rather, will sketch out to you the character of those whom you do not sufficiently know to enable yourself to judge: and then, when my duty is thus fulfilled, I will no longer force myself upon you as your Mentor. Not to be suspected of unnecessary scandal, I will touch upon those only whom you have seen. For the old Major; to begin, he is too ridiculous to be dangerous: so common a sharper

is he, and conceals his practices so poorly, that I should pay you but a bad compliment to warn you of him. Our hosts of the morning are good fellows enough in their way, whose only propensities, strictly evil, are those which they have picked up at Frescati's or Bordoni's. Of papa Yauni only, I have need to caution you: the various attractions that he possesses render him dangerous; his powers of intellect, strong as they are, he uses but too well for the support of his intrigues: his manners, sanguine and enthusiastic, are apt to fascinate a mind younger than his own, and render him caught at greedily as a companion. He is brave, and too generous, wilfully to do hurt to any one; but he is abandoned wholly to pleasures, and amidst the luxuries by which he is surrounded, that well resemble the court of licentiousness, his soul is so pervaded by them that he would flinch at no crime that, by its perpetration, could enhance their enjoyment. The familiarity which he will take care shall be engendered between you, will be hurtful, therefore, in so far as your mind may be deficient in strength to re-

sist his enticements, since by yielding to them you will be unfitted for the hardships and endurance that you have generously made your choice for the cause of liberty, and will find those sentiments enervated, nay, subdued, which, in their present unsullied state, are well calculated to impress the necessity of these sacrifices upon others. Papa Yauni was once thus himself, and promised a fairer turn to his pursuits. At the commencement of the revolution he invested himself in the garb and office of priest, less from any religious notions than from worldly policy. His zeal for his country suggested to him that with his enterprise and talents he could forward its welfare by exerting them under such a disguise, enabling him to travel through the Turkish dominions, without suspicion, while he acted the spy; spurning, for the first year after his assumption of these robes, all thoughts of the dangers, many times closely impending, to which his patriotic exertions subjected him. But Yauni, though noble, was not perfect; nay, not even resolute. Young, daring, and handsome, these accom-

plishments were not long neglected by the ardent beauties of the realms he wandered in, and not ungrateful himself for their attentions, the sighs which he had before so purely effused for liberty soon changed their object, and strayed, till they offered themselves at the shrine of love. His success in the latter passion soon filled his mind with the enchantment attendant on it so forcibly, that all other views gave place to this usurper. He has now become the victim of an ill-directed feeling; his harem is filled with beauties of all parts, the fruits of his foreign conquests, to satisfy it; and his soul, in short, is so corrupted by licentiousness, that its predominancy has blotted out all the virtues which formerly were his."

"He is at least to be pitied, rather than condemned," interrupted the stranger, who saw nothing in all this which appeared so very reprehensible; "he has after all merely fallen under a dominion which it would be only affectation at his age to endeavour to despise: I do not think such a weakness to be a crime." He pronounced the last sentence with an emphasis,

whilst his hand strayed, as though by chance, over a little round shining substance, which, hanging suspended by a silken cord, just above his pistol belt, glittered through his golden yelée. As his hand got entangled in the riband, half a sigh escaped from him, and, as though ashamed of that half, he resumed, in a different style, his opinion on the Papa's conduct.

That the more generous sentiments which he once held should have been destroyed by the usurpation of an effeminate one, is certainly to be sorrowed at ; but notwithstanding all, it is but a temporary evil, which he may destroy, I am sure, when he will : for surrounded by every thing that can gratify his passions, what man is there on earth who will not soon feel the weight of satiety ? Had his mind, on the contrary, been seized by impressions so strong as to dwell upon him, without such a prospect of their effacement—had a pair of bright eyes beamed deceitfully on him the hope of joys he was doomed to live only in wishing for, then would there have been less chance of his redemption ; but now he possesses them all ; his imagination, which before

was an excited one, will become calm, and conversion will be effected in the subsidal of the storm."

Santa Rosa shook his head in that manner, and with that expression, which shewed that his sentiments were twenty years older than those of this refractory youth; he smiled, however, good naturedly, and wishing him better luck than had befallen the Papas, walked towards the Esplanade. The stranger looked after him, as he retired, with surprise; he could not think how such an extraordinary being was suffered to exist, who rated in so low a scale what himself considered the very height of human felicity—to love, and be adored by the objects that inspire it: what can be more desirable, save to possess them too? The reverie into which this last reflection had thrown him, might have lasted longer in a place better calculated for it; but he had wandered insensibly into the streets, and there found himself jostled by so many, that the natural eye, rather than the intellectual one, was called into requisition.

tion. The various Capitani, with their followers, were some returning home to their quarters—others, for the last time, to the senate; while many were lounging on the benches, determined not to do either, and talking scandal, to make up for their idle choice. As the young stranger passed through these, he more than once felicitated himself on the change which his vestments had caused for him; no longer was every eye fixed on him—did every tongue move about him—as the phenomenon of a Frank, whose intentions, present pursuit, and origin, all racked their brains to divine. He now was so perfect a Greek, with his turban gracefully, nay, dandily, wrapped over him; his waist was so small, and his pistols sat so negligée thereon; his eye too was so bold, and his complexion so dark, that he eluded the suspicions of all, as to his origin having been a foreign one; and the only signs drawn from the rest, to shew their consciousness of his presence amongst the many, were, that ever and anon a hand was placed on the breast at his approach, and the salutation

of "long life to you!" was uttered as he passed. These signs, which attributed to him a degree of importance, carried with them their effect; and before he had paced the length of the street, it seemed that his ideas arrogated to themselves a considerable share of it; for he looked superciliously upon many whom he had left uninjured by his glance, when still the demure *Frank*, which now he had disowned. Thus affected, he could not fail throwing similar regards on a very extraordinary looking figure which crossed his path. It was a person of vestments the coarsest and most impaired that could possibly be worn by the meanest follower. He was, withal, evidently a Capitano, for in his suite were some fifteen Palicari, who seemed to have a particular attachment for him, prompted no doubt by a similarity of taste as well as habits, for he had but little ostentation, and with his arm entwined around the neck of the dirtiest of his followers, in whom indeed, no great distinction of appearance was remarkable, he amused himself with the ear of the unhappy object, who submitted without a murmur to this instance of

good fellowship, as well as to become the butt of his leader during the stroll. Curious as were the manners of this individual, something of dignity was attached to him; for whenever he tarried by any throng, the most distinguished who composed it would approach and converse with him. Wavering in doubts of who and what might be this singular appearance, the young stranger regretted for once that the communicative Simpkins had left his side; when, as though his wishes had been anticipated, the very person himself appeared, at the nick of time, to clear up the mystery. But Simpkins, for the first time he had ever been brought under the imputation of that weakness, now felt a modesty possess him which manifested itself in a repugnance to satisfy the demands at present made to him. Finding them become, however, only the more importunate as he endeavoured to evade them, and fearing to lose the perquisite to which his capacity of "Asmodeus" alone entitled him, he replied at length that this was Baltimore, the American *General*, by title, of the Greeks—the inseparable of Mavrocordato, and one who

had no more conscience than the latter; a man, in short, who had become more of a Barbarian than the most barbarous of any who strove to inculcate to him the precepts fit for attaining to that enviable state—a *mauvais sujet*, on the whole. Here Mr. Simpkins finished his account, which, unsatisfactory as it was, no arguments could prevail on him to renew. It sufficed, however, to assure the Frank, that as this being, who had so excited his curiosity, was the friend of Mavrocordato, so must he be decidedly the enemy of his sentimental companion, who knew well that the talents he wished to arrogate to himself, were by no means equally appreciated by that Fanariote. He therefore left Simpkins to repose his mind, and no longer pricking his feelings, by an investigation which seemed founded on so delicate a bottom, he determined to appeal to some quarter less prejudiced, for ascertaining more of the subject on which his curiosity depended.

It was not long before these hopes wrought their fulfilment, in a manner more satisfactory even than they could ever have led him to ex-

pect. The General himself, possessed like others of his share of curiosity, had been actuated by much the same motives as the stranger; and announcing himself by his appearance only, walked into the apartment, followed by his pet soldier and another, at the moment in which the Frank and Simpkins arrived there. Baltimore saluted both; the former with respect, the latter with familiarity, not unmixed, however, with a certain artfulness of demeanor, which shewed that he was always prepared to throw it off when he would, and assume the opposite part. During the conversation which these two beings held, the endeavours of Baltimore were as much exerted to render it *general*, as those of Simpkins to preserve it *particular*. By the whole tenor of it, independent of the contrariety marking its disposal, the stranger could observe, that no friendship for Simpkins had induced the General to pay this visit, although they had not met for a time before; but rather a desire, from the pretext afforded him by their acquaintanceship, of acting a somewhat of the spy towards himself; whether to gratify his patron by

the knowledge he might glean of him, or merely his own inquisitiveness. And yet the candour and affability of manner which he assumed whenever he directed his discourse towards the Frank, made him reject again these suspicions. In fact, he knew no more than at first what conclusions to make of him ; when the visitor, raising from under him his worn-out capote, took his leave, with many offers of his services. The hour of slumber arrived in due time, but where to indulge in it, was to the harassed stranger, for some time, a matter of doubt. Not even a rug lay over the bare planks to screen him from their thicklaid filth ; the windows were admitting, through their broken panes, a hundred visitors in the shape of mosquitoes, to join, as it seemed, the well-armed thousands who remained stationary in the apartment. The weather too was cold, and a thousand opponents started themselves, till the desire of sleep, which at length overcame these obstacles to its enjoyment, suggested to him, instinctively, the only plans which could be taken for its courtship : laying his capote, there-

fore, well over his face, to screen the most sensitive parts, at least, from harm, he trusted to providence for the disposal of the others.

The hosts of contending evils, however, which made a junction to assail the stranger, permitted him not the peace he sought for, save by starting fits, from which he awoke neither refreshed nor contented, just as the morning beams brought him a respite to his sufferings; and hurrying himself from the scene of so much pain, he took his seat in the café below—on the vacant recess of a window which looked upon the sea, and received its breezes from thence—pettishly rubbing his still heavy eyes, and vowing that they should not again be rendered so by such a “place of rest” as his last, while there were the ramparts in the air, cold as it was, to transfer it to.

As “dejeuner” does not come within the practice of the Greeks, the stranger was fain to take his coffee and chibouk as the rest did who were assembled. Indeed, though an early riser this morning at least, from circumstances which promised to be very naturally conducive to that

good habit, he observed that the Greeks were beforehand with him; which remark was aided by the bustle of their voices, shewing their first refreshment to be over. To the evaporation of his spleen, the delightful fragrance of a breeze, blowing freshly from the olive groves and lemon orchards of Argos, considerably tended. The climate altogether, and the view which he was well situated for admiring, were calculated to remove all sorrowful impressions; and the sun rose so beautifully from the mountains bounding the purple wave before him, and crimsoned so sweetly with its tints, a sky, over which no clouds are permitted to float, that he lost his peevishness in the pleasure of the scene. At this crisis, which perhaps he had marked out as most favourable, the American, Baltimore, approached him. He had left a party of Albanians, who were encircling him, as usual, from hopes of *something* being done for them (Baltimore promising, of course, a *great deal*,) by his patron Mavrocordato, who they well

knew *could* do any thing he thought fit to set his brain to. Without any fixed habitation, and so wolfish as really to need none, the General cared little which way his steps were turned ; and had prowled accordingly, by a sort of preference, which curiosity gave, around these precincts since the yesterday, when first he had been induced to visit them. "There is a prospect from this recess, sir," he commenced, after the first bow and a hem : "it is a view which I have often found enchantment in myself : you would hardly have thought, no doubt, that such heroes as you have read of, could ever have existed in a country where manners are so changed ; many, however, still are to be seen, worthy of their ancestors. I would advise you, however, not to expose your person to the rawness of the morning air, which in these parts is often destructive to a stranger." The Frank assented to the General's remark, and wrapping closer round him his capote, as though to screen him from the cold, the action did not escape the observation of the former,

who, in an under tone, ordered some morning cordials, wherewith to disperse it ; trying at the same time to force through the reserve of the Frank, who had maintained it hitherto so obstinately. " You have probably been acquainted for some length of time with Mr. Simpkins," he observed, " and you have found him, no doubt, well-informed and communicative. The poor fellow, to be sure, is sometimes flighty, and inclined to give too great a scope, perhaps, to his faculties of imagination ; which, however, should not detract from his other merits."

" His acquaintance and mine have been very short," replied the stranger ; " for his abilities, therefore, or stupidity, I am alike unable to vouch. His own will has thrown him in my way, and he still continues it, to remain with me." Baltimore seemed as though lightened, by this explanation, of something that hitherto had laboured with him, and shook his head significantly. " Are there then any points really objectionable in this gentleman?" demanded the stranger in his turn. " I am a man of few words," replied the General, " and wish to

interfere with none. You may imagine, therefore, that I have an excellent opinion of your merit, in so far having broken through my rule towards you." The stranger bowed coldly; for of this kind of politesse he had received so much in Napoli, that he was always prepared to endure it as a thing of course. "Now Simpkins," proceeded Baltimore, "though doubtless a very commendable personage, is looked upon somewhat with distrust by the government. It is well known by them, that vanity alone inspires him in the course which he takes; and now that not much encouragement is given him to feed that prevailing principle, he makes use of every occasion that presents itself, of censuring a nation who are too generous to punish him for it. In short, he only wants power to become an open detractor; but that, poor fellow, he will never have."

The General concluded his abuse with many assurances, that the particular interest he had taken in the stranger's well-doing, and not being deceived, was the sole cause which had prompted him, contrary to his ordinary, to in-

veigh against another. The Frank gave his thanks, as they seemed in requisition, for this little piece of scandal; and then, looking at the watch of his neighbour, (who, taking it continually from the jeppa of his gold phermeli, seemed anxious to assure the world that he was possessed of one), thought of Papa Yauni, of whom he had been dreaming during the night, whenever the mosquitoes would allow of his slumbers--and recollecting his promise of visiting him, intimated his intentions to Baltimore, and took his leave. A train of thoughts possessed him as the fumes of the chibouks, and steams of hot sherbet, were exchanged for the coolness of the breeze. The meanness of those who had crossed his path, in the shape of Franks, formed the subject of his meditations. The ridiculous conceits, the spirit of detraction, the narrow prejudices--every thing, in short, which distinguished them, combined to disgust him, and he determined finally henceforward to shun their tribe--to assume the feelings and habits adapted to the dress he wore, and the plans he had formed for himself, striving to forget

meanwhile, amid the congeniality and sunniness of Greek manners, all the boasted polish he once had learnt to pride in—to study nature, and adore her—to frame his works by the influence she inspired—nay, to verge even into *barbarism*, in following her precepts, rather than forget her by studying *fashion*. “I have not left,” he felt, “a land where beat the only pulses which could have endeared me to it, merely to increase prejudices that I had wished altogether to eradicate, by a familiarity with the most forbidding subjects who have been produced there.” The door of the Papas put an end to his reflections. He entered, and found the priest not more unmindful than himself had been of the appointment. He was seated on a fine carpet, wrought in the fair city of Stamboul, ⁽¹⁾ with four other guests, who seemed to hold him in reverence by the silence with which they listened to his observations. One of these particularly attracted the regards of the stranger—it was a youth of fine form and elegantly dressed, whose visage, which was extremely fair, was prevented from being effeminate by the brightness that flashed from

his dark eyes, and gave animation to every look and word. He seemed a favourite with the priest, by the nearness of his post to that of the former: both rose, as did the two old warriors who made up the circle; and the stranger being seated, the Papas clapped his hands, when a handsome boy entered the apartment, bearing with him a chibouk, of which the amber alone was a foot in length, and presented it, with one knee on the ground, to the stranger. Sweetmeats and coffee were next brought, and as though absolutely essential to be partaken of, not a word was spoken until they had been digested by a glass of rakî (?). Papa Yauni then stroked his beard, of which he seemed proud, and beginning to converse, talked much about the continental part of Europe, which he had travelled over and knew well; of the manners and customs most simple *there*, but which appear most extraordinary *here*; of its people, origin, and progress; in short, of all that history has told—until he found that this discourse possessed but little interest for his guest: he then

changed the theme to Greece, and when he saw that the stranger's eye lit up at his recital, his own sparkled too with pleasure, and he exerted himself to describe, in as rapturous a way as it merited, the country that he spoke for, and that he loved ; for the Priest *did* love it, and was a patriot, though a libertine ; and although his soul was possessed by pleasure, yet he shewed, at last, that his country's voice could wipe away all stains that the influence of dissipation had implanted there. As the Papas went on describing the sweet spots that laid in wait to feast the eye of the stranger ; of the lovely beings, too, that had once dwelt thereon, but now were massacred or in harams ; of the patience with which they had suffered, when even permitted to make their choice, preferring death to the indignities of the latter ; and when the stranger compared these descriptions with what he himself had seen, a deep enthusiastic joy—the influence of the clime as well as the recital—came over him. He rejoiced to find himself in the very land whose wrongs might be avenged, if leagued with spirits like his own ; and the inspi-

ration which these kindred feelings awakened, made him impatient that he should be chained by circumstances even for a moment, and should sit cross-legged in inaction, on a carpet, when the mountains, ranged within his sight, pointed out to him the road to glory, and reproved his delay. The Papas, who looked into men's minds, saw the zeal of his young guest: and as he had before intimidated his intentions of taking soldiers for the defence of Navarene, the priest thought the opportunity an excellent one of urging his companionship thither. "You see what sort of a fellow I am," he said, "and you can judge whether or not I should suit you for a comrade: whilst with the rest whom you would join, you will find only an intolerable load of phlegm, *we* can always while away the march with a jest or tale. Join, then, my standard, whereto resort the pith of good fellowship; but I see you wavering, and you shall not make any reply until our meal be finished." A second clapping of the hands, and this was produced, served upon a trencher, with surprising neatness, by three young pages, glittering with the

golden habits that they wore, yet not rendered so conspicuous by those as by the exquisite beauty of their forms and face. A silver plate, strange to be spoken, was placed before the young guest, in compliment to this nation—but he pushed it away from him as soon as laid, and asked the Papas, rather peevishly, if the plumes he wore were ever to be held as borrowed. The priest squeezed his hand—the old Capitani, who had not spoken a word before, chuckled applause—and Demetri, the handsome youth who had attracted the attention of the stranger on his entrance, defended his mode of reasoning, and applauded his fervor with a warmth which seemed extraordinary. “The very feeling,” he added, addressing this part of his defence to the Priest, as though to the person who had made it necessary to be uttered, “the very pride, so generous, which induces him to give preference to the habits of a nation, to whom, for a cause the most noble, he has united his destiny—will construe into a want of confidence or esteem, any efforts made use of to revert him to the customs he has from sentiment,

and by a sacrifice once voluntarily renounced. Then surely we should not fall under this crime, but rather lay every encouragement on the exertions of one who wishes to renounce the habits, even ideas, once fostered in his breast, in gay Frankestan; that he may adopt ours, less refined, but more primitive. It is not enough that he should receive the thanks—he likewise should enjoy the privileges of the country, as long as he *stands by its customs.*” The dinner, in the meantime, was neither getting cold, nor had it been entered upon with impiety, for the Papas had signed his cross, and a number of dishes had appeared and been succeeded in their removal by others, since the commencement of this little dispute. It now was finished, and whether from the rhetoric of Demetri, which really had inspired, in the breast of the stranger, a feeling of gratitude for having so ably defended him, or whether the wine was possessed of something which other wines have not, the deliciousness of its flavour seemed to assert that some deity, even more powerful than Bacchus, presided over its rounds, emo-

tions so pleasurable and varied did it give rise to, each time that the golden bowl was passed by the young pages who bore it from back to back.⁽³⁾

The dinner at length was removed, and the brass basin and ewer were brought by one of those who attended, for the stranger to perform his lavations; but though the repast had disappeared, the wine was still suffered to remain. Many apologies did the Papas offer for thus swerving from the rule observed by others, but excused himself by assuring his guests that the potations he wished them to renew, were of nectar, not mere wine; "it is ambrosial," he added, "and already has exalted us half way to heaven, inasmuch as it has bestowed on us mirth without reserve, and that purity of friendship which has re-established between us the rites of Eleusis, more as they should have been than as they were." Papa Yauni, indeed, had shewn himself to be by no means an advocate for the mortifications usually enjoined to the observance of his sect. "One glass more," he cried, as the vote was unsuccessfully made for

the café ; “ let us spend the eve of a day which perhaps may be our last, in the manner best adapted for the enjoyment of it.” The *one* cup was drank, and the Papa held his faith ; for the café and pipes were both brought in, and arguments, of a nature more sober than those the wine had produced, were commenced as they sipped it. The priest and his guest, the young stranger, were in the most interesting part of a discussion—the latter just explaining to him how, and at what period, human weaknesses should be corrected—when the door unfortunately opening for the departure of the pages, some female faces peeped slyly into the room, glancing their eyes lightly over each inmate, as though to choose amongst all, on whom they at last should be fixed. One seemed to have decided ; for as her beauty caught particularly the attention of the stranger, so did he remark that her eyes, in turn, were bent fixedly on *him*. A deep blush, at length, came over her fair face ; then, lingering for another moment in the same attitude, and with her attention undiverted from its object, as though to assure herself of something

she had fancied, she recovered her composure, and giving a languid smile, hurried past the doorway, but not unobserved. Her first glance had stopt the tide of the debate, just as it was arriving at its full; and the attentions of the stranger, who was delivering it, so suddenly moving from their proper channel, did not fail to draw towards their new object the observation of the quick-sighted Papas. He smiled as he perceived it, but the smile was not imparted from within: to its rapid decline, succeeded a mortal paleness; his lips moved without his will, and his eyes flashed forth emotions of rage, which he struggled in vain to conceal. But this change was merely momentary in its duration, and his former coolness returned to him. Demetri, too, had become pale; perhaps in sympathy with the feelings of his confessor⁽⁴⁾ and chieftain, and the young stranger fancied to have heard him mutter the words he had before made use of in defending him from the censure attached to Franks; or, rather their conclusion, "*so as he stands by its customs!*" But Demetri had recovered his composure,

more speedily even than the Papas, attributing his short-lived agitation to a feebleness of which he was ashamed, but which, like other unwelcome subjects, sometimes paid him a visit in the shape of an hereditary dizziness of brain. Papa Yauni beckoned to him one of the pages who stood in waiting, and whispering something in his ear, the boy left the room ; when the loud shriek of a woman was the only hint from which to be guessed the mission he had been employed on.

CHAPTER VIII.

Oh! valiant man, with sword drawn, and cocked trigger,
Now tell me, don't ye cut a pretty figure?

Don Juan.

THE Chibouk was resumed, and the conversation grew interesting as before; till the stranger was brought to reflection upon the hour, by the departure of the other guests, who had been his companions during the noon. Thanking the Papas for his good cheer, he prepared to follow their example; but the former begged him to tarry a moment's space,—and clapping his hands, another young page, handsomer, and more splendidly attired than the rest, obeyed the summons, and entered the apartment. On a word from his Effendi, he brought a rich belt of silk, hemmed with gold, and laid it at the feet of the Frank. “I have a favor to

beg of you, nay, two," said the Papas to the latter ; " you must first, as you have friendship for me, receive anew your baptism ; not being able, consistently with the character of an Helene, to preserve, any longer, a Frank appellation. You shall be called, therefore, Nastuli ; I will be your god-father ; and as you have a good example before you, who knows but that, one day or other, you may become, by your piety, a Hadji ? Secondly and lastly, my young Cashimir, who of all my caphidjes is the most favoured, shall remain with you as a pledge of my esteem.—Take him, then, and make the best of him ; and, above all, promise me that he shall not leave you, for he has almost the only good head that you will find mounted upon a gold pherméli.

Confounded at a generosity so uncalled for and unexpected, his guest scarcely knew what to reply. Thus, hesitating, he stammered out a thousand acknowledgments, in which, however, the Papas soon interrupted him. " Lose no time in thanks," he said, smiling ; " for I have had too many in the course of my days

to appreciate them more than they value. Adieu, Nastuli! we soon shall meet again ;” and in effect, without meeting to receive any testimonials of gratitude, he hurried away in a direction which led upwards towards the terrace of his mansion. Nastuli, stranger no more, was left alone with the young page, who, whilst his new master was still indulging in his fit of astonishment, had been leisurely unstrapping for him his pistol belt, for the sake of applying to his slender waist the new scarf with which he had been presented. This act, so coolly engaged in, aroused him, and forced a smile ; when leaving the house, now solitary to him, he bent his steps towards the esplanade. Here already were assembled the loungers, who walked up and down, playing with their beads, and listening to the music performed by a band of Italians in a fine style. Some black slaves were amongst them, who were compelled to add to the harmony of these strains by clashing the cymbals of the Turks, to please the ear of those whom once they had spurned at in slavery. The tactiki were just

assembled to perform their exercises, and added, by the grotesqueness of their appearance, to the charm which the music and the strollers had already lent to the beautiful ground they stood on. Santa Rosa, with some Italian emigrants, and a few distinguished Greeks, were in a circle, engaged in discourse. Nastuli returned coldly the salute made to him by the former—for his mind was full of grateful impressions towards Papa Yauni, and consequently of feelings of virulence towards his detractor—whom he firmly resolved henceforward to consider as a carbonaro, unfortunate, to be sure, like the rest, but who was rendered worthy of pity only from the circumstance of his exilement; a needy adventurer, in short, who was brought thither merely on a point of speculation. But the dignity of the Count forbade these surmises longer than a moment. There was an air of ingenuousness and frankness in his every look; a boldness, yet affability, in his demeanour, which hinted, of itself, that his birth had not been ignoble. When he spoke to a haughty primate, although his shat-

tered fortunes he well knew depended, for amendment, on the mood of his superior, he scorned to cringe for the smile that would have *made* him. He could not then have been a mere needy adventurer. His name alone told what he *was*; and Nastuli did not long remain blind to his merits. The Greek national air was now struck up; and, with the exultation of a patriot, he viewed the excitement it bestowed upon the listeners, whose genial feelings were soon warmed within them. Some young Suliotes, who were parading, for the sake of exhibiting to the fair ones, only half concealed by their cunning lattices, their high foreheads and gold accoutrements, stopped with an emotion of surprise as they approached him. Their regards were thrown upon young Cashimir, who had attended the steps of his master, and was administering the chibouk. They passed on without explaining themselves further; but as they returned, Nastuli heard what gave him curiosity to hear more. "Is it possible," said one of them, "that he should have abandoned his young Icoglan, ⁽¹⁾ whom he prized so

much?" — "Oh, for that he is capricious enough!" answered the other. "Besides, he does not wish any obstacle to be set to his desires. Fatmé, he knew, was always attached to the young page." The distance to which they had again retired, prevented Nastuli from overhearing more of their conversation: so interested, however, did he find himself in the nature of it, that he lingered on the spot still in hopes of the sequel, following the talkers with his eyes, until they wound suddenly a narrow corner, and were lost to him.

Disappointed at his bad success, he retired to his *konaki* (²), but as he lay himself on his rough *capote*, anticipating the horrors of the night, his head so swam with visions, conjured up by his endeavours to supply what still had remained of the Suliote's discourse, that he turned at length to young Cashimir, desiring him on his allegiance to solve to him the nature of this Fatmé, who denied him rest. The little *caphidgé* hung his head, till, on the demands being repeated, he placed his finger on his lips,

and passed his hand round his neck, to shew the alternative that remained on compliance. Nastuli seeing that he could not force just yet the scruples of his page, was obliged once more to pray for patience; for the gentle Simpkins, though so communicative and all-knowing in other matters, could not solve him this; but lay, heedless that any such problem had assailed his brain—snoring most unromantically in a corner of the apartment. The morning had scarcely announced itself when Nastuli woke, and saw the young Demetri, his fellow guest at the papa's mansion, seated by his side. He had not awoke him, the custom of Greece forbidding it, but had been watching for his reveille for some time impatiently. Two Arab horses were at the door, the one for himself, and the other for Nastuli, and he came to request that they might sport the djhereed awhile, as that was an Hellenic occupation. Nastuli was delighted at the idea of attaining this science, which to be skilled in is to be a warrior, and accepting

the proposal, they soon left the walls of the city, and measuring their ground, commenced it on the plain.

Demetri was, he soon perceived, a greater adept than his modesty had chosen to acknowledge; for once did his reed, with a jarring force, strike the turban of his adversary, and twice did he catch the dart of the latter whilst cleaving the air towards him, and return it with interest whence it came. The blood of Nastuli began to boil within him as he perceived his own awkwardness, contrasted with the address of his adversary. "Let us barb them!" he exclaimed at length; "Let us leave off a child's sport, where neither of us can gain any sensible advantage, and take to a game more manly; or let us leave the djhereeds, if we have not wherewith to point them, and try how your skill is with the pistol." His own he prepared to draw from the belt, when Demetri galloping his steed forwards, and throwing him on his haunches just as he came in contact with the former, laid his hand upon that of Nastuli, and prevented his purpose. "What

are you about, my friend ?" he said, as he fixed his expressive eyes mildly upon him ; " are you really so distrustful of me that you wish my destruction ? or would you accomplish it merely from the impulse of an angry feeling ? Put up your weapon, and trust me that it will be but momentary."

Nastuli, brought to his senses by this rebuke, blushed deeply at the ill humour he had betrayed, and, contented to make Demetri his monitor, bent his course with him towards the city. The young Greek's manners and conversation were calculated to increase a friendship which the first trait had commenced ; and Nastuli, forgetful of his bruises, expressed his wish of having them again renewed (if not sufficiently experienced to avoid them), by a contest on each succeeding day.

Demetri now left him ; for he was one of the numerous kiliarchi,⁽³⁾ and had to look out that his soldiers feasted, lest they should grumble at his command ; while Nastuli, wishing to see the prince, moved towards the Ectalesticon.⁽⁴⁾ The members were here seated in their pride :

none of the irritation or anxiety which was so apparent on the countenances of all during his former visit, was now any longer to be discerned. They had made up matters together, a thing for these gentlemen extraordinary, and hence arose the present tranquillity. Colocotroni had been the subject of debate, and his liberation or continued immurement had been canvassed by votes, merely as a form, because the populace so willed it; but all had been unanimous in the choice of the latter doom, well aware that their ambitious views would be thwarted by the emancipation of one who would awaken by his presence, and redouble by his actions, the love which the nation had once borne for him. Rhodius, colonel of the Tactic corps, against whom the old French major had so bitterly inveighed—a dark, despicable-looking little man—stood in the midst of the room of audience, (while the members of the government were smoking at their ease) studying the countenances of all, and courting the smiles of the President. His endeavours were not totally unsuccessful, for Mavrocordato, looking

at the awkwardness of manner and appearance which marked this little petitioner, and contrasting it, perhaps, with the elegance of his own, bestowed on him at times a smile of pity, mistaken by the former, whose intellects were not of the highest cast, for a token of satisfaction, and hailed as a happy omen accordingly. It seemed evident that he was preparing some suit, or awaiting some important resolve, and his countenance, as it brightened or fell, according to the state of the physiognomy of the members, made an admirable barometer wherefrom to consult his apprehensions for the issue. Nastuli, whose attention had been attracted by this object, observed, that independent of the fluctuating nature of Rhodius's emotions, inasmuch as they were excited from the cause explained—another care, latent, yet stronger—an insufferable pique, in short, sat portrayed at times upon his brow, and the observer was just beginning to feel some sympathy for the sorrow unexplained, when an object far more interesting than the sufferer, destroyed the sentiment in its rise. This was a female of imposing

form, who, with a step of indescribable majesty, moved through the audience-room towards the President. Her features were partially concealed at first by a large Turkish wrapper thrown round them, but which covering nevertheless was ineffectual to hide the brilliancy of a pair of dark eyes, which pierced through its gauze with the power of the basilisk.

The Ectalesticon, whose sacred courts had never until now been profaned by a woman's tread, gave witness to an astonishment which forbade all powers of utterance. This feeling, however, was soon heightened into awe, and then exalted to adoration, when the mysterious intruder, taking from within her gold-wrought jubbee, which until now had concealed it, a bag of gold, secured by many wrappings, and disclosing at the same time features which corresponded with her form, she placed it on the table near which she stood. Rhodius had no sooner looked on her, than he seemed ready to sink within him. She smiled with an expression of ineffable contempt as she viewed his situation; then turning to Conduriottis, who stood aghast

before her—his natural phlegm labouring under the effect of her powerful influence—with an air of dignity addressed him: “I restore to your excellency,” said she, “these gold pieces, and I trust that the short charge I have held over them may not have diminished their value. I had hoped that other purposes, save those of sensuality, might have been found for employing a loan intended for the relief of a distressed nation. Take it, however,” she continued, increasing her animation as she scattered so many pieces from the bag as to cover the table, “take them all once more, and learn to appropriate them better than in donations to a being so contemptible as the one who trembles there before you.” She glanced her proud eye at Rhodeus once more as she finished, and then retired whence she came. An occurrence so extraordinary had rendered immovable the whole of the assembly. Their *sang froid* returned to them, however, as she left, and Mavrocordato, who first possessed his wits, could not remain long without exercising them. He looked first at little Rhodius for an explanation of this af-

fair ; but he, in hopelessness and dejection, stood tongue-tied, praying internally for the roof to fall in and bury him. The shrewdness of the Fanariote, however, penetrated the mystery. Numbering one by one the gold pieces that lay before him, and spreading them out with as much ostentation as possible, "Colonel," he exclaimed, "how would you wish this sum distributed—in a marriage portion or a new suit? It gives me real uneasiness that a lady of so much beauty should have been unrelenting to the suit made by a person of your appearance and abilities ; but we wish you to succeed better for the future. In the meantime you would do well to pay your tactics their arrears, and some two or three months in advance.

"Or lose your head?" murmured Colletti, unable longer to repress the indignation which he felt, now that so good an opportunity offered itself for the gratification of his spleen against the Tactiki, to the organization of whom he had been ever averse. Mavrocordato saw, though too late, that for once at least he had forgotten his diplomacy, and cursed the fair apparition,

who had so reversed his ideas as to drive out of his brain that his own power depended as much on the increase and influence of the tactics, as that of Colletti did on the strength of the irregular Palicari. He had now inadvertently betrayed himself, by having railed at Rhodius, instead of defending him; and he gave signs of emotion by the quicker whiffs of his pipe—the infallible mode of shewing his agitation at not having done justice to his lessons in the Fanar. The gloomy statesman, Colletti, meanwhile, made use of the advantage he had gained: rising passionately from his seat, and looking on the president, who had resumed his natural air of vacuity, “You now see,” he exclaimed, “and I trust are convinced, of the effects of a blind patronage towards your misbegotten bands, whom Franks have introduced here. You see how trusty their leaders are to the charge we reposed in them. Reflect, Sir, that an effective body of Palicari, the only true branches of our ancestors, the only representatives of the Hellenes of old, would have toiled on the mountains and

spent their purer blood, sustained by the half of that sum which one paltry mongrel thinks fit to squander in seduction. Rhodius, who had slunk away at the commencement, was reserved from the further pain of this philippic. The president, at a loss what to reply, affected deafness. Mavrocordato observed it, and entered the lists for his patron. "Your excellency," he replied to Colletti, "has reason for expressing a contempt against one who so justly has incurred it; but let us look with impartiality on the fault which has been committed. An individual has erred; divest him, then, of his office; but let not the community of which he is a member be condemned for *his* solitary sins; neither make his punishment capital, if you wish to deter others from following your example; for if we examine into the nature of every disorder, we shall find it to be derived either from the entire impunity attendant on crime, which creates carelessness, or from excess in the punishment of it, which produces desperation. By taking away the life of Rhodius, we shall likewise take away the memory attached to him; but by an

infliction deserving of his crime, we shall hold him up in his disgrace as an example to others, and by so doing we shall but follow nature, who has given to us shame as the rod of vice, and has ordained that the greatest part of punishment should be the ignominy of suffering it. Depose him, therefore, if you will; but leave his head for better thoughts, and do not cast an odium on the whole corps, because an individual member of it was a bad one."

Colletti made no answer. He had wished, it seems, to argue with the president, and not his monitor; for he darted a look on the latter as he concluded, which testified any other feeling save that of approbation. It was one of those glances which he had studied during his apprenticeship with Ali Pasha; but though it might have disconcerted another, it had no effect on *him* for whom it was intended. The members retired, and Nastuli, attended by his young page, left the Ectalesticon, where he had been well paid for his visit. As he passed through the esplanade, an excessive chagrin was visible on the countenances of all the tactics whom he

encountered, whether in compassion for their colonel, whose fall each rightly prophesied, or from displeasure at the uses to which he had applied the gold, that would have suited them so much better in wages, was uncertain; yet, amidst the general gloom painted on their physiognomies, there was one which, beaming with exultation, called off his attention by its singularity: it was the old Major, on whom Rhodius had played his pranks; and whose spleen seemed now fully satisfied by the disgrace his superior had fallen into. Willing to disseminate his joy amongst others, he was flying from circle to circle, and relating, with as many improvements as it would admit of, the officer-like conduct of his opponent, who, he observed, was fool enough to be outwitted by a woman. These kindling emotions which pervaded him, acting on the effect of his mid-day libations, had rendered him more inebriated than even was his usual to be: unable to command his steps, he staggered against Nastuli, as the latter passed by with his Icoglan, and had no sooner commenced his excuses, than he recognized him, and remembered

that his ear had not yet been charmed by the tale he felt so happy in relating. Nastuli felt too curious about the fair visitant to check the desire of the Frenchman. "Rhodius," began the Major, by way of prelude, "that little distorted villain, who damaged my apartment the other day more than I myself in twenty years' revels should have done, and who has hurt my credit by vociferations for a dinner which I know nothing about; *he*, I say, will have no appetite just yet, as I fancy, to relish another. Long did I wonder whence came his double flaggon, of which he seemed so generous, the new headgear, and the extra curl of his mustachios, besides the serenades which raked my brain all night; this is now explained; love suggested it; and the money which from the loan sent out he contrived, God knows how, to obtain, worked all these wonderful changes. I was to have had my share of that; but no matter."

Nastuli could contain his temper no longer; all this he had known before; and he begged the Major either to let him pass by in peace, or

come to the point with his relation. The Frenchman, who seemed ill disposed to accede to the former proposal, complied with the impatience of his listener, by commencing the tale without further preamble. "The lovely widow of Yennaio," he began, "was seated at her jalousies when Rhodius chanced to pass by them: her eyes encountered his, and kindled a flame within the little deformity. Although he had sense enough to know that the passion he felt could never be mutual, vainly did he endeavour, nevertheless, to smother it. Each day, without fail, he would fix himself before the balconies, in hopes to extort a smile from his fair tyrant, till the widow, whether really moved to pity by his woe-begone appearance and assiduity of courtship, or from the natural coquetry of her sex, which urged her to secure an admirer, however ugly, blessed him with a kind look at last. Elated by this happy omen, Rhodius bought him a new sword knot, adjusted his sash to a marvel, and acted the gallant; nor did he stop until, by dint of sundry good dinners which he gave them, and many

assurances of eternal esteem from underneath the table, he enticed the whole band to the quarter of the town in which dwelt his beloved, there to serenade her; while he, who neither played nor sung, would swagger in front of the musicians, dangling his sword-knot in his hand, to shew that he had both rank and money to bestow on her. The widow seemed moved; she smiled languidly on his pains; he besought by gestures an interview; she acquiesced. Sending off his followers, he mounted the steps, not without trembling, and found himself in her apartment. The widow, whom he looked upon to be conquered by his charms, affected confusion, and remonstrated gently on the impropriety of a tête-a-tête, well knowing at the same time that five or six pair of pretty eyes were gleaming on them from behind a screen. Rhodius, who knew nothing of all this, threw himself at her feet, and abandoning himself to the emotions she had conjured in him, begged her, with many tears, to favour his suit, or see him die; for that he no longer could hopelessly nourish the flame which then preyed on him, and

continue to exist. Although the widow could scarcely refrain from a burst of laughter at the little eccentricity before her, she nevertheless took upon her an air of attention, and seemed to hesitate on a resolve. The gold at length made her decide. She was to receive it on the next interview, and then to receive more favourably his addresses. Drunk with his success, the little Colonel retired, and hastening to his followers, told them, with the manners of a consummate coxcomb, how well wore his intrigue, desiring to each not for the world to disclose it to his neighbour. Determined to render sweet the visions of his beloved, he again mustered his band, who were all drunk with the supper he had given them; and hence arose, by their cursed clamour, my distraction. The hour appointed for the rendezvous at length arrived; he hastened thither, well bedecked, and smelling like a box of millefleurs, just arrived from Paris, taking too his bag of gold, when he ushered himself into the presence of his mistress. The gold was received—not so the lover; for the widow, poor creature, was indis-

posed, and could not meet his addresses until the following day. "To-morrow," cried Rhodius, in despair, "will never arrive." "Fear not," she said, "even quicker than your love for me would desire it, will to-morrow come." More disconsolate than he had hoped to be, yet still living on expectancy, he hied him off. The next day he was not disappointed by his *bonne amie*, for she herself had sought him, and they met where you saw them. A long fit of laughter checked the revengeful old Major. "Unhappy lover," exclaimed Nastuli, as he sighed over these misfortunes; "his cup of misery is full."

"Aye, aye," rejoined the little Major, composing himself, "it does not matter now; but if the scoundrel had invited me, as he should have done, to his feasts, instead of besieging my doors and spoiling my reputation, I would have helped him better out of his love affair, I warrant you. The Major here stopped, and Nastuli felt that this observation, so humbly entered on in the sequel, would have figured better in the prelude, considering that it un-

folded entirely the sentiments of the worthy Frenchman. Yet all the length of these invectives, and the force of them, had been interesting, not tedious, to the listener: whether, on account of the beauty, whose character it developed, or whether that the spirit of scandal, so all powerful in Napoli, had pervaded him likewise, and mining, as it crept through, had laid a new basis of ideas in destroying his former ones, yet so it was, his few days' initiation had made him so perfect a physiognomist, that he could discern by the first glance whether *this* man were allied to Mavrocordato, or *that* infected with the principles of Colocotroni. To be alive, one must think; and in Napoli, to think is to plan; and the first plan to be formed is on the party you choose to take side with.

CHAPTER IX.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale melancholy sate retired.

Collins.

ON arriving on the Locanda appointed for his residence, Nastuli was greeted by the communicative Simpkins. "Applications without ceasing have been made here," said he, "during your short absence; nay, all in Napoli have been seeking for a limb of you. Tricoupi, the prime minister of Mavrocordato, has been here to pay you the honours of his patron; a host of beggarly Carbonari, calling themselves Counts; and to conclude, a gang which made me positively shudder, with Baltimore at their head; who, to my excessive annoyance, persisted on bursting in here altogether, manifest-

ing no more delicacy, I assure you, than so many light-fingered individuals, forming a community. I warned you of these evils; behold they are now arrived. A Bulgarian has been more troublesome still; he performed his evolutions on a shewy Arab, for a full hour, before the window, persisting that you were within; and withdrew, after wishing many ill years to you, when tired at length by the fruitlessness of his labours: add to this, a host of Palicari, deserving by their jackets at least of the appellation, have been raising the infernal powers by the clamour which they made for you." "Can I be so bad as the old Major," observed Nastuli, in reply, "or has this rascal only been presuming on the force of my libations at the house of the Papas? Cashimir, did I speak of a Bulgarian, his steed, or his soldiers, during my repast with the most reverend?" "Your illustriousness," replied the page, "knows well that I was present but a short time, other duties having called me thence; but I recollect that a certain number of soldiers, assembled to their olives in the hall, were loudly

praising you at every laugh they heard you give; and as the second Chitza went round with them, they called you their Effendi, and said that you had already taken them into your service for the approaching campaign." Nas-tuli, in reality, recollected but little of what had passed. Taking it for granted, therefore, that these visits had been authorized, he rejoiced when he saw how ready the Hellenes were to join themselves to his virgin standard.

On the following morning he was awoken betimes, from his comfortless bed of planks, by the trampling of a horse, persevered in with such monotony as to threaten a much longer continuance than was pleasing under the windows of the Locanda. The cause of disturbance he found to be a fine white Arabian, whose lineage was made evident by the characteristic signs burnt upon his haunches⁽¹⁾. A Bulgarian soldier bestrode it, and by the dexterity with which he performed his evolutions, seemed cut out by nature on the back of his steed, as on the site destined to him. By the impatience with which he regarded continually the chamber

of Nastuli, its tenant was not long in doubt of the mission of this swarthy warrior—the vender before spoken of; neither did he hesitate longer as to the choice he should make, but dispatching his young Icoglan below to purchase the horse from the Bulgarian, after much wrangling on either side the bargain was concluded, and the horse Nastuli's, for the consideration of 1000 piastres. The Arab, who changes his servitude with the beast, seemed not to feel much sorrow at the thoughts of quitting his old master, swearing by Mahomet that if the horse did not verify, both now and in aftertimes, the true blood of Misuri, he himself would resign his head to the discovery of the fraud. The purchaser satisfied the wish of both, and vaulting on his saddle of crimson velvet, gave up to his page his capote and amber-mouthed chibouk, and directed his course towards the city gates, where, with his young friend Demetri, he was used to play at the Djherred; but his thoughts were destined to be diverted this day from their accustomed tenor.

The Arab, who had vouched for the Mi-

suri (²), ran before, crying out to make way for his master, as he dashed through the crowds, not waiting, however, to mark whether the injunction were heeded. Nastuli's sunburnt countenance and oriental gait, together with a look of pride, to which no doubt his fine courser had considerably added, made it difficult to distinguish him from the Greek; while his facility of attaining languages, and the considerable dabble he had already made in the Romaic, impressed even the higher classes amongst the Hellenes with the conviction, that although he had long been a wanderer from amongst them, he yet was a member of their tribe. The day was sunny, and the lattices were all occupied by the faces of the lovely tenants, glancing their eyes on him for a moment, and then disappearing: diverted by these objects, transitory as was his gaze at them, he did not at first heed his young page Cashimir, who, impatient of not gaining his purpose, drew the stirrup rather sharply against the flank of the Misuri, and by making him plunge, called at length the attention of his master. It was

the house of Papa Fletzas that they were just abreast of, and the same interesting being who had so possessed his fancy on a former occasion, was stationed at the light trellis work above him. Her face was lent upon the one hand, while with the other she was dividing the long raven tresses, which, floating over her back, had succeeded in entangling together the small golden coins⁽³⁾, meant equally to poise them. Her countenance had about it a hue of more melancholy than generally pervades that of Turkish women, who all more or less, seem well contented with their lot. The situation she held at the window appeared to have been taken, not for the sake of making conquests, as with the greater part of her sex is wont to be the case, but purely for the purpose of catching the soft breeze—of itself a desirable object, considering the solitary confinement within doors to which Eastern females are subjected. The Ottoman pride sat on her brow, yet it was tempered by a look of such sweetness—by an expression denoting so plainly the persuasion of her own helplessness—that nothing repulsive

was connected with it. She appeared as though suffering against some grief which she was in despair of being able to subdue ; and in her full creed of fatalism awaiting patiently its issue, by means of a power whose decrees, though certain, were incalculable. The clattering of the horse's hoofs, as Nastuli reined up his steed beneath her cool recess, awoke the fair Mahometan from her fit of abstraction ; she turned her black eyes towards the object, and as she recognized him, the excessive paleness which her features generally wore, was dispelled by a deep crimson tint : it seemed as though something had connected her with him ; for though agitated, she neither took flight, as every other female in Napoli would have done, from his unhallowed glance, nor did she turn her own away ; but, soon as her cheek had resumed its accustomed dye, she remained like a fair statue gazing on him. Cashimir, however, more prudent, perhaps, from being less interested by these emotions, well knew the sensations they would produce if witnessed by a crowd, whose predominant feeling is jealousy : he struck the

Arab groom, therefore, as though *he* had willed the delay, and made him proceed with so quick a pace, in his office of avant-courier, as to leave only time for Nastuli to tell the fair mute, with an expression as conversant as love beamings could make it, of the esteem which these few minutes had made him feel for her. As he passed through the barriers, and left the draw-bridge behind him, the first whom he recognized was Baltimore, the American, who with his usual accompaniment of dirty Palicari, had been strolling on the plains, to get himself the better in marching order, and in *their* good graces. He ran towards Nastuli, as he sent his followers on their way ; and paying him the compliments of the morning, begged that he might be permitted to procure for him the acquaintance of some certain Americans, staunch advocates for the cause they were mutually engaged in aiding. The former, who had forgotten his resolutions of the preceding day, to reject all advances towards companionship, softened by the sympathy which so lovely a face had just shewn him, promised to comply with the General's

wishes ; and giving up his horse to the young page who attended him, sauntered with Baltimore along the verdant path which marked their route, towards some pleasant fig trees. The General's character was not long in developing itself: though deeply tinged with the politics of the land he fought in, and with a certain servility which he had acquired by studying the smiles and frowns of those who felt inclined to be his patrons, which shewed his every habit to be governed by the rules which his new compatriots held out to him ; he still had many redeeming points: possessed of an extensive fund of information, with which his own experience, as well as his perfect acquaintance with the language had gifted him, he used it all so aptly as to double the enthusiasm of those with whom he conversed. Ever since the commencement of the revolution he had worked his way through all hardships in Greece: as for his birth-place, he scarcely could satisfy his own mind, too many countries, like Homer, contending for him. To America, however, he generally chose to lay claim, and

to this very uncertainty did he owe frequently a good turn—for whilst the choice was reserved to him, of referring the curious to the one or the other part of the world for his baptismal documents, he would give the preference to the quarter from which had sprung the man, whoever it might be, best calculated to assist him; and whilst descanting, with the zeal of a patriot, on the fine properties peculiar to the country and the native, would blind the eyes of the eulogized too often by his flattery, to enable him to recollect that his birth-place had altered itself since yesterday. Wavering, however, as was the General in these matters, and unimportant as they seemed to him,—in *one* point, true,—he was willing to sacrifice all the notions or possessions which his claims to so many different countries had bestowed on him, to a rigid conformity with the taste and manners of the land he at present served in; so long, at least, as things went tolerably well there, and his patron Mavrocordato held up his head. This subject was the only one that awakened in him absolute energy,—the unjust aversions held of his adopt-

ed countrymen by the Franks, and the accusations laid on them, he loved to talk of and refute.

“The generality of strangers,” observed Baltimore, “who have visited Greece previous to the revolution, and those very few who have ventured their necks here since, have turned into abuse the enthusiasm which pervaded them previous to their undertaking the journey. The reason for this change is obvious: these railers who have been disposed to take the voyage,—searchers, for the most part, of antiquities or musty fragments—have unexceptionably trodden the same beaten track of Athens, the Asiatic coast, and Constantinople. There they come chiefly into contact with those classes of Greeks, upon whom the long subjection of the nation to the Turks, has had greatest effect; such as persons in authority under the government, or others approaching to this denomination: cooled by the disgust which so semi-barbarous a state of society imposes on them, they go no farther to search for amelioration, but, piqued because the language sounds in their ears different to what they have been accustomed to imagine,

too prejudiced to excuse the difference of idiom, and discontented withal at the servility of the people, they return home and grumble out their long collected spleen, in invectives against a nation, of which they have been acquainted only with the refuse. Thus are impressions received unfavourable to us ; and in the strength which these evil reports acquire, few are so generous as to reflect, that instead of taking opinions thus superficially, they should have penetrated into the mountains which have never come under the contagion of slavery, or at least, have been so but at intervals, and there have formed ideas of a people, instead of satisfying themselves in abusing what they know nothing about."

Having finished his speech, Baltimore led on, as he had promised, towards the abode of the other Franks. They entered, and found its inmates engaged in discussion, the nature of which was Greece. A young man, surrounded by books, literary and religious, whose countenance had on it an expression of mildness approaching to timidity, and a voice which uttered so low

and hesitatingly his opinions, as to mark an extreme diffidence in broaching them, was the supporter of the argument. He was excusing the follies predominant amongst the Moreotes of the capital ; accounting for the licentiousness and perversion of their habits, by the influence which a slavery of so long standing had thrown over them : energy, ever and anon, would characterise his manner as he proceeded, and then a blush, which flashed over his pale cheek, would bespeak his feelings ; yet this blush was not a healthful one—and whether from disease or natural nervousness, his spirits were so much weighed down, that when even he upheld his assertions with the greatest seeming interest, he would look fearfully on his antagonist, to see whether he might not have exceeded, by unusual animation, the moderate bounds he had prescribed for himself. There was a richness in the manner of expressing his sentiments, in spite of the simplicity of their nature : though learned, he was no pedant ; for he knew his disputant to be unread, and save in some quo-

tations from the Scriptures, he laid aside all superfluous allusions. The one who opposed his reasoning, gave a far different impression : robust, almost gigantic in frame, the impatience of his gaze, as he bore, with difficulty, the silence for a moment imposed on him, and the force of his declamations against the lukewarmness of his adversary, gave the idea immediately of a stern rigid reformer. His large hazle-eyes beamed when his turn came, and as he inveighed, in impassioned terms, against the vices which the other had called faults, and would allow of no extenuation from the circumstances which had nurtured them, the modest reasoner shrunk back. Whilst the one wished only gently to pluck out the weeds which had grown around the tree, the other thirsted to root out the plant, and destroy the soil it stood on, for having allowed such weeds to deform it. Another, younger than either of these, and less impassioned even than the former, with a levity which although at other times would not have been remarkable, was rendered so now, from the

contrast it bore to the imperturbable gravity of his companions, contented himself with recommending patience to both; adding, that for his part, he had not seen so much of what they found to condemn in the nation, as made it worth their while to indulge in an argument which expelled good manners by keeping the dinner waiting.—“Staunton,” he said, addressing the loud declaimer, “leave Jamieson alone, for I am his doctor, and will not allow his fever to be driven into him by your invectives: content yourself with letting us hear some of your exploits during the American war, while we attack the olives which await us.” Franklin gained his point, for the rigid moralist took mechanically his seat, still however fixing his eyes on Jamieson, and still quivering at the lips, as though his heart was bent on a continuance of matter so interesting.

As Nastuli, attended by Baltimore, approached the circle they had just began to form, Jamieson rose, and by the gentility of manners and persuasiveness of address displayed by him

in the mere salutation, made a long step towards our hero's rejection of the scruples he had determined to imbibe against the whole of the Franks. Staunton deigned not to rise, nor even, at first, to recognize the visitant; his eye was looking still at things intellectual, and when only that Nastuli, seated near him midst the circle, could no longer escape its observation, the gaze fixed on him was so deep and scrutinous, as to call up a frown demonstrative of feelings which pronounced it to be intrusive. A wooden platter, filled with black olives,—a soup, made by a boy who shewed the condition of a slave,—with some coarse bread, smoaking from the ashes, completed the very frugal repast, which Nastuli felt bound, nevertheless, to partake of. Baltimore sat too, and regaled his acquaintance with the news of the day; and by the deference which he paid to each of their opinions, and his admirable method of suiting his conversation to the taste of either, shewed himself to be the best diplomatist in the world. Santa Rosa, and afterwards a young

stout-built Frank, who had already acquired a formidable pair of mustachios, which he prided himself on tending, joined themselves to the party. The presence of the former was hailed by all with cordiality; indeed, the suavity of his manners, the sublimity of his ideas, and the dignity of his deportment, could not fail to annex to his bearing an importance possessed by few besides. The personage who last entered the room, however, seemed conscious that no such ideas could be attached to himself; and apparently aware of the derogatory opinion held of him by the circle, determined to bear it with patience, and seated himself with a happy effrontery (not at all foreign it seemed to his nature) before the same trencher, careless whether or not an invitation should afterwards be given him. The awkwardness which his whole manner evinced, and the ridiculous effort which he made towards politeness on Baltimore's introducing him to Nastuli, convinced the latter of his estimate. There was a blunt good humour, however,

evinced as well in his words as in his countenance, and an indolent kind of generosity, which soon tempered all impressions, at first more than justly unfavourable to him, into the full persuasion that he was neither better nor worse than an American blade of the day. To contrast him with Rosa seemed cruel; and though not decidedly the man destined to make any reversion in the schemes of a nation struggling for its independence, or even to forward its view, Nastuli observed with surprise that so strong a prejudice existed against him, and firm in his principle of never judging a man by the opinion of others, he soon began to pity the irksomeness which the poor fellow evinced before a company, so serious as to construe into ribaldry every sally of wit which chanced to flame from him at intervals. Impressed with this feeling, he soon displayed it, by the efforts which he made, spite of the repugnance of the rest to encourage him, and take off, in some degree at least, the mortification which the latter seemed

to feel at finding such an ill assortment to his taste of persons as well as dishes. In this he succeeded easily, for Lawrence rejoiced to find a convive where he so little expected it, and made ample amends for the restraint imposed on him hitherto, by a full confession of his emotions on the discovery. Emboldened by a bottle of tolerable wine, which he was induced to add to the repast, and the patronage he received from Nastuli, he soon gave signs of aspiring further, for interrupting Santa Rosa, who was conversing quietly with Jamieson, with many invectives at his "appropriation of the subject," as he called it, he allowed no further pause, but took up the conversation in the following strain: "Well, Jamieson, hold up your head, man: the President, and all his gang, will start off to-morrow; and I myself shall go some where or other out of this damned hole; for, to tell you the truth, I don't half like it. I've been discussing a long time at the '*caletico*,' or what d'ye name it, and the President wanted to humbug me; but I told him as much

as to say, that he wouldn't go round on that tack, for I'm an old man-of-war's man. So after a good hour's talk, I told him plainly, that I came out here to serve the Greeks only so long as I find 'em decent fellows; and then he blarneyed and palavered, and told me that the ships were all out of port, which I knew to be a lie; so I told him the same, and left him. Eh! what do you think of that for a day's work?" Jamieson stared on the speaker with a countenance on which disgust was more strongly marked than its usual timidity; but not able altogether to break that better feeling of his nature, his gaze fell again into vacuity. As Lawrence continued, however, with his usual effrontery, Franklin, of lighter mood, entered the lists, not for the purpose of disputing with, but destroying his antagonist. "Mr. Lawrence," he replied, "all this discourse must have been very edifying; in what language, pray, did you hold it?" Now, as it happened that his Excellency, the President, was in total ignorance of any other idiom save his native

one, and as the capacity of Lawrence limited him to the same restrictions, this question was, as the latter gentleman felt it to be, "a *puzzler*." Nor would he have discontinued his hems for a much longer period, had not the good-natured Santa Rosa lent his aid to compose him.

"My friend Lawrence," he said, speaking sufficiently well in English to be understood by the latter; "*understands*, no doubt, the *Romaic*, and his countenance is sufficiently expressive to supply the meaning of a word when he feels himself at a loss for one." Lawrence, who had just begun to take on him all the airs of a man ill at ease, was brought again to himself by this intervention. Not caring, however, to hazard, for a second time, a like obstacle, he left the rest of the party to themselves, and clung to Nastuli, who was sufficiently good-tempered to restrain the smile which had been struggling to possess him. The latter was not long in perceiving that the most rigid of the assembly into which he had introduced himself,

could hardly restrain manifesting externally the distaste which they held for him, as he went on encouraging, in his rude sallies, the man whom they would have given half their meal to lose sight of; and a false feeling which pride, not judgment, summoned, made him determine, instead of diminishing, to increase the prejudices already forming against himself. Men for whom, from pure complaisance, he had broken through a rule he had so lately established, should, he thought, have had more tolerant feelings towards the individual whom they had courted. Indifferent to all, therefore, save Santa Rosa and Baltimore—the one too liberal, the other too political, to indulge the same ideas—he turned his ear once more towards Lawrence, who, whilst he examined the pistols in the belt of our adventurer, sighed over the fate of his own, which he affirmed to have been so beautiful as to have tempted the avarice of the Pasha of Smyrna. Whether this satrap had really deprived him of them, or whether he had voluntarily resigned them for a consideration, as

others asserted, Nastuli did not allow himself to argue, but shaking hands with the complainant, and with coldness saluting the rest of the party, he took his leave of them and retired.

CHAPTER X.

Unpierced, unconquered sinks, yet breathes a sigh,
For he had hoped a soldier's death to die.

Conflagration of Moscow.

DAYS passed, yet the President, spite of his asseverations, still continued at Napoli, while Ibrahim was making head at Modon. Young Demetri, whose friendship for Nastuli strengthened hourly, was amongst the kiliarchi who were to march in beating the ground for his most enlightened. He parted from our adventurer with affection, yet his regret was softened by the hopes of their rencontre at Navarene. His mind was yet a young one, and his first impressions had been awakened by an object well calculated to draw them forth; by one whom an ardent imagination had induced to

adopt the manners and habits of the land he wished to uphold, in preference to that which had given him birth. Nastuli felt irksomeness at the departure of his friend, for their feelings of esteem had been mutual, and wondering at his own inactivity, which induced him to stay longer in a place only calculated, comparatively at least, to enervate him, he determined to hasten his own removal from it. He selected, therefore, that nothing might retard him, fifty of the flower of different captains, who disloyally abandoned their masters for his service, and leaving the quarters which Mavrocordato had provided for him, he betook himself, with his new followers, to a konaki more spacious and savage, where over his head hung the douphighia of his men and the three-stringed lute, in concert to which they would, (most uncharitably for his ear), bawl forth on awaking from their slumbers strains in anticipation of their exploits during the campaign. To another more fastidious, or less pliable in mood, such a change from the height of luxuries in his own land would have required time at least to render

tolerable: for Nastuli, to accommodate his temper to it, was the work of a moment. Young, full of health and strength, as fit to live in the midst of savages as in the bosom of civilized society—loving dangers for the sensations they excited, and that he might become acquainted with the *sang froid* necessary to escape from them—gay withal and communicative, he enjoyed the scope given him for these sensations, by his command over so many uncouth beings, and proud in thinking that their's was a spirit not to be commanded by all—well aware, too, that to rule a bandit, he must be one himself—he soon entered as much into the spirit of a mountain soldier's existence as though from his infancy he had been nurtured on their rocks. Thus soon initiated in habits which no Franks had ever adopted before him, he found his mead in the homage paid by his newly-elected compatriots; and the haughty females even, whom thousands of warriors had vainly tried to move to a smile, would, unasked, relax their brows to bestow it on the young Philhellene as

he passed with his train under their lattices : but his head had no more place in it for the indulgence of these chimeras ; and wrapped up in his new studies, he began strongly to suspect himself of being inflexible ; when the same Suliotes, who had before so excited his curiosity by the words they let drop inadvertently on the esplanade, on their again crossing his path, kindled his imagination anew for the subject of them, till unable to suppress longer his wish of satisfying himself as to the nature of the fair Turk, and his young page having already given him proofs of his attachment, he took him aside, and desired him to disclose all he knew respecting her. Cashimir looked hesitatingly around, till, persuaded that no ear drank in the treason he was about to utter, he complied with the demand of Nastuli. “ Fatmé is her name,” he began, “ and she is daughter to the Bey of Argos, who was killed in the capture of Tripolizza. In her early youth she was affianced to a young Turk, who, unlike the rest of his race in their contempt for women, loved

this girl to distraction. She long returned his affection with equal ardour, until Papa Yauni stepped in the way and damped it. He was at that time in his garb of priest and office of spy, travelling through the parts of Turkey where the Greeks, from their superior sufferings, might be soonest prompted, he thought, to commence a revolt. In his sacred office he was admitted even to the society of women, and the attention which the discerning eye of that sex had began to pay to his attractions, was inducing him to waver between his ideas of love and war—still, however, holding up the latter; when his visit to the fair Fatmé reversed all his good sentiments, and sunk him irreparably under the dominion of the former. Henceforth he laid aside all other hopes, save that of possessing her, spite of the thousand obstacles which presented themselves to thwart his wish, for he was well aware that one of a sect so different as his must have more than earthly merit to gain a glance, much more the affections, of one attached to a race so infatuated and opposed. But

the Papa loved her distractedly, and broke through those barriers, for she was, after all, but a woman, though her father was a Bey. Her antipathy to the sect, her sworn reserve, her every coldness, in short, melted beneath the beam of his irresistible attractions, and giving herself up entirely to the snares of the Papas, that young Achmet, whom she before had doated on, was now repulsed by her with scorn.

As she was in the orange grove one evening with her new lover, receiving his vows and exchanging them, a slight form, wrapt in a capote, passed near them—it was the Achmet whom she had spurned: his soul, stung with jealousy at the supposed success of a rival, although ignorant against whom to direct his vengeance, had long experienced all the torments with which such an idea had wracked him; and from the light-hearted boy, whose presence alone was sure to enliven his companions, he had become sullen, cold, and heartless. Ignorant of the scene he was about to witness, he was loitering through the grove, in

taking a nearer direction to the khan, when his ears were struck by a voice which sounded well known to him. Approaching nearer, he distinguished the couple ; and not waiting to hear reiterated the protestations which they gave each other, he drew his yataghan, and rushing with a savage yell towards them, flew upon the infidel. Yauni, who knew well that such interviews as these were very liable to similar interruptions, had prepared for them, and, receiving on the barrel of his pistol the stroke which the young Turk intended for his neck, discharged his own weapon with more success, for the soul of young Achmet fled with the report of it. Fatmé for an instant neither spoke nor moved, but stood as though gathering to herself reflection—in another she was decided ; and heedless of the Papas, and her former love for him, she threw herself on the body of the boy she had so cruelly forsaken, and her lips, that had never come in contact with even woman's that lived, were pressed closely to those of Achmet, pallid and closed in death. " Christian," she said, when sufficiently com-

posed to call her attention from the body of the youth she had sacrificed to her capriciousness ; “ fly ! another hour, and the Musselmen collecting round the spot, will mar your departure.” Papa Yauni saw the necessity of following this advice, yet he could not consent to leave so dearly purchased a treasure. “ Will you then have me to abandon you ? ” he exclaimed. “ Will you not, as you have but just vowed, share with me a destiny which the prophet has intended should be connected ? ”

“ The Prophet ! ” echoed Fatmé, with scorn, “ blaspheme not. This step has lost you for ever : I would not see you more even though Mahomet, instead of applauding were to condemn my resolution.” The Papas saw her inflexible, and fled : for three days he halted not, until joining a band of Armatoli ⁽¹⁾ in the passes, he bade defiance to his pursuers. At the capture of Tripolizza, while looking on with pleasure at the burning of a fine gilded roof, the shrieks of some Turkish women being massacred near him, met his ear. As he listened, without a wish to save, the voice of one seemed known

to him: he approached the spot, and beheld Fatmé, supplicating for pity: he shot the executioner, as the only way of appeasing him, and bore her off in his arms. But though he saved her existence, in vain does he endeavour to renew in her the passion which once was mutual. She never has forgotten young Achmet; and him whose life she sacrificed for a caprice, she will never abandon in memory, now that he ceases to be in existence. The love of the Papas has changed itself to despair, for there is that in her manner which inspires too much awe in him to force her will, though now the slave, and no longer the haughty arcondissa⁽²⁾.

“But why,” interrupted Nastuli, strongly interested by her sad tale; “why should she who thus alienates herself from all affections, have bent on me, withal, glances, implying without the possibility of mistake, the wish of possessing mine. Can she, with all her charms, or rather with all her sufferings, have degenerated into a coquette?” “I will explain to you, Effendi,” replied Cashimir. “The first day

on which your eyes met was at the table of the Papas. You know that few will believe you otherwise than an Oriental, and your features and form correspond so entirely with those of Achmet, that she imagines you to have been sent by the prophet to console her in his form : the delusion she cannot abandon : she watches at the lattice for you, and for you only ; and should any christian ever hope to move her, it would be yourself. The shriek which startled you proceeded from her ; for as the discerning eye of the Papas caught her light form, jealousy came over him, and he sent orders to his Chious to chastise her."

" So beautiful, and so defenceless," exclaimed Nastuli, arousing himself from a half reverie, as his page concluded ; " and to be thus treated by the man who loved her, and by a warrior too !"

The account which Cashimir had given, although it interested, did not please Nastuli ; for his vanity, which before had found ample scope to rejoice at her having regarded him kindly, whilst she looked coldly on all others ; on

finding that the reason for this preference was only on account of the fates having made him resemble a dead lover, whom too she had jilted, lost the exultation attached to the former feeling: besides this, another reason, still more powerful, for not returning the affection which she seemed disposed to place on him, was on account of his friend the Papas, who had treated him with so much hospitality, and who really loved her. These arguments he brought to his aid against the first symptoms, until he found himself sufficiently armed to make a half resolution no more to throw himself deliberately in the way of the fair Mahometan. The communicative Simpkins, in the meantime, whose pursuits being of a nature altogether different from those of Nastuli, had withheld him for some time from the company of the latter, on returning to the khan, where he had flattered himself on having obtained so good a footing, was disconsolate when he found that Nastuli, and with him his own hopes, had left it; nor did his sorrow abate on perceiving that Baltimore, his

avowed enemy, had made himself so useful. No longer able to restrain his feelings, he bent his steps towards the isolated konaki of his former companion, and presented himself before him just as he was roaring, in concert with a dozen of his Palicari, the same wild uncounted strains which at one time he had so deprecated even in idea. The *soi-disant* Lara let his capote fall from his shoulder, and altogether forgot to adjust himself gracefully, so much was he shocked at the change. Nastuli tapped him on the shoulder, and with some consolatory words, endeavoured to remove the cause of his disquiet. But Simpkins only groaned the more. "I had hoped," he exclaimed, "to preserve you civilized for at least one campaign. I would have been your monitor and your Euryalus likewise; for I would then have taken a command, and resumed again my pristine splendour. But alas! you are verging to barbarism, not gradually, but by extremes. Adieu to all hopes of relating each other's adventures, or to sharing in each other's sorrow. Your

brutes, whose death-song you now think melody, know not the value of such intellectual pleasures.

Although Nastuli by no means felt with the same regret as Simpkins the absence of such sweet communions, and thought sheep-roasting a much more substantial occupation than sentimentalizing, during a march over mountains, yet did he not refrain his pity altogether from the hero in distress.

"We shall meet each other again, my dear Simpkins," he replied, "in times better fitted to remember, when all those noble ebullitions of your spirit can burst out in the shape of prowesses innumerable." Simpkins felt somewhat relieved, yet was there one wound which circumstances ripped up afresh. The olives and caviar, with a miserable soup, and wine in which rosin⁽³⁾ predominated, made up the fare now laid on the greasy trencher. Not even a lamb, for it was fast-day; and Simpkins, distracted with these rigid observances, that showed his friend indubitably the man he feared lest he should have become—looked back on his civi-

lized days, when they had feasted together on ragouts and calvar, (*) and instead of the rude chibouk, drawn whiffs from the more refined argeleés.

All were preparing for departure from Napoli on the morrow, when Nastuli introduced himself into the chamber of Mavrocordato. He was seated there alone, reading a Frank gazette, which he sometimes laid down thoughtfully, then resumed. Fearing to interrupt him, Nastuli receded with intention to withdraw, but the prince checked his purpose, and taking his hand, led him to the ottoman whereon he had reclined. "I am glad to see you, my young friend," he exclaimed, "for you are one of those who in Greece are rare, your motives being disinterested. They rail against us much," he continued, as he again took up the gazette; "and tax us with ingratitude towards those who are led hither to assist us. Judge then with me if for this they can condemn us. We hold out to none the slightest hopes of advantage in assisting us; on the contrary we tell, and their senses ought to convince them, that our funds,

inadequate even to our own subsistence, are not calculated to satisfy the pecuniary views of adventurers. And tell me what others have we had here? Look around you, see the swarms of French and Italian refugees, from whom these murmurs have proceeded. Men who join us from necessity, not from sentiment, and who, thrusting on us, unasked, their services, expect a remuneration for them as ample as was paid by Napoleon while he prospered. Finding that these demands cannot be complied with, they leave our country, carrying with them all the information they can collect from it, to benefit our enemies, in whose service they then enlist themselves—led to it by riches that we possess not. See then if our reputed jealousy towards the Franks be not brought about by circumstances, rather than from a mere bigotry that we inherit.”

The prince composed himself as Nastuli assented to the force of the defence he made for his own countrymen. As he prepared to leave his Excellency, the latter recommended to him, in glowing terms, Baltimore the American, as

one whose patriotism had been unimpaired. "Be you together my companions," he added, "and with the generous Santa Rosa, whose dictates of liberality are well for a guide, form a triumvirate about me deserving of the sacred legion who so nobly defended Parta."⁽⁵⁾ Nastuli bowed for the prince's good opinion, and receiving the hand he proffered, bade adieu until the morrow, when the former, with a part of the army, was to commence the route. The young Philhellene wished the time arrived, for, save Fatmé's smile, there were few further inducements, unless the mosquitoes could so be called, to make him covet a longer stay. Over his soldiers, too, he had obtained that kind of mastery, acquired by a conformity with their different habits, founded, however, as yet, on so precarious a footing, as to require new scenes for its strengthening, or even continuance, as the Palicari when housed in their konaki, from being out of their proper element, imbibe feelings of an inconstant tenor, which, when on their own mountains, ceases to be a characteristic amongst them. As he rode along

the plain, where he had been wont with young Demetri to play the djhereed, and reflected on the ascendancy the young Greek had gained over his mind, Cashimir disturbed his meditation by slipping a small white flower into his hand. "Effendi," he said, "raising his mouth towards his master's ear; "one who would wish to know you better, has made this her token of expressing so. This evening, being a feast, she will be suffered to take the air outside the gates with some attendants. At twilight, walk in the same direction, and at the first funeral which you see, when the throng are collected, she will retire from her attendants, and meet you near the olives." Cashimir retired hastily, as he executed his commission, fearful lest he might have betrayed himself to some listeners, who never were wanting when intrigues of any kind were abroad. The evening seemed long arriving, and the sombre hue clouding the vivid tints of nature, had no sooner bespoken it, than Nastuli, whose good resolutions were thought of no longer, buckling on his pelascas, in case of surprise, and muffling

himself in his capote, hurried towards the promenade. Numbers were already assembled there, but amongst them he could not recognize her whom he sought. Imagining that she had purposely avoided him until the first burial commenced, he bent his steps towards a small monastery, to occupy the time. Along the higher path which led to it, thousands of miserable caves, formed by excavations in the rock, diverted his attention by their gloominess. He at first thought that they had been receptacles, long since disused, for powder or provisions, in cases of need; but was contradicted in this idea by observing in one of them a crowd of people, apparently a family, laying in all directions along the interior.

His curiosity excited, he asked permission of an aged man, who had taken his post, perhaps as being that of preference, nearest to the mouth of the den, and having obtained it, grovelled his way within. Here, without even straw beneath them, and with only the most wretched rug as their covering, lay, huddled together, numerous families. The

work of chrystallization was going on above them, and the water, trickling down from the craggy summit, fell on their heads, without a possibility of resisting it. A wretched lamp, almost spent, was the only illumining to the cave; and this gave light to objects still more forbidding; for not only did it serve to shew the deepness and deformity, which increased in its extent, but it threw its flickering glare on a pale, haggard being, who lay gasping directly under its influence. A family formed a circle around him, and joined their hands in the form of an arch, above his head. At a sight so strange, Nastuli started back: he fancied to hear some exorcism mumbled over him, and felt even apprehensive that he himself, by being witness to it, might be involved in the curse that it contained. This illusion, however, was suddenly dissipated, as his eye rested upon the form of a priest, not old in years, but wan and grey-headed from sorrow, who, with a torn soiled book in the one hand, and a crucifix in the other, leant over the poor wretch, and endeavoured to compose his mind, by pointing out

to him how soon he would approach to a place of less suffering than that he lingered in. He was dying, — and those who held their hands so strangely clasped above him, were his children and his friends, who thus endeavoured to prevent the cold tricklings from the summit troubling him as he left them. No other covering had they to offer : their poverty, which had forced them to seek refuge in this dismal site, denied them the means of procuring one.

Nastuli, whose recent arrival in Greece had made him unacquainted, hitherto, with such scenes of distress as these, felt a sickness come over him : he wished to retire, but he found that his first feeling, which had been mere curiosity, was now exchanged for a sentiment more powerful, which held him to the spot. He reflected that to retire thus abruptly would still more deeply wound the feelings, already so agitated, of these poor beings, who would reproach him for not allowing privacy to such sad duties as those they were engaged in. He approached nearer, therefore, but silently.

The face of the dying looked more than usually forbidding, as they trimmed afresh the lamp suspended above him. He seemed middle aged, and the weapons which showed him to be a soldier, made the only pillow for his feverish head to repose on. He turned it restlessly for a moment, and moved his lips as though he would have spoken. The priest, who watched him nearly, placed his crucifix upon his mouth, fancying that he had endeavoured to salute it; but his brother, for such was the sick man, frowned. His wish had been mistaken, and, too weak to express it more plainly, his spirit fled in the essay; for a groan, which he struggled to suppress, followed as suddenly by a loud shriek from the women, told him to be no more. The death dirge was howled,⁽⁶⁾ and a little boy, son to the deceased, who had hitherto been absent in preparing the incense, now brought it round, to the scent of which each crossed himself.

Nastuli, who, muffled in his capote, was recognized only as a mourner, had to pay his share to the ceremony, till the priest, more com-

posed than the rest, seemed to notice his intrusion. The poor man, however, made his obeisance to one in arms, and informed him that his brother, now "blessed in memory!" had long been a captain of Colocotroni—that the present inaction, and the stigma attached to a partisan of the deposed, had taken from him all means of subsistence, save thus wretchedly; for having a large family who needed his support, he had been unable to lead the life of a klephtis on the mountains. He had retired then, as the only alternative which remained, to this cave, (in which were five more families,) waiting patiently the time when Colocotroni should be brought to power, but God and the Holy Virgin were pleased to take him to themselves by a stroke of the fever, which only yesterday attacked him. The poor man finished his tale, and put his tattered black sleeve up to his eye, to wipe off a tear which filled it. Nastuli was moved—he had heard of misery of which before he had had no conception; for although he well knew the Greeks to be harassed by all the horrors attendant on a civil war,

yet that the miserable dens of which this had been one, and of which were thousands, should have become the only receptacle for their families, instead of being, as they merited, the refuse even of brutes, was more than he could have believed. On quitting the priest he would have kissed his hand,⁽⁷⁾ but the latter withdrew it with a feeling of shame. Begging therefore instead for the good man's prayers, and not forgetting to slip a dollar into his hand as he retired from this labyrinth of woe, he walked with a quicker pace than ordinary, that he might avoid thanks; but could not withhold help observing the priest first clasp his hands, then let them fall violently against his sides, as though in despair at not being able to render them.

Nastuli, in the strong interest of this scene, only just now perceived that the twilight was being followed by the darker shades of night, and that a long distance lay between him and his place of rendezvous. Vexed at having loitered, and apprehensive lest he should have thrown away the only opportunity he might ever have of receiving the sentiments that a fine woman seemed

disposed to exchange with him, he doubled his pace over the rocky soil which led to the burying ground, but the funeral had long since past, and the throngs who had been collected there, retired, save some few stragglers who, for want of better employment, still remained there. Long did he loiter about the spot, trusting that something might occur to revive his hopes, until just as he was retiring in despair, cursing equally his own want of gallantry and his fair one's want of patience, two female figures, muffled up so closely as to baffle every attempt of distinguishing their persons, crossed him, and a small hand touched his own. Turning towards the spot, he called the name of Fatmé, but no sooner had he uttered it, than a bullet, the only answer he received, hissed past his turban. The females vanished quickly, while Nastuli, enraged at so disagreeable an interruption to an interview which had commenced thus favourably, sought under every shrub and stone for the author of his surprise, before the latter could again load his piece; but all his endeavours were defeated: some persons indeed were not far from him,

but they consisted chiefly of women, who having spent in promenade the hours of recreation permitted to them by their feast-day, were hastening to the town before the gates should be closed, together with some men who walked behind as their protectors: not a douphegi, however, was to be seen amongst these, and not a single klephtis lurked near. Forced to abandon the search, he made his way in evil mood towards the gate, but too late, for it just grated on its massive hinge as he arrived before it. He was not, however, the only applicant for admission,—another, whose face was hidden, sued loudly and impatiently: a Turkish carbine was slung across his shoulder, and his voice seemed a familiar one. The man appeared disturbed as Nastuli approached him, and seemed as though he would more readily have had another for his companion. No alternative being left, however, he sat himself down on a mis-shapen stone, imagining it to be the only one; but his companion found another, and followed his example. “We are unlucky to-night,” he observed, addressing the stranger,

“and the more so as the huts have too much fever in them to render preferable our taking quarters there.” The man made no reply.—“You are fatigued, my friend, without doubt,” continued Nastuli, “come from Coulouri, probably? Your gun seems a fine one; I think too I have heard its clang to-day.” As he spoke he passed his hand along the barrel. “’Tis probable,” replied at length the unknown; “every one has a right to fire his own arms.” “When they do not aim them at others, undoubtedly,” rejoined Nastuli, looking closer, to try to discern the features which the man struggled to conceal. This the latter determined to prevent, and the contest was still in the same dubious state, when the ponderous bar was drawn apart, and the gate opening, interrupted it. Coïthà, the keeper, who had been Astinomo⁽⁸⁾ at Gastuni, when Nastuli passed through it on his arrival, called out hastily his name, and taking him by the hand as soon as he answered it, drew him violently within, shutting the gate as quickly against the other suppliant, whose oaths were heard through its barriers. Although

Nastuli felt very little sympathy for his former companion's privations, he nevertheless could not withhold his surprise at himself being exempted from them, especially as he had imagined that his situation without was a secret to all save himself. As he began to sue for an explanation, however, Coïthà put his hand upon his lips, and wishing him happy slumbers, hurried away without satisfying him. Imagining that the gate-keeper feared to say more to him on account of the muffled man outside, he walked towards his *konaki*, revolving in his mind the events of the evening. The whole appearance of the man he had left tallied with his ideas of the one who had so impertinently interrupted him : his voice, which seemed so well known to him, set him again to his divinations ; yet could he not be certain of either, for the opening of the gate had prevented him from ascertaining more. It consoled him, however, that the object of his suspicions was left in such a state of purgatory just as the dews began to fall heavy, which he deserved were it only for his sulkiness, and should his suspicions be

founded, his present post was a still more desirable one for Nastuli, who would have an opportunity of meeting him betimes on the morrow.

CHAPTER XI.

——— What though you have more beauty,
As by my faith I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's salework.

As you Like it.

THE morning had scarcely dawned, than Nas-
tuli, clapping for his chibouk, bethought him of
the stranger who had spent the night without,
and bidding his palicari follow him, started from
the coarse canopy on which he had reposed,
resolving to pay a visit to the object of his sus-
picion, now that the daylight might favour bet-
ter his glance on him. No sooner had he
passed the threshold, however, than papa Yauni,

with his capote flung round him more carefully than usual, for the sake of avoiding the evil effects of the morning air, presented himself as a barrier to his further progress. Nastuli started, he knew not why; an indescribable sensation pervaded him on the sight of his friend at that moment. The priest seemed to search his expression carefully, for his bold eye fixed itself more enquiringly upon him, as though anxious to read the cause. He quickly, however, resumed his natural expression, and Nastuli recounted to him the events of the preceding evening, taking care to reserve all hints respecting the motives that gave rise to his rambles at an hour so late. The papas listened attentively, then curled up his mustachios, and smiled. "My good fellow," he replied, "in a place like this you have reason to thank the Virgin at having escaped more shots, rather than to be flurried at having received one. Leave the fellow, then, until chance may throw him in your way—it is needless to search for him." Half assured that the shot had been un-

intentional, and quite so of the trouble attendant on a chase after the perpetrator, Nastuli consented at length to take the papas' advice. Yauni was on his way to Tripolizza, and now bade adieu to his young friend, until they should meet together there. As he went his way, the eyes of the latter still followed the course he took, while Fatmé, suffering under his oppression, recurred to his mind. That a man so mild as his manners denoted him to be—so brave as reports told of him—should persecute a woman whom he had loved, was hard to be imagined possible. The young Capitano, determining no longer to tarry in inactivity, but, spite of the President's schemes and reversions, himself to march with his followers, and as many of the old capitani as might begin to feel that the climate of Napoli did not agree with their purses, betook himself for the last time to the Ectales-ticon, to receive there instructions relative to the march.

On entering with his soldiers the apartment in which the members were assembled, he was

stunned by the din which reigned there. Circling round Conduriottis, sat a body of termagant chieftains, calling loudly for each others' votes without attending to any, and breaking through the expostulations of his half-distracted excellency (who sat playing with his beads and demanding silence), in their eagerness for the louphe which he never intended to give them. His eye sought restlessly for Mavrocordato, but the latter was not in a situation to assist his patron: he himself was sustaining a siege; and though his ready diplomacy prevented, by anticipating it, so much clamour from his assailants, yet were his spectacles called into request, and his long-studied themes on patience, which he took care to turn to the greatest advantage. At this time Nastuli himself, followed by a troop of Palicari, was other than a source of consolation to him, for he imagined that more wants were to be satisfied—more louphe was to be demanded; but when a word sufficed to shew him the disinterested nature of the Philhellene's visit—when his excellency felt convinced that

zeal, and not parades, were his motives of acting—he rose from the cushion on which he had reclined, and breaking unceremoniously through the factious set, embraced Nastuli, rejoiced at finding such a good opportunity of suspending demands so hard on him. “Capitani,” he said, addressing them, “you only true descendants of the Hellenes! regard an example set for you to follow: let the same enthusiasm which this young Frank possesses for the land only of his adoption—which gives to him no requital for his pains—be your’s for the land which is your own, and to which you are indebted for every thing that you enjoy. Go, then, in peace, and waiting until better times for pay, join yourselves voluntarily to your standards, and bear them far off and quickly from this accursed city, which serves only to enervate and destroy. The old Capitani, who knew the world and their own interests too well to be led by a speech, shook their heads in token of dissatisfaction; but, nevertheless, aware that nothing further could be gained to-day, made their salute in-

stinctively and parted. Mavrocordato, relieved by their absence, requited by the vivacity which returned to him, the object of his deliverance, whom he dismissed with protestations and with good advice, which savoured more of sincerity than of the Fanar. The fifty Palicari who followed the banner of Nastuli, had all been paid in advance, and their idea of the riches of the Mylordos was rendered consequently more than usually extravagant. Baltimore and Staunton were in the pathway. Convinced of having endeavoured, more than his better feelings justified, to oppose the opinions of the latter, Nastuli now approached him under a different impulse, and the man so forbidding before, relaxed both his features and conversation to a texture more worldly.

Too polite, on their first interview, to attempt to restrain the wild levity which burst from Nastuli, he had been too generous likewise to imbibe prejudices, and reading in his present manner the self-conviction of the youthful Capitano, he grasped his hand with the kindness of

affection, for he had himself been wild and forward, whilst in his first youth and surrounded by pleasures, and from one moment of strong reflection alone was their subdual wrought; nor was it by precept, inculcated to him from infancy, that his pathway of rectitude was beaten out. To such a man even Nastuli bowed; for though he scorned to listen to the whinings of a detractor, railing at others because his own habits did not agree with theirs, or because with his mother's milk he had imbibed them, yet one who could vanquish in a moment contending evils, from a principle which gave him suffering to acquire, was an object of admiration in himself.

The President, joined by Mavrocordato and a small portion of the army, were already on their way to Tripolizza, leaving behind them Colletti and Mavromichali, to direct the affairs at Napoli—while their Excellencies were determined to shew that they could change politics into war, as occasion prompted. Nastuli, who had resolved to be one of the earliest in his departure, yet lingered, wherefore, he him-

self scarcely knew ; but the shot which had disturbed so disagreeably his interview, and the mystery which hung over the author of it, still disturbed him. Nor did he entirely forget the fair Turk ; and calling his young Cashmir, reminded him that there yet stood flowers in her balcony, of which he might be the bearer. But the young page, though he vowed eternal attachment to his master, obstinately persisted in his refusal to cross again the domains of the Papas, " who," he affirmed, " had eyes more glaring than a Vracolicos, ⁽¹⁾ and would haunt him for it spite of all the saints there might be to pray to."

Foiled in these projects, he collected his Palicari around him, and commenced his march towards the central town of the Morea. As he approached the city gates, he perceived Baltimore, with Staunton and Franklin, who having studied surgery, was readily seized at by the President, and appointed chief, as well as only, physician to the army. The doctor had been brought with his countrymen, rather for the sake of wrangling with Baltimore, being a man

who considered life as monotonous and even painful, unless every character that moved in it was disposed to be contrary to his own. Nastuli rejoiced at this unexpected acquisition to his force; for, instead of the fifty on whom alone he had calculated, a hundred and eighty stout fellows were now in his train; at the head of whom his horse seemed to prance more gaily. Santa Rosa, with Samadorff, the young Hydriote, who had holden altercation with Adam Ducas at the conversazione, and another with a pair of drawers still more ponderous, whose features were concealed, crossed our Philhellenes in their path. It was not long before the corpulent figure of Lawrence was discernible from under this disguise. Nastuli could not restrain a smile as he saw the clumsiness of the American in his new garb. "Captain Nastuli," said Samadorff, perceiving his mirth, "this is my cousin, who sails with me from hence to-day, that he may avoid the Saracostees, (^e) which now are coming on heavily."

Lawrence, impatient that another should ex-

plain for him, as he imagined to be the case from the countenance of the speaker, interrupted him.

“In my last conversation with the President,” he said, “I told him plainly, that I wasn’t come here for *child’s-play*, but for the sake of doing good to the nation; so I asked him whether I should be of most service by sea or by land. He told me by sea, as I was a sailor. So I buckled myself on to some Hydriotes, determined first of all to find out what sort of geniuses they were. One of them making a bet with me for a suit of clothes—lost it; but no sooner did I put them on, and get a thorough new rig, than the d—n—d rascal starts off in his ship, and leaves me to be dunned by the taylor. I told him, therefore, to come to-morrow, and to-night I’m off with Samadorff, who’s a noble fellow, and less of a cheat than his friends are.” Having finished this eulogy on his new companion, Lawrence stopped for the sake of gaining breath, and meeting the sympathy which his misfortunes, he thought, de-

served. Nastuli thanked him for his communications, and wishing him well out of all his troubles, and particularly of his bets with the Hydriots for the future, took leave of the conscientious Philhellene, regaling himself on the road with many a laugh at his expense. A long ten hours' march lay before him, over a succession of steep, rugged mountains, destitute of one single spot of verdure, or any habitation, save half-way on their route a neglected miserable old hut, which once had been a khan, but which now had none of the kindly properties belonging to it, and added to, rather than alleviated, the dreariness of the whole. Wearied with the monotony, and more so with the length of the march, our adventurers were not sorry at taking the long steep declivity which led them on the ninth hour to the plain of Tripolizza, where they pitched their bairak, halting by a stream in full view of the city. Its situation at the foot of Mount Moenalus, on the edge of the plain which contained the ancient cities of Tegea, Pallantium, and Mantinea, is

surrounded by a wall, flanked by towers at long intervals. At the south-western end a small citadel occupies a height which is connected with the last falls of the mountain. Small villages ruined, though still inhabited, are studded about the slopes in all directions leading to the plain, many within reach of the battery from the walls. In this city none of the bustle which at Napoli was universal, reigned amongst the inhabitants and strangers, although equal numbers were to be seen of both classes. Here the *caffés*, at Napoli so abundant, were much less numerous. The pleasure of the latter mentioned city, without the pain, was discernible. Here gaiety was abroad—rich trappings were glittering in the sunshine ; but these were not contrasted with censers and priest chaunts;—and no wailing of women, hired for the deceased, broke in upon the songs of joy which mingled with the air. Health smiled around, and the demon of pestilence, which at Napoli had flitted its sooty wings, and looked in at every lattice, deliberating on, or marking its

next victim, scared by the mountain breezes, to which in every quarter this city was exposed, fled far away from it. Nastuli's mind expanded afresh as the influence of this clime pervaded him. He looked on the superb remains of Camel Bey's palace, with a prouder eye; for the same Greeks who had despoiled it still survived, or had been destroyed man to man—not by the inglorious wounds of loathsome disease, which bring on those destroyed by it, as their only mead, a shrug of pity after all their noble actions. Baltimore, who had been too often in Tripolizza to make any reflection upon it now, without abandoning himself at all to sentiment, sought out, as a wearied soldier would do, the nearest konaki wherein to repose himself. Every house, however, being occupied by the President and his retainers, his search was a tedious one. The Chious was sent, and the Chious returned, but without success. The general alighted, at length, from an old roan, which had borne him; and inviting Nastuli to follow his example, gave it up to the

care of an old capoudgée, or tobacco-vender, one of his claimants for court-interest, (who stood gaping to see what capitani passed his door); and laying the banner on the counter, with the colours waving through the aperture, he himself journeyed on with ten of his soldiers towards the head-quarters, full of confidence in his patron Mavrocordato, to obtain what his Chïous had ineffectually demanded.

As the young Capitano loitered near the porch, the old tobacconist came towards him, and most earnestly entreated that he and the other Mylordo should avoid the air, which he affirmed to be raw, and the streets which were damp, by entering his ergastéri, ⁽³⁾ and refreshing themselves with a pipe of his best. Nas-tuli stared at a request so extraordinary, for he was sufficiently Hellene to know, that a Capitano with one hundred Vlachos at his heels, each too loving his chibouk, was seldom sought after in close acquaintanceship by a tobacconist. He was thinking, therefore, whether or no in pity to spare the fool from the dangers which he was

supplicating for his own share, when a pair of bright eyes, then a small taper hand, shewed themselves from out the jalousie above him. The marvel which before had staggered Nastuli, was now half accounted for. The polite capoudgee without doubt, had a daughter, perhaps susceptible, and he wished to preserve her, as well as he might, from the eye of a young klephtis, possessed of youth, tolerable person, and above all, power. Satisfied at length that the old gentleman's complaisance was rather circumstantial than native, he laughed in his sleeve, whilst he complied with his invitation, less from compunction at his invitor's scruples than from a feeling which suggested that repose would be more acceptable to him for the present than love dreams.

The heart of the tobacconist expanded, as he had promised it should so soon as his point was gained; for not only did he lay out his best seasoned tobacco, but added to the store several filjanes of good rakī, to restore the "soul," he asserted, "which had been discomposed by travail."

Franklin, whose nature was averse to compliments, tormented unceasingly their obsequious host for lavishing them upon him; while Nastuli, whose gold phermeli and arms kept off all approach to familiarity, or even converse from others than his soldiers, amused himself with these first in vampyre tales, then in songs, until the shop was in an uproar. Some captains, strolling with their retinues, they scarce knew whither, attracted by the sounds of revelry, which they loved to take a part in, and still more so by the standard newly arrived, which floated gaily enough from out the window, entered the apartment which held these powerful incentives to gaiety, and without further ceremony took their places by the young Anglos.⁽⁴⁾ The example of these was soon followed by others, until Tripolizza, which lacked of caffès, this day expiated its sins by collecting on the benches without, and by the side of Nastuli, within the shop of the distressed tobacconist, the men best calculated to consume argelées and sherbet of any who on a similar occasion had been ever brought together. Moreotes,

with their smooth chins, and sharp gold buttons, glittering like the crysalis, with the rays emanated from themselves, and curling at each pause their carefully tended mustachios—Bulgarians with their rough matted beards, and turbans wrapt over half the head, giving to their expression an impudence, for which, however, it was perfectly unnecessary to summon art to their aid—Suliotcs, with their long flowing hair twisted in braids, and front whereon to have a wrinkle is to be disgraced; add to these, men from the craggy isle, (⁵) whose sea avocations the President had thought fitting (perhaps to keep himself in countenance) to turn to land for the occasion; and whose drawers had been shaped and coloured expressly after the fashion of those of his most enlightened; of each of these tribes were collected the flower, and in a most unusual state of unanimity considering their distinctions: each vied with his fellow who should give most vivas—discharge at the beams with most success—or sing loudest and longest their songs of liberty, at present so perfectly in character with the tenor of their ac-

tions. The poor tobacconist, who dared not interfere, now that so evidently was displayed to him the will and power of the party, slunk quietly to one corner of the usurped apartment, and wrapping round him his capote, that he had worn through all seasons since his childhood, and reserving one eye open, to mark the extent of the violence committed on his property, affected to sleep, in fear lest his guests, too much inflamed by their potations, should levy some still more exorbitant contributions on him, or even enjoin him to writhe his features like their own into mirth, and hail, as a happy presage of their future plunder, the wrecks which they committed on his bowls.

In this state of feverish anxiety, longing only that his person might be forgotten, being well aware that hopes for his property's salvation were preposterous, he cursed a thousand-fold his ill-timed politeness, and the young Capitano for accepting it; while for his daughter he meditated, in his wrath, tortures exquisitely afflicting, for having been the origin of all these calamities, by exposing herself so inoppor-

tunely at her lattice. The most boisterous of all who tormented the tobacconist with his unwelcome revelry, was old Anagnostara, the Moreote general from Calamata, and one of the ministers of war, whose huge bull-head and neck were contrasted strongly with the little weazle face of Adam Ducas, his colleague, who had place beside him. Draco and Dangli bawled out stories as long as their strains of Ali Pasha, and the days when Suli was in vigor. The dashing Caraiskaki, worn down by dissipation to the state which proscribes further indulgence in it, and abandoning his thoughts to glory alone, was engaged with Gervellas in diplomatic wrangling, taking care to display the gems which encircled his fingers, each time that he gave to his obedient Caphidé the long amber kersia,⁽⁶⁾ which he incessantly resumed. Nastuli, amidst this august assembly, was neither mute nor unheeded : as his interest became awakened by the theme of old Draco, the eye of the latter would kindle with delight ; and like a true Suliote, who feels respect for another, in proportion as his marvellous stories may

be appreciated by him, he exchanged chibouks (7) more than once with our young adventurer; and as the latter expatiated on the quality of the brilliants around the hilt of his yataghan, gave him such a hearty salute as made him stagger from where he sat. Each seemed to vie in how best they might shew their acknowledgments to the young Anglos; and he who on entering Tripolizza had been apprehensive of not procuring a konaki, was now begged to make his choice amongst all of the one he liked best, for the reposal of himself and soldiers. But he attended Baltimore, and the effect of his mission; and sent out his young Cashimir, impatiently, for tidings of him. The General at length arrived: "you and the doctor are born under lucky influences," he exclaimed. "Mavrocordato sends greeting to you, and invites you to take your quarters in his own princely mansion; he will provide, likewise, for your Palicari, and leaves me with Staunton to provide for ourselves where we best may." "Strange," thought Nastuli, as he assented to the observation of the American, "that I

should thus be favoured by their Excellencies, who am least of all others known to them, while Baltimore, and so many others who have been tried, and found useful, are fain to put up with a miserable hovel, in the suburbs, for their reception!" Had Nastuli reflected, at this moment, that his misuri was a fine one, and dearly bought, and that he alone, of all the Philhellenes, paid his soldiers from his own purse, he would better have divined the motives for the generosity of their Excellencies. Without seeking further, however, into the source which had awakened it, he followed the soldiers sent to conduct him; and, at the head of his own, marched through the streets towards the president's quarters. How unlike were these to the Ectalesticon! There, the entrance lay through a miserable stable, encompassed with filth on all sides; here, a neatly paved court, encircled with trees, and laid out in small gardens, showed them where stood the house. It was a large regular building, with dome and cupola above it; stairs not shut out from the light of day, but spacious and in good repair, led to

various apartments, well swept and cushioned, with ceilings carved and painted in the Turkish style. A long corridore, hanging over a fine orange grove, was no sooner trodden by Nastuli than he found himself in the apartment of state; where, on rich couches, and surrounded by their several implements of luxury, lolled the members of the executive, with such of the principal leaders and officers of state who found highest favour in the eyes of Conduriottis. "The illustrious inmates of the mansion have shewn more taste in their selection than I had given them credit for," thought Nastuli, as, his obeisance made, he had leisure to survey minutely the interior. The windows were large, and their panes were not intersticed, as in general, by wire divisions at every hand's-breadth; and the size of the crimson cloth, which covered entirely the apartment, gave accommodations for a numerous society of guests. These points marked the taste of their Excellencies as far as comfort was an object, but when the curtain which screened the door of the apartment was drawn aside, a young

Greek girl entered with a silver chaucer in her hand (on which was coffee, in cups of the same metal) who confirmed, beyond further doubt, their capacity for selection. She was dressed in the Moreote costume: a small red fesh,⁽⁸⁾ which sat lightly on her head, encircled almost entirely by thin gold lacings, shewed to advantage her rich auburn hair, falling in profusion over a phermili, which, on eorteés,⁽⁹⁾ she took care should be of gold, while its long sleeves, full only at the bottom, shewed to perfection the rounded arm and the white taper hand, with nails as yet unpolluted by the Henna's dye: her jubbeè was elegantly embroidered, and beneath it her naked feet, defended by small red papoutzi, were but partially hidden, at times, by rich silken drawers, hanging over them while she walked, as though envious of their fairness. When she had presented her coffee to the president, and to those whose dignity claimed the first homage, she moved towards Nastuli; and no sooner did her laughing eyes detect his, transgressing on her charms, than a momentary blush suffused her counte-

nance, quickly succeeded, however, by a curve of the pretty lip, and an arch vivacity of expression, which seemed to say, "you have erred against the customs of the country in regarding me." Although Nastuli acknowledged internally the claims of the fair Caphidgee⁽¹⁰⁾ to admiration, he observed too that she herself was well aware of them; and, partly from a pride which forbade his acknowledging, so quickly, her ascendancy—partly from a desire of seeing whether a slight disappointment would not heighten the beauty of her features, he determined that she should be thwarted of her mead from him. Calling, therefore, to his aid all the stoical feeling he could summon, for the purpose of subduing his susceptibility, he received, with as much indifference as though the oldest of his Vlachos had proffered it, the coffee from the hands of the fair attendant, who administered it with a smile more intelligent than she had given to any others around. So well did he succeed in his resolution, that he let her stand in waiting for the silver cup, and returned it without an emotion—surpassing in fortitude the unruffled Pre-

sident, the diplomatic Mavrocordato, and twenty others, piquing themselves on the command of their muscles ; who, nevertheless, had scalded their mouths and dropped their filgani, from the influence of a glance not half so captivating as that which she threw upon the young Capitano, without success. Astonished at being foiled in her endeavours for a conquest, which she had imagined would have been voluntarily ceded to her, even before requiring it, a flush of anger came over her, which gave place to an expression of disdain, and she left the apartment, wondering what sort of beings were the Franks ; and vowing that, spite of his apparent obduracy, the roughness of his nature should be moved by her.

CHAPTER XII.

—— Of all the phrenzies
Which follow flesh and blood,
The most ridiculous is to fawn on woman.

Middleton.

As the fair Caphidgee left the apartment, Nastuli endeavoured, but in vain, to keep his thoughts from following her. Mavrocordato, whose eye nothing escaped, observed the impressions which she had made. "Your heart, my young sir," he said, addressing him, "is as susceptible, I see, as that of others, but take care of it, for if every pretty cocona⁽¹⁾ in Greece can wound it, I fear that in a very short time no remedy will be effectual, for they are all too cruel to heal a pang which they have inflicted; and Caterina is still more so than the rest." "Your Excellency has doubtless a discernment too

keen to be refuted," replied Nastuli, vexed at perceiving that the one transient glance which he sent after her, as she left the room, had given the supposed right to others of forgetting all the stoicism which he had assumed so long—"otherwise, I should have assured you that both my manners and my sentiments have been equally unmarked by any particular regard towards the Caphidgee:" "and yet she merits one," continued the Prince, "for few Moreotes are prettier or of better blood. She has too her vineyards and her houses, if the Virgin be pleased to spare to her the land they lay on."

The indifference which had been suggested to Nastuli at first, from the feeling of the moment, now strengthened, from the raillery of the Prince; and although every day he saw her, and many times found himself alone with her, he avoided, by the most dubious expression, even conveying to her the idea that he was conscious of her presence. Caterina, who, like the generality of coquettes, conceived a penchant for this obdurate guest, in proportion as his reserve towards her increased, still aimed at

thawing the frost which as yet only began to encrust his temperament. She had a little brother, a boy of twelve years old, fair as herself, and above all, who loved her. To this fine lad Nastuli could not extend his neglect, but paid his share towards spoiling him. He would sit at evenings upon his knee, reading aloud little fairy tales in Greek, and laughing, with the archness of boyhood, at the comments which he extracted from the young Anglos. Amidst these fairy tales he would now and then break out on other subjects, and would teaze him in such a manner, about the Franks and their odd ways, as gave unequivocal testimony to the latter that he had taken his tutorage of late from the laughing Caterina.

The mansion of the President, however, with all its attractions, did not induce Nastuli to forget his American friends, in their wretched konaki on the suburbs. He wondered too why the communicative Simpkins had not yet sought him. Mounting his misuri, and followed by his soldiers, he took the road towards the quarters of the Philhellenes. After

pursuing the course of several small streamlets, which flowed through the streets near the suburbs, from their connexion with the water-fall by the castle, they arrived on a rocky mound, where, amongst several wretched huts, with variously devised banners, waving through their portal, he descried at length the standard of Baltimore, and afterwards the General himself, seated outside on his old black capote, and laying down the law, as was his wont, to three or four of his dirtiest Palicari ; while Staunton was firing his pistols at a mark, and lowering his brow, as he found that only three shots out of the four had lodged where he had intended that they should be. Both discontinued their occupations to meet the visitor who approached : Staunton took his hand, and led him without ceremony into the den. Considering the supposed influence of Baltimore over Mavrocordato, Nastuli could not refrain from marvelling that not more productive had been the fruit of it : for the konaki which he entered, and which the American extolled as a " most commodious one, though to be sure a little cold," to say the

truth, deserved the latter term. Through the broken lattice which once in better days had screened the dilapidated hovel, blew freezing gusts from the mountains—their force unabated by a single pane—so that the visitor was fain to wrap his capote well around him, to secure himself in part from its inclemency. One of the ragged disciples of Baltimore perceiving this act of effeminacy, and imagining that the new Capitano intended taking his abode there, consoled him with the observation, that the quarters would soon be abandoned for the hills, and the wind which now discomfited him would be needed before long to refresh his frame, for that the President in three days was to resume his march for Navarene.” Baltimore interrupted with a sigh this remark of the credulous Greek, for he was an old Hellene, and knew well that Conduriottis, once housed in Tripolizza, would not remove till he were forced from it. This reflection brought with it others of a gloomier nature, and he no sooner awoke from his reverie, than, forgetting his promise to Staunton for this day to spare the old woman from her

wonted toils, he inexorably commanded that she should besought, and, spite of the snows which lay thickly on the hills, he sent for the procuring of some wood, to dispel the rigors of the blast, and to restore mirth to those who lacked of it. The cruel mandate had no sooner been issued than a loud lamentation was heard, and the old woman herself, attended by her daughter, whose tears she thought might be more availing than her own, entered with a supplicating air, and stood up before the General. Baltimore, although a true Vlacho in all points of compunction wherein old women were concerned, had yet a spice of chivalry in his nature, on the first introduction of a young girl, whose eyes looked into his for pity; relaxing, therefore, somewhat of his obduracy, he consented to allow the old matron to tell the tale she was preparing for him, determining, nevertheless, not to swerve one tittle from his ultimate intentions. Of this permission she availed herself, with as much coherence as her sighs and sobs would allow her. "She had been out," she began, "ever since break of day, to

procure wood for his valorship—(not a word of which Baltimore believed)—and was continuing her search a long weary way beyond the village of Stenò, when her daughter, who had been married a few days since to a peasant of Tricofa, ran towards her, crying bitterly, and led her to the foot of a mount, where she perceived her husband lying without motion on the ground; and a donkey, well laden with faggots, by his side: he had been frozen, she continued, and all in the service of his excellency, since for him alone he had carried out the donkey.” As she finished her doleful account, Baltimore refilled his chibouk, with a countenance which shewed that little impression had been made on him. First, he did not believe a word of the story; secondly, he knew that, spite of his incredulity, the old woman must triumph in her assertions, because Stenò was too far to send for evidence; so that he concluded by anticipating an unpleasant night of it, and rating the old story-teller at having procured it for him. “Why did you not bring him over on his don-old dotard,” he exclaimed, “while

there still were hopes of his recovery, instead of leaving him there, like us, to freeze in reality?" Nastuli, whose knowledge of Greek fraud was more limited than the General's, remonstrated with him on the cruelty of abusing the old lady, who stood more in need of consolation now that her disasters were explained. "My friend," replied the inflexible American, "if you lend your ear to Greek housewives' tales, your soldiers will often want their food in this land of adventure. The duties of women are, whilst others fight for their security, to contribute all that their powers enable them towards the sustenance of their upholders. This old harri-dan, who shrinks from these exertions, has invented to-day a tale, which you will find repeated a hundred times during your march to Navarene, and then you will cease to be an advocate for their evasions."

The mid-day repast was laid out, to which all three sat down. Staunton, so rigid in all his precepts, reserved, nevertheless, the unnecessary inculcation of them; but bearing and borne, he brought himself down from the sphere, so

unaccommodating at times, of his sublimity; to that of a sociable fellow, who, without abandoning the dignity of his nature, told his tales and drank his Cyprus altogether as required; and Nastuli smiled at the whim which had induced them to conceive so violent a dislike at first for each other's society.

Returning homewards from the konaki of his friends, a crowd collected in the street stopped for a moment the progress of his misuri, and resisted even the injunctions of his Arab groom to give place to his Effendi. Vexed at this delay, he was beginning to rebuke those who occasioned it, when Simpkins became discernible in the midst of them, resisting, with many high-sounding expressions, the remonstrances and invectives heaped on him by a party of Moreote soldiers. The dignity which he struggled to assume sat heavily upon his features, and every now and then he would anxiously look for some opening through which he might escape, before, too many collecting at the spot, his importance should be destroyed altogether. The subject of this gentleman's disgust did not long remain

a mystery. Having calculated on the purse of his new friend Nastuli, and hoping to be able to support the pristine honours which he boasted, he had determined to revive them. Speculating therefore accordingly, he had gained to himself, with many assurances of good pay, and several glasses of rakī, some dozen idle old Vlachos, (who had lost their captains) for his train. Encouraged at length in his hopes of more by the ease with which he had acquired those few, he set to work all his rhetoric to entice others with the same expectancies. Unfortunately, however, he had made his oratory too public; for some Palicari, who on former days had protected his person without sharing his purse, happening to overhear him, surrounded him as he held forth, and claimed, before he baulked others, at least his satisfying them.

The forlorn Simpkins was beginning to yield to the difficulty of appeasing so many unruly petitioners, when he discovered Nastuli. His confidence restored by the sight of him whom he calculated on, he pushed aside those v

menaced, and ran towards the Philhellene with a transport considerably heightened by the circumstances of their rencontre. The *soi-disant* Lara could not, however, immediately resume his wonted effrontery and nonchalance—it returned to him only, when after having looked steadfastly on the countenance of Nastuli for a considerable time, he could not discern on it any traces which argued that he was aware of the nature of his recent agitations. Restored, at length, by a conviction to the contrary, he led the way towards the mansion where he resided, begging Nastuli to enter it with him, and feast his eyes on the *bon vivant* within. As the latter complied with the wish of Simpkins, he felt an unusual degree of heat in the atmosphere, which he found was owing to an immense pan of living charcoal, before which lay, distended on a rug, the long meagre form of Dr. Molton, who visited by his common acquaintance, the epidemic, and overcome, too, by a fit of the spleen, had just been venting it—his companion Simpkins being absent — on the person of an unfortunate cat, by applying caus-

tic to its paws, so as to render less frequent its visits to his canopy. As Nastuli approached, the Doctor turned his large projecting eyes full upon him, with endeavours to divine of what tribe he was a member, and, doubting whether he might not be one of the "spider-waisted generation" sent to torture him still further, motioned to him, without spending words, to sit down where he would. As he was informed of his error, however, his features relaxed from their stoical harshness into a smile; and without any of the pettishness of a *malade*, he resigned himself entirely to mirth—excited as well from his anticipations of soon feeding, as from the contrast presented to him in the society of Nastuli, (who could appreciate his sallies) to the dull sickening romance of the self-conceited Simpkins. Though he conversed with the air of one who thoroughly enters into the spirit of his own sentiments, which were eccentric enough, yet would he forego at times their detail, for the sake of entering into a subject more at heart—the hare which was being roasted—and giving his injunctions at ti

to a boy who stood near, to issue regular bulletins from the kitchen as to the progress it was making towards completion. At length it was brought in. The Doctor, it was plain, was a gourmand; and the thermometer of his spirits rose so quickly, after the influence held over them by the repast, that his joy shewed itself in songs and loud revelry; and the fever, which before had tied him to the rug, now fled to forgetfulness, chased away by the vigour of his mind.

It was late in the evening when Nastuli withdrew. Heated with the wine that the choice company of the Doctor had induced him, more than he usually did, to partake of, he threw himself on the couch where their Excellencies were accustomed to repose themselves during debate. The large lamp which hung suspended from a beam of the apartment, and which was wont to be extinguished the moment that their Excellencies retired to repose, was now, for some motive or other, suffered still to burn. Nor was this the only change perceptible from the ordinary; for a fine paploma, with its attendant

luxuries, was carefully arranged on that part of the floor which Nastuli used to occupy, for the accommodation evidently of some favoured personage. Phenomena so unaccountable as these perplexed the mind of the young Capitano. For the lamp, he thanked the unknown who had been kind enough to leave it alight, since his head, feeling more dizzy than ordinary, he might otherwise, perhaps, have strayed; but when he looked on the effeminate accoutrements, which his imagination suggested to him immediately as intended for another, occupying the same spot whereon his shaggy capote on other nights had covered him; his temper, which at present was disposed for any shade, became harassed by the imaginary preference, and resolving that whoever had been the author of these novel arrangements should, for this night at least, be disappointed in his anticipations of enjoyment from them, he threw up the soft bedding, and laying his capote there in its stead, clapped his hands loudly, calling to his page for the pacifying chibouk: no page, however, obeyed the summons, spite of its frequent repe-

tition, until at length, when his patience exhausted, he was pouring forth torrents of abuse upon the laziness of Cashimir, his chibouk was handed to him as he had willed it, but by Caterina, not his page. Perceiving his error, he started from his seat with surprise, and moved towards the fair Moreote, wishing that she might be a witness to his remorse for having inveighed against a being so lovely as herself. But the fair Caphidgee receded as Nastuli advanced towards her, and checked the speech he would have uttered by laying her finger on her lips and looking hesitatingly around, in assurance that silence was necessary. As she perceived the disordered pappoma, she smiled, and pointing to it, asked Nastuli, with a low voice, "why he had refused it?" Her eyes were fixed on his reproachfully, and forgetting, in the sweetness of their expression, all the defiance he but yesterday had vowed to her attractions, he seized her hand, and would have carried it to his lips, but her countenance, before playful, changed suddenly its hue; a look of anger and shame struggled with her features

and disturbed them, while, as though unaccustomed to so near an approach, and repenting at having brought it upon herself, she disengaged her hand from its retainer, and fled hastily from the apartment, leaving Nastuli in incertitude as to the reality of her appearance : but the emotions she left behind soon convinced him that it had been no dream. " Can this be affection for me ?" he asked himself, as the last shuffling of her slippered feet ceased to be distinguished. " Can she have thought my shaggy coverlid too rough, and have wished to make my slumbers better ? If such be her aim then, she has gained her point, and vanquished me entirely ; for how can I longer cease to acknowledge the fascinations of a being so lovely in herself, and who, soaring far beyond all feelings of pique, has shewn an interest for my comfort that not a single vlacho in my train would have done for me ?" No longer now did he determine to forget her beauty, her simplicity, her kindness ; and, above all, the pleasing eccentricities of her manners held up the pre-eminence to which she was entitled, beyond the power of whim to refuse it to

her. Fatmé was forgotten in a moment ; she indeed had at first attacked his heart, but her attacks, not supported by after incident, were of a nature superficial and undecided. For what encouragement, save a shot, which broke off all hopes of future intercourse, had ever been given him to love her ? She was beautiful, to be sure, but too mild in her glance, too reserved in her demeanor, possessed of too little coquetry withal, to fix the affections of one to whom every thing in life seemed new and enchanting, and nothing of worth, save what was dearly purchased.

The young Caphidgee, then, from being more indefinable, held greater attractions for one whose ideas were thus framed. Her image was ever foremost in his dreams, and he awoke from them full of gratitude to her who had procured for him the visions with which he had been blest. As the coffee was brought to him by the same fair attendant, and his trembling hand received it from the chaucer, his countenance betrayed her ascendancy ; but how great was his surprise to find on her's a perfect indifference, and not the slightest trace by which he might

imagine that her thoughts reverted to the occurrence of the preceding night! The *sang froid* which he had at first affected was now fully returned by her. Vexed to find his hopes so quickly vanished, he sauntered about, heedless in what direction, until he remembered an appointment which he had made with his Asmodeus, Simpkins, to follow him to the levee of the most illustrious Prince Ypsilanti. Their way to the abode of his highness lay through the extensive meadow, or rather, plain, on which, in former days, had been situated the superb seraglio of Camel Bey. The wall, which yet stood, skirting only the ruins, shewed of what extent it had been when perfect, while a small grove of trees, within the circumference, pointed out the spot to which the favourites had loved to retire from the heat of the sun, or from the old grandee's too frequent visits, to shade or privacy. They arrived at length at a porch, at the commencement of a gallery which led to the mansion of the Prince.

CHAPTER XIII.

Oh, torment of my soul, what mak'st thou here ?

HAVING signified their wills, a palicar conducted them to the room of state, in which various persons were assembled; but in vain did Nastali endeavour to distinguish the Prince from the rest. The profound obeisance, however, made by Simpkins, and a simultaneous advance towards the canopy, shewed at length where his highness sat. But instead of a man of majesty and lofty mien, reclined on an elevated couch, and surrounded by a host of courtiers, whom his liberality had brought thither—instead of such a man as Nastali had made up his mind to see, what was his surprise at the appearance of the real Ypsilanti? Lolling on a sofa, raised

scarce a hand's-breadth from the level of the floor, sat a little personage, thin and wan, with a complexion of sickening delicacy, clad in a rust-coloured Frank coat, which allowed full scope for the growth of its wearer. His highness rubbed his eyes, yawned incessantly, and seemed altogether displeased at so discourteous an intrusion. The court consisted, not of a concourse of well-selected Europeans, drawn round him from admiration of his benevolence, and his encouragement of their arts, but of two French officers, of rugged aspect and half-starved appearance ; emaciated like their Excellency, and well fitted, as seemed, to attend upon him ; for they watched his every motion, unmeaning as it might be, and looked with an expression of earnestness on his small grey eyes, as he continued rubbing them, in hopes that the inflammation which he caused thereby might not disturb his temper. Astonished, as was Nastuli, at the sudden reversion of all he had fancied, he did not fail, notwithstanding, to pay his homage to the Prince ; but in the salute, coldly and ceremoniously returned him, he could

not help reverting to the naiveté and unassumed elegance in which Mavrocordato excelled so highly. With the Frenchmen of his suite there seemed but little chance of converse, for they watched the mood of their patron, and were too good courtiers to act in any way which might not exactly coincide with the turn of it. "Can this be the man," thought Nastuli, as he took his congeé of the Prince, "who so often has led on the Hellenes to victory? Can this emaciated form be governed by a soul so great as to make it belie its every semblance, and support it on through troubles and privations at which the mightiest have faltered? Can I have seen, under such a guise, that Ypsilanti, whose sentiments of patriotism are so true and deeply placed that no intrigue of man or turn of time can alter them? Yes; this is he, and his exterior unjustly attempts to derogate from the feelings of reverence which his merits have a right to claim. It is but natural to see him now thus indolent and effeminate; a spirit less daring than his would have shrunk for ever from exertions, for which the only reward has been oppression and contempt.

He, on the contrary, only defers them until again raised high enough in the scale of power to render his efforts effectual." This train of reflections continued until the bustle of the city, to which they were approaching, interrupted its tenor, when Simpkins, who felt bound to communicate to several of his friends the exact state of his highness's pulse and opinions, begged leave to absent himself from the side of Nastuli ; and left him, attended only by young Cashimir, ever constant to the rambles of his master.

It was now the middle of spring, and Greece, ever lovely, is peculiarly so in that season. Tripolizza looked enchanting—her wide streets watered by fountains studded about their centre—her avenues open to the fine air from the hills around—her cleanliness—and every attribute generally denied to Turkish towns, but enjoyed here, rendered this city unequalled. Fortunate too in only once having suffered by fire, a sufficient lapse of time had intervened since that period for her entire reparation ; and the Greeks, working for themselves with an ardour which they would never have evinced for their

oppressors, had so completely effected it, that the glittering cupolas sat again upon the roofs, and sparkled in the sun-beam's ray over edifices more gaily built than ever.

At just such a distance from the interior of the city, as to preserve its hallowed nature from the bustle of the multitude, stood a small kiosk⁽¹⁾, in all its primitive beauty and perfection, on a spacious moss-grown court, which had formerly been used as a Turkish burying-ground. No hand had ventured to defile it; and its preservation, which *taste* might have claimed with better grace as *her* work, *fate* had effected, either on account of its lonely situation, or because so small a thing merited not the trouble of destruction. Both externally and within its shrine, the same features were retained, and it seemed to lack only the muezzim⁽²⁾ on its dome, to be again the mosque it had been. No wretched Arab, expiring from neglect or disease, propped, as in Napoli, his feverish frame against the carved pillars which upheld it. The groan of suffering and the curse of hopelessness, were both stilled here; every thing

around it was calm and lovely,—and one would have deemed all nature in a trance, save for some gloomy cypresses which, ranged in a cluster around a marble cistern on the burying-ground, and lightly moved by the breeze, seemed lulling into still deeper repose the dead who lay beneath them.

Resolved to devote himself wholly to the mood which a scene so delicious inspired, Nas-tuli sent away his page Cashimir, and to his departure succeeded the manifold fantastic visions which are apt to lead their dance about a fancy youthful and tending to romance. Amongst these, love, of course, was foremost. “What a strange passion it is,” thought he; “how many work themselves to delirium from the influence it has over them, and find at last that they are laying under the mercy of a caprice! But Caterina,—can *she* have deceived me?” The incidents of the preceding night crossed his brain at this crisis, with all the singularity attached to them. Sufficient encouragement, he felt, had been given him to imagine that he was not held by her in a light altogether indifferent, yet still the

extraordinary nonchalance with which she had treated him in the morning, the absence of every feeling, in expression at least, which might have grounded the hopes he had cherished, disconcerted all his fond calculations. "She does not love me then!" he continued in thought, "she only aimed to impose her influence on me, that I might see my own weakness in giving way to it. This being, so attractive in appearance, is of no more substantial worth than other things; and the halo of innocence, which seems to shed its glow over every feature, instead of emanating from a corresponsive internal, proceeds only from a superiority of art which enables her, on occasion, to assume it."

This severe decision, however, on the character of the fair Caphidgee, like most others wherein inclination bears no part, was no sooner made than altered; and far from arranging his ideas one whit the more with regard to his feelings towards her, he could merely collect, as the result of all his reasonings, that a chain, as foreign to him in texture as it was forcible in its materials, was binding his affections each hour

more strongly to the laughing Moreote, whose nature seemed so strange; and his ideas reverted with sorrow to that period, when he had held, as the greatest of all miseries, the vacancy which his heart maintained, and had been fain to substitute some imaginary being from the loss which he felt for a real one. This vacancy, alas! was now supplied; and he was fearing for the smiles or frowns of her who filled it so tyrannically, when his capote fell over the side of his shoulder, and his name was pronounced in an under tone. Starting suddenly at the sound, and turning his head towards the part from whence it had issued, his eyes encountered the person of Spirro, the young brother of Caterina, who had been amusing himself with regarding the sombre hue which Nastuli had assumed during his sentimental soliloquy. He was drest in a rich holiday suit, which bore all the trappings of an Albanian Palicar about it. "Alone here at such a time!" exclaimed the boy, "you might be better employed just now, methinks, elsewhere." The arch expression of his eyes, as he pronounced

emphatically the latter part of his observation, excited the attention of the listener. "Where should I be better," asked Nastuli, "on the water or in the muddy streets?" "Nay, for that, the streets are not so muddy," retorted Spirro; "or if they be, there is another road which will guide you home, without your being obliged to pass through them. It is a feast day, and Caterina is alone"——"Spirro!" exclaimed Nastuli, whose very soul dwelt on the boy's words, "tell me, how did you find me here? You cannot see hither from your lattices. Were you then sent for me? Speak, my dear little Spirro, and you shall ride my misuri, and throw my djhereed at every body that comes in your way." But even this bribe had lost its force on the obdurate heart of Spirro, and the arch lad, seeming to exult in the perplexity he had caused, with the swiftness of a young antelope fled from farther demands. Hurrying on, with all the speed which his inclination could lend him, Nastuli made his way through the nearer path which had been pointed out as leading to the mansion of Ca-

terina. Instead of sharing with the other females the recreation which the feast-day permitted—nay, almost enjoined them to take part in, she was standing in solitude at the lattice, with her eyes fixed on the church of San *Georgé*, from whence numbers were swarming, edified, no doubt, by the mass which had been performed there. Her expression was divested of its usual haughtiness, and an air, rather pensive than severe, had usurped her fair brow. *Nastuli* construed the change into an omen happy for himself, and determined not to delay until her present mood should have gone by, he eluded her notice by an artifice, and entering the *corridore*, opened the latch of her apartment, and re-closed it, scarcely daring to breathe. So deeply was she abstracted, however, by her meditations, from all share of what was passing near her, that she did not perceive his approach; and it was not until, gliding close to her form, he seized the hand which rested suspended by her side, that she started, and looked on the intruder. She was preparing, with an exclamation of terror and surprise, to

leave precipitately her apartment, but Nastuli, still retaining his hold, besought her, at least, to hear him.

Pity seemed to have checked her former determination. "How came you hither?" she said, in a tone, and with a look which she endeavoured to make severe; "do you not know that if my parents were to hear of your intrusion, I should be treated with the utmost rigour? Leave me, for the Virgin's sake! and do not disturb my peace unprofitably." Loth to comply with the fair Caphidgee's request, and pressing her unresisting hand to his lips, Nastuli assured her that her mother and guardians were at a distance, and that Heaven alone would be a witness of their interview.

Caterina smiled. "No earthly power," she inquired, "has brought you here? No wish, but that suggested by purity itself, has introduced you thus before me? Remain then, if such be true, and tell me in a word, what is it you require of me?" This demand, not unmixed with a share of irony, by the utter composure which marked it, succeeded in depriving

Nastuli of all his resolutions. He felt his powers leave him, and was nearly about to fly the field, when his fair antagonist came to his support. Seating herself on the Turkish carpet which covered her apartment, she beckoned him to do the same, and with an air, from its playfulness best adapted to reassure him, she again repeated her last inquiry. "Unchain me my affections, Caterina," sighed Nastuli, "if you really are such a novice as to ask me what I need : find means to restore me, by withdrawing your influence ; or, if you will not undo what you have wrought, the only redress which remains for me to crave is, that you will give me a place in your heart, unless it now beat for another."

"Do the Franks always run on thus?" asked Caterina, passing through her taper fingers her long flowing hair, which needed, however, no adjustment ; "or is this only their custom when they happen to find a Greek girl for their listener ? The love which inspires your race must indeed be much stronger in its effects than that

which we feel, when an acquaintanceship of a few days can produce so violent a rhapsody !”

But Caterina maintained no longer the tone of exultation with which she had hitherto taunted the feelings of the stranger ; it died as she concluded, and while she cast down her head, she but ill endeavoured to hide from the quick eye of Nastuli a tenderness which beamed in her's. “Dearest Caterina,” said the young Capitano, redoubling his prayers as the moment seemed so favourable ; “suffer not the only passion I have ever known, and the strongest I had ever feared could prey on me, to torment me thus hopelessly, when in your breast lies the only remedy which may ever counteract its sad effects. You have treated me with reserve hitherto, because you have been ignorant of my feelings ; not, I am sure, from dislike : but now that my confession is extorted, put confidence in my sincerity, and do not blight, by a denial, the fondest hopes I ever had encouragement to indulge in.”

The cheek of the Moreote for a moment chang-

ed its dye; but the crimson tint soon fled. "What encouragement," she asked, in a manner most perplexingly unconscious, "what hopes have I ever given you, unless," she continued, after an instantaneous pause, "the events of the other night are those which your valourship (³) reverts to; if so, your thanks are due to my mother, and not to myself, for any better repose you might have experienced." As she finished this cruel explanation, and put Nastuli to the blush for the fond visions the mistake had procured, she looked stedfastly upon him, to observe how its bitterness had been borne. None of the diffidence which had ruled her at first, interfered at the present to induce her to withhold her glance; she seemed willing to probe that heart for whose sickly state he had appealed to her, and to see whether, despite of her affected indifference, it would persevere in beating for her as it had done. But when she beheld the expression of real sorrow depicted on his features, and pride, the only passion opposed to it, unsuccessfully

struggling to chase it away, Caterina seemed half willing to relent.

“ You would have me love you then ; is it not so ? ” she demanded, with an air less wanton than her former ; “ supposing I should tell you that I do, it will increase, no doubt, your vanity, but it will add little, very little, to my repose ; you wish to boast of having easily gained a prize—to sport with my feelings in pampering your own—and then you would leave me to mourn over my folly in having confessed an attachment to one who has not sufficient stability to appreciate its worth. If you love, you must wish to possess me, and yet your Palicari are at this moment in readiness to escort you on your march ! ”

This appeal, not wholly unmixed, he thought, with tenderness, drew a sigh from the breast of the young Philhellene, whilst it recalled to him the history of Papa Yauni, and the enervating wiles which had sunk him in the midst of his glory. Snares still more intricate than those which entrapped the priest, were now being spread for

the young Capitano ; a moment's reflection, however, fixed his resolves, for, as his hand wandered by chance over the pistols which his belt contained, his mind reverted to the cause for which they had been placed there. A moment he struggled with his feelings ; then decided. "Caterina," he replied, "if you desire to make a trial of my affection, put all proofs on me, save those which may affect my honour. But in my esteem for you, the land of your birth is doubly dear to me. To look on, then, with indifference whilst oppressors are despoiling it, would be to merit no share of your affection ; but, on the contrary, to betray a want of feeling, the conviction of which would be so strong as to deny even your embraces to hush it."

Nastuli said no more, but hastened from her side, fearful lest all his good resolutions should melt away, were he to endure another glance from her expressive eyes ; but Caterina, who had been silent hitherto, perceiving his intentions, placed her small hand upon his shoulder, endeavouring to withhold him. The attempt, aided by a gentle remonstrance,

was irresistible, and the young Capitano suffered himself to be drawn upon the Ottoman once again, by the side of the interesting Morcote, who, for a short space, remained buried in thought. "Listen to me, Nastuli," she said at length, drawing towards him, and enclosing her hand in his; "My father was killed in war; my brother, and a cousin, whom I dearly loved. Think ye then that I would for a moment strive to check your resolutions to avenge them? I now do esteem you. Forgive me then my former levity; and use your sword, not your sighs, for that best fits the time, whilst I pray fervently to the holy Desfina⁽⁴⁾ for your safety when you are away."

The eyes which were bent on Caterina with the wild sparkle of joy, awakened by this confession, were suddenly diverted from their object to another far less welcome, in the shape of a young Greek, with gold pherméli, and well burnished pistols, together with a long string of amber comboloïa⁽⁵⁾ depending from his hand, which pronounced him a pretender to the mode. Irritated at an intrusion as unwelcome

as unexpected, Nastuli disengaged himself from the hold of Caterina, and darted a look of sullen indignation upon the intruder; the latter, however, smiled, and approaching him nearer, seized his arm affectionately, disclosing at the same time the features of Demetri, whom he had thought far away in the besieged town. By the nature of the salute which the young Greek made to the fair Moreote, and the utter ease which marked his address towards her, it was not difficult to discern that their acquaintanceship had not commenced to-day; the blush, too, which had overspread her features on his first entry, fled quickly before his mirth, and many minutes had not elapsed till all the little tales and scandal of the city were introduced upon the tapis, and discussed with humour. To these Nastuli paid but slight heed; the idea of a rival, nay (for aught he knew) an affianced, scorched his brain, and converted his former tone of affection towards Demetri into the cold air of dislike. To the joy expressed by the young Greek at their rencontre, he replied with perfect phlegm: there was a mystery connected

with his appearance, at a moment so little counted on for the event, that disconcerted as much as it staggered him.

No subject of interest, he was well aware, could be resumed in the presence of a troublesome intruder : glancing, therefore, a look of reproach on Caterina, for having dissembled towards him, and saluting Demetri with a "long life to you," as coldly expressed as he could contrive to make it, he left the apartment wherein his vows had been uttered and exchanged, with a heavier heart and bitterer feelings than he had anticipated for his share. But in these he was not permitted to hold a long indulgence, for Demetri, who had guessed from his manner the suspicions which haunted him, stood in his pathway, and grasped his hand.— "Nastuli," he said, "I had hoped, on our parting at Napoli, that although we might be reunited more speedily than either then expected, our meeting would not have been a source of disquiet."

"You mistake me entirely, Demetri," replied Nastuli, half ashamed at his weakness

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being discovered; "this sudden rencontre cannot make me otherwise than happy; only—

"Caterina, you would say, is it not so, my friend?" rejoined Demetri. "She, although innocent, has not the less been the means of damping your sentiments towards me. Rest composed, however, if no weightier afflictions be your's, for she is my cousin, and I will be your confidant."

The wound which had begun to rankle within the bosom of Nastuli was healed as soon as probed, and he strained to his breast, in an ecstasy of joy, the faithful leech who had so opportunely administered to him. He now felt, for the first time, that he really loved, for his emotions were so delightful on finding himself undeceived; and the friend, for the very troubles he had given, was dearer to him on their removal than ever. Demetri rebuked him gently for his first distrust, then rallied him upon the good society into which he had contrived to insinuate himself, adding, that it was a stroke of fortune, with which few Franks had been blessed before him.

"Our Greek women," he observed, "do not

admire the points about that nation for which, by their fair compatriots, they are generally esteemed. The race of Hellenes are more staid in their habits and ideas, and in their observance of every custom, as well as estimation of every taste, are too glaringly opposed to those of Frankestan, ever to be brought to accord with them. On proposing to a Frank lady, for example, previous to betrothing her, you are demanded what you have to spend, and a thousand similar obstacles, proceeding from this barter for interest, start up to oppose your union. Not so with us. If I, with what God may have given me, can exist, can have my pilaw to eat, and only want a young housewife to share it with me, my wish is gained without a preliminary, and the pretty Hellene becomes mine. For yourself," continued Demetri, "were I to inveigh against the Franks for an eternity, not a curl need appear upon your lips; for though you were to swear to me on the leaves of the sacred Evangelion,⁽⁶⁾ that you are a member of their tribe, you must hold me pardoned even if I should disbelieve you."

Demetri finished his satire against the

Franks, which he did not fail, however, to recommence as often as some dejected outcast, clad in a time-worn jacket, fitted by guesswork to its wearer, and a pair of pantaloons, which had acquired hues so many and various as to render their colour more difficult to decide on than the cameleon's, would happen to saunter near them, engaged in a discourse as gloomy as his own northern clime. The intimacy which had formerly existed between the two companions became redoubled on its renewal. Nastuli disclosed all his secrets, from the tale of the fair Turk to his interview with the playful Caterina; and whenever their sports at the djhereed were given over for the day, or the rude Palicari dance abandoned, Demetri would charge himself with rendering to his interesting cousin fair reports of his friend's affection, and of restoring to him in the morning some little token of an encouraging nature, to tell that Caterina loved him in return. One favour only his whole friendship was incapable of procuring—another interview. The old matron was in the way; the secretaries

on the corridore, or else Caterina herself, was out—were the answers which Nastuli used to receive whenever he urged it: yet Demetri consoled him even in this disappointment; and the rich variety of character which every succeeding day developed itself in the society of the young Hellene, and the sincerity which appeared to reign in his every utterance, by awakening new charms in the imagination, prevented that despondency which otherwise would have fallen on a young lover, deprived of the society of his mistress, at the very moment after having first experienced its sweets.

CHAPTER XIV.

——— No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword.

Cymbeline.

COURIERS, on their panting steeds, were daily pouring in, with tidings of evil import from Navarene; disembarkments were being effected from the Egyptian fleet at Modon and Coron, without even a shew of resistance from the Greeks. The Hydriote ships were not to be found, although no storm had dispersed them. The determination of previously receiving pay, and the money notwithstanding being withhelden them, was the alledged excuse for their inaction; but a still weightier motive than this prevented their concurrence—the safety of their

own island, which, in the opinion of the President and of those primates whose lands were fairest, needed its habitants upon it at this crisis more than ever. As for Conduriottis, the weather was rainy and chill, and a thousand inconveniences likely to fall upon himself and suite in braving its effects at present. Urged on the one side by the contemplation of this evil to remain where he was—on the other, by the thickening clamours of the populace to head his army and march—he had recourse, as usual, to the potent brain of Mavrocordato to plod for him in his dilemma. The Prince himself felt staggered, for he, no more than his excellency the President, had wished to exchange his polemical orations beside the kindling pan for true manual practice in the field, just at a time when affairs looked so badly. The result of his deliberation, then, was one suggested at last when all other schemes had fled him. Amongst the Carbonari, several of whom acted as institutors of the tactic corps, was an experienced young Neapolitan, who once had fought under the standard of Buonaparte, and who now thirsted

for an opportunity of refreshing those laurels, which were fast withering in the eyes of his own countrymen, from the blast shed around them by his proscription. On this individual did Mavrocordato fix, as the one best calculated, by his disinterested bravery and superior military talents, to stem the tide which himself felt inadequate to oppose, and to stop for a while the murmurs of the people. Collenio, therefore, he determined to dispatch as head engineer, with a body of raw tactics under his command, and orders to throw himself into the castle. This enterprise, considering the number and the quality of the followers allotted to him, was a desperate one, and the order was timed accordingly in the way of a request; as a preamble to which were many encomiums on the bravery, zeal, and above all, punctuality of obedience in the young Italian; all which amiable qualities being most suitable to the purposes of their excellencies, were anticipated of course as belonging to him whom they thus honoured with their command. For comrade to Collenio, the government appointed Nicolao,

the same languid youth, who loved to expatiate on the charms of Vienna, and who reprobated the unhandsome snows which his brother took pleasure in extolling.

Having formerly evinced an ardent desire of living in the estimation of the people in the cheapest way he could, without exposing his person to danger, he had been wont to employ his leisure hours at Napoli, in enjoining to a body of woe-begone tactics, the duties incumbent on artillerists, with the which the good-natured Collenio, by a few previous lessons, had made him superficially acquainted. Of his theoretical knowledge of this science, Nicolao soon began to boast, but little imagined that he was preparing for himself what his nerves were so little prepared for—the practical performance of it: but so fate ordained, and the summons had no sooner reached him than he abandoned himself to despair. In vain did he strain his eyes wistfully, in vain sigh for his frank friend Simpkins, whose nature, less rugged than that of others around him, and albeit unused to war, would melt at his tales of the continent.

Simpkins had decamped as the first intimation reached him of the vigour of the siege, and without bidding adieu to any, save Nastuli, from whom he borrowed a few hard piastres, was spurring a broken-down mule, in company with his factotum Yeorgati, and an old fowling-piece for his weapon, towards Gastuni; where softly sighed, expecting him, a tall rawboned Turkish lady, the refuse of Seceni's haram. Nicolao sighed too, and not less feelingly, although from a very different motive. The loss of his fugitive friend and confidant was badly supplied by his appointed comrade Collenio. In all points of duty inflexible, the latter had no sympathy just now for the whinings of a sentimentalist. "You see, my friend," he exclaimed, entering the apartment of Nicolao, before the latter had recovered from the agitation into which the order of march had thrown him, "the dangers that threaten us on every side, which are only to be averted by our immediate assistance. Hasten, therefore, and obey your summons; collect quickly together those who are missing from the ranks, and mount, without delay; to-morrow

night we shall sleep at Calamata, and the following day, if God speed us, we shall find ourselves within cannon-shot of the enemy." "So soon!" thought the unwilling Nicolao, scarcely enabled to suppress the exclamation; "Let us first, nevertheless, my good Collenio," he replied, "partake of some raki, and finish a chibouk, and the rain which now patters down so mercilessly will then perhaps have ceased. One of my Capitani, too, is indisposed, and unless such precipitancy be indispensable, would not to-morrow's dawn be better adapted for the commencing of our march, considering the lateness of the present hour?" The young Italian retreated a pace or two, and fixed his eyes searchingly upon Nicolao. "Gird on your sword, Sir," he said, after a momentary pause, "and follow the path I lead you, or else return to your gay balls and soft love whisperings, as best may suit your will; only make your decision quickly, since I wait for none. Adieu." Without attending a reply, Collenio hurried from the apartment, mounted his horse, and with ninety tacticians, to which number the cowardice

of his appointed comrade had reduced him, made his way through the city gates, with the pace of one who wishes to arrive at his place of destination. Nicolao, in the meantime, finding himself to be really forsaken, reflected on the consequence of his disobedience. Fear for a long while struggled within him, and drowned the cries of interest; yet when the thought of his father's full purse, no longer open to him, on account of his thwarting, by his cowardice, the schemes of that parent, flashed across his mind—when he foresaw his fine house at Napoli possessed, and his fashionable *conversazione* engrossed by some one more concurrent with the wishes of the government than himself, his heart began to cling after the things whose wreck he contemplated, and he bethought him whether there might yet be time to amend his error by overtaking Collenio, when the entrance of the very Capitano whom he had asserted to be indisposed, with a repetition of the summons, decided the before wavering Nicolao to obey it. Arming, therefore, his spirits with a filjani of raki, a portion of which he administered to the

newly arrived, as a bribe for consolation in this dilemma, he sallied forth, at a swinging pace, with one hundred and twenty followers at his heels, vowing inwardly to feign sickness at whatever village should be nearest to the camp, wherein might be collected most women, and where, consequently, might be least danger.

Within the city, meantime, disaffection was stalking with rapid strides through all ranks of the people; who, as dangers increased, began to discern with a clearer eye the infatuation which had worked around them, in allowing their judgments to be impaired, and themselves to be drawn on by leaders, who, when the hour of need approached, were the first to exchange their professions of zeal and resolution for the extremes of selfishness and poltronerie. Colocotroni who, during the torpor of the nation, had only occasionally occupied the minds of the people, in the shape of one who had been, but who, happily for their indolence, existed no more, now resumed his former empire over their minds. Each sought the

emancipation of this chieftain, as his own individual benefit; and opinions which before had been disseminated in a cautious whisper only, were now passed loudly from one to the other, until the town rose up in open tumult, and demanded either an immediate march or the restoration of their leader—under whose banner they might fight once more successfully. In vain were protestations had recourse to by the president; in vain did Mavrocordato swear to them that to-morrow should see them beyond the gates: the populace were inflexible, and the astounding shout of “to-day!” aided in its effect by murmurs and loud menaces, was discharged from every tongue, absorbing in its delivery all softer sounds of rhetoric. Despairing of ability to quell these tumults, Conduriottis could only guard against their power being increased, and accordingly issued orders for the gates of the fortress to be closed.

Scarcely were they executed, when Baltimore, who had been on an excursion to Argos for the purpose of completing his own number of soldiers, before muster-day should arrive, by

those who felt willing to revolt from their Capitani, returned half starved to the city walls, accompanied by Santa Rosa, who had been appointed aide-de-camp to Mavrocordato.

The American had been relieving the tedium of his march, by joyous anticipations as well of the glory which the parade of his new enforcement would procure him, as of the hoard of olives and caviar which would allay his appetite, the moment he should arrive at the konaki tenanted by his men. Disconcerted so unexpectedly, and at a moment so ill fitted for the disappointment, he was fain, in gloomy mood, to seek consolation from the Count, who recommended to him the usual regime of patience; and seating himself on a damp stone adjoining the citadel, inculcated the pursuance of it by his own example. That which contributed to render the situation of the excluded still more irksome, was the preference given to those residing within the city, who were suffered to pass freely through the forbidden gate, so often as they restored to the keeper a certain mystic scrap, which was put into their

hands by the same vigilant Cerberus, after his first scrutiny of their persons. To numbers of these individuals did Baltimore raise his voice, imploring them on their return within, to make application to the president for his admittance. Each pledged "his father's life" that intercession should be made, and that in half an hour's space both he and his Palicari should enjoy their liberty; but notwithstanding all these promises, and the fervour with which they were made, their accomplishment seemed ever at a distance; when Nastuli, invited by the beauty of the evening, the rain having cleared away, mounted on his Arab charger, and attended by his friend Demetri, passed through the coveted passage, to resume his sports at the djhereed upon the plain beyond. Surprised at the appearance of a tribe so numerous and swarthy, more strangely equipped and more uncouth in figure than the Moreotes are wont to be, he stopped for a moment to regard them; and perceiving a tall, raw-boned, muscular Arab, with the Baïrak in his hand, he questioned him as to his leader.

"Effendi," replied the Arab, with a splenetic whine, "we belong at this moment to a Frank, but whether we shall remain with him I know not; for his standard is too heavy to carry without taiee." (1) The lazy Arab had scarcely finished his account, when Baltimore perceived Nastuli, and hastening towards him, represented, more elaborately, his condition. "The fellows will doubtless revolt," observed the American in conclusion, "since they are strangers, mostly from the island of Crete, or from the Athenian coast, and their allegiance is only measured by the state of their bellies." The accent of Baltimore was so piteous during this narration, and the countenance of Santa Rosa so silently resigned, that Nastuli entirely forgot both Demetri and the djhereed, and sending Cashimir to the bazaar for a supply of provisions, with which to restore present peace to the murmurers, he turned his horse's head, and spurred him towards the mansion of the President, himself to seek for them permission to enter, while Demetri remained in the plain

for the selection of the spot which might best suit their sports on the young Capitano's return.

On entering, he perceived the brow of Conduriottis to be crossed with care. He was discussing with a number of Hydriotes on the modes left for retaining the power of which others were striving to divest him. Samadorff, the young islander, who shone so conspicuously in the *converzasione* at Kalagris' mansion, was the one treated by the President with greatest familiarity, and referred to most frequently for his decision; but, strange to say, notwithstanding all these marks of favour, he persevered in maintaining a direct opposition to every argument that Conduriottis endeavoured to support. Blind to his winks, and deaf to his whispers, Samadorff urged, most valiantly, the sacrifice of all selfish feeling, by which he knew the President to be impelled, and to march "straight forward to the field."

Although convinced that he could not well have presented himself at a more inauspicious moment than the present for obtaining a favour

from his Excellency, Nastuli thought on the impatience, nevertheless, with which the result of his mission would be awaited by those who expected to benefit by it, and determined to hesitate no longer, but calling out of the apartment the good-natured Samadorff, explained to him the purport of his visit. The stout Hydriote charged himself with the embassy, and having gained, from his obstinate resistance of the President's will, a certain ascendancy over the latter, his Excellency, without suspending the point demanded, acceded to his request; and would most gladly have sent out the petitioner himself, though it had been much farther, with the illustrious mandate, had not another volunteered his services.

Having thus acquitted himself of the immediate object of his return, an impulse, stronger even than the calls of friendship, took the guidance of his feelings, and directed them towards Caterina, on whose small apartment his gaze chanced to fall, while standing on the corridor. Never since the day on which Demetri's presence interrupted them, had he been

able to renew his interview with the fair Moreote, and he had even absented himself for some days from her mansion, moved by the entreaties of her gay cousin, and his love for the wild society of his Palicari. Yet had not the recollection of her fair image forsaken him during his absence. The softness of her manner when she had addressed him—the glance, more powerful even than words, as she suspended her utterance—and, above all, the assurance she had given him of her love, on his return to the precincts which contained her, recalled themselves more powerfully than ever to his sight, or vibrated more loudly in his ear. Overcome by the influence of these sensations, he laid his trembling hand upon the latch of Caterina's apartment. It opened to his touch as gently as he could have willed it, and with a palpitating heart and uncertain step, he entered. The lamp flickered dimly upon the image of the Virgin, and exposed to view a small wooden trencher, over which was spread a napkin, giving signs of approaching supper; but she for whom it was laid out could no where be dis-

cerned. Aware of the jealousy of the Greeks, and fearful of bringing censure upon the inmate should he remain longer within her apartment, he closed the door as gently as he had opened it, and in hopes that the object of his search might soon return, paced the corridore with the air of one who awaited only a suitable moment for obtaining an audience from his Excellency. While in this feverish state of anxiety and suspense he listened eagerly to every light sound caused by the wind rustling through the orange trees in the orchard below him, his attention was suddenly diverted by the clamour of some boys, contending vigorously for shares in the fruit they had stolen. The one most vehement in the assertion of his claims to the property, had decidedly the greatest right in being so, for the moon shining on his features, showed him to be Spirro, the brother of Caterina, and son to the owner of the orchard. Nastuli no sooner perceived him than he called him by his name, and the boy, desisting from his contention, obeyed the summons; not, however, with the usual alacrity which he would

show on former occasions in meeting with his old friend, but with downcast looks and measured pace, and manner as sad as though the bowstring had awaited him on his arrival. "Where is Caterina?" inquired Nastuli, whom these signs failed not to perplex. "She is with my mother, Effendi," was the reply. "Can I not see her, my little Spirro?"

"Impossible!" replied the boy, with a motion of impatience, at the delay put on him. "And for why?"

The interrogated, however, did not stay to answer, but placing his hand upon his heart, as a token of homage to the young Capitano, he left the latter to his own conclusions, and hurried back to rejoin his playmates in the garden. Nastuli had scarcely time to arrange his ideas, which had been shaken by the singular conduct he had met with, when the fairy form of the looked-for Caterina, attended by another female, almost equal to her in beauty, presented themselves to his astonished view. But her countenance, before wholly animated by the ex-

pression lent to it from love, carried with it now no remnant of that soft passion, but was stamped with the traits of haughtiness and reproach—a reproach proceeding from disdain, not suffering; for no flush on the fair cheek, no drooping of the eyelid, as her gaze met that of Nastuli, interposed to chasten its forbidding coldness. It seemed as though love had been extinguished on the first kindling of its flame, and a contempt for herself at having suffered it to approach her, suddenly reflected upon Nastuli, in whose presence the idea had first been suggested that such a silly deity held existence. She had retreated to her chamber, and closed its door, before the young Capitano could recover himself sufficiently to address her. Staggered at incidents so strange, he revolved in his mind all the circumstances which could have given rise to this fitfulness of demeanor; but finding himself at length totally inadequate to account for it, he held it as some fresh caprice which the fair Moreote was indulging in, and determined to let it wear off at the instigation alone

of her who had adopted it. Samadorff interrupted his musings just as this noble resolution had been formed, and with a countenance in which joy held empire, told Nastuli that the morrow was the day fixed upon for the march. "So sad!" he exclaimed, on observing that this intelligence was not received with the same rapture in which it had been imparted; "regret not to leave Tripolizza, for you may soon return to enjoy it."—"And what will have become of her then?" burst almost prophetically from the lips of the young Capitano.

"I warrant there is a love affair at the bottom of all this," said Samadorff, taking his clue from this involuntary exclamation, and eyeing Nastuli stedfastly; "come, tell me all briefly, and I swear to you, by the success of my brig Miltiades, that your confidence shall harm you none."

Nastuli, who now lamented at the thoughts of a departure, which at any other time would have only tended to his happiness, could not imagine how, by his own talents alone, the problem which so tormented his mind could

ever be brought to a happy solution. Trusting, therefore, in the invention of Samadorff for the suggestion of some plan which his own brain laboured at fruitlessly, he explained to him all the little events which had tended to bring him so inopportunately *au desespoir*. Samadorff listened drily to his confession. "Have you had no love affair before the present?" he demanded. "A slight amour, scarcely deserving of the name," replied Nastuli; "short-lived, and terminated unpleasantly enough after all the tediousness attendant upon its pursuance." Samadorff was evidently complimenting himself upon his own discernment, for his eyes glistened, as the answer was returned him, with the appearance of complete self-satisfaction. Some elderly matrons, issuing from an apartment on the corridor, interrupted further discussion for the moment. Samadorff looked upon these attentively as they passed, and motioning to Nastuli to divert himself as best he might until his re-appearance, introduced himself, with all the nonchalance of a swaggering Hydriote, into the room to which

the old women had retired. After a short time he returned. "I will now solve you your mystery," said he, gaily. "You have many enemies; nay, all the saints, without exception, are disposed to turn their backs on you. Your attachment, while at Napoli, to an infidel, or let it be, an infidel's attachment to you, together with a thousand other *faux pas* which you have committed, are things well known and strictly noted down here. The old lady is likewise aware that you have held secret conferences with her daughter, a sin in Greece by no means to be pardoned. She is pretty sure, however, that you are possessed of money, which so far detracts from its enormity in her eyes, as to bring her to hesitate in deciding whether it be or be not delible. As in all points of conscience, however, which are too weighty for herself to resolve upon, she is wont to consult her Papas for his judgment; so, therefore, did she lay before him the present; but the rogue of a priest having set eyes upon the young lady himself, did not waver long in his decision, but assured the matron that she and her daughter, and

all the issue which might be of either of them, would be damned in torments, (whose severity all the candles in the universe could not mitigate), unless she interdict you for ever from holding further converse with Caterina."

"But surely she is not fool enough to be swayed by these counsels, to which the bigotry of the mother gives credit?" interposed Nastuli.

"For the prejudices of a Moreote," replied Samadorff, "it is really difficult to account, although, to do her justice, I think that your amour with the Turk, and not the imprecations of the priest, has rendered Caterina thus sullen towards you. But now to the remedy: I have obtained the name of the old lady's confessor, and have assured her that he is a man of corrupted principles, and altogether incapable of giving good advice: that I myself have been witness to his eating eggs on a fast-day, and omit signing his stavro⁽²⁾ on concluding his meal. In a word, I have recommended her a priest, better calculated in every way to ease her conscience of these rough knots she complains of;

this is no other than our friend Papa Yauni, whom forthwith we must summon, that he may advise the matron as you would wish."

The idea was excellent, and a soldier was instantly dispatched to the mansion of the priest, requesting his attendance; but alas! the Papas had marched the preceding day, and all hopes of retrieving the bad fortune of Nastuli had fled with him, for the time was so short, and all were so occupied in preparations for the morrow's campaigning, that no other priest could be found to minister the same kind offices which Papa Yauni would so readily have performed.

As night approached, Samadorff, whose ship awaited him at Hydra, took his leave of Nastuli, for the purpose of journeying on towards it, wishing him success, not only in love, but in the war, should it never be their fortune to meet again. Nastuli betook him to his couch; but the repose he sought for had fled him, and gave way to visions of light-headedness, flitting in every shape before him. Amidst these, Caterina seemed present, not as a corporeal mass,

but as an unsubstantial, intangible, nameless thing, which kept striving to connect itself with the seeds of his existence. In this it half succeeded, and only half; yet while he beheld the conflict of this shadow, and smiled at the vanity possessed by so much weakness, he seemed yet to love it for all its impotent struggles. For a while his mental eye ceased its infatuation, yet its effect tarried with him still, for viewing her now the lovely and the tangible, his ideas were doubly heightened as to the beauty of her internal. He rebuked himself for having fancied her capricious, and felt convinced that the keen tongue of rivals had been the true cause of destroying, by their slanders, the love with which she had been well disposed to bless him. All was mystery; yet the untowardness of his nature, for this very mystery which threw its blight over the event, urged him to love Caterina more than ever. His heavy eyelids relieved themselves at length by sleep; but he had not long indulged in this blessing, when an unusual uproar interrupted him in its enjoyment.

Shaking off his capote, and looking around him, he perceived the apartment full of the President's retainers, busy in adjusting their saddle bags, rolling up the carpets, and collecting their coffee cups, in hopes that use might be found for them during the campaign. Each was talking across the other, but little heed did any pay to aught save himself. At the farther corner of the room sat Mavrocordato, endeavouring, but in vain, under the cloak of hurry, to elude his old tormentors, who beset him, in the shape of ancient Capitani, with the word "parades" ever uppermost in their discourse. Nastuli, perceiving that he himself must fain take a part in the bustle, or else suffer the humiliation of remaining unnoticed, demanded of one of the grammatico (³) who seemed most busy, the reason of all this? "For the march!" was the only answer he received, while to make up for the time he had lost in uttering it, the scribe slipt into his own bags a keg of caviar, belonging to his less attentive, or more inexperienced comrade.

The room, in fact, was soon cleared, and the

peal of a thousand douphégia gave warning that the President had commenced his route. Numbers still tarried, whose steeds had been monopolized by his Illustriousness, and those nearest to his person, and were now straining their eyes eagerly for a mule on which to deposit their burdens. The very worn-out jades which before had been spurned at as too insignificant to save the shoulders of the vilest Arab chiese, were now not only called into request, but seized at with avidity by the most considerable of the court. Nastuli, who had parted with his misuri the day preceding, on its having shewn symptoms of lameness, preferred trusting to his legs, rather than to owe an ignominious obligation to such beasts as these.

The country he had to measure was beautiful, he well knew, nor did he wish his enjoyment of it to be interrupted by such a mode of conveyance as the alternative offered. His society too, composed of so many originals, ensured, beforehand, the removal of tedium attached to the route, should it threaten to afford any.

Staunton, whose first day's disgust at their

meeting, was now converted into affection and interest, who bore with all his peculiarities and whims, from hopes in time of correcting them, had tempered his natural roughness, that he might be the better enabled to persuade. Baltimore had preserved his own horse, spite of all the solicitations made to him to sell or lend it.

His standard was already raised, and the Arab had borne it through the length of the street, before Nastuli followed. One struggle yet awaited him : he looked towards the casement of the fair Caphidgee, doubting whether he might ever look on it again ; fearful of seeing her, yet wishing for one glance. She stood there, and by her side was the same girl who had been with her when they passed the corridor, with her hand placed on the shoulder of Caterina, whom she appeared to be gently reproving, if such might be judged from the signs she made, (in a Greek woman more expressive than words) and from the pouts drawn upon the lips of the former. He had not been deceived, for in an instant more he could distinguish the subject of the discourse which the fair com-

panion held forth rather vehemently against Caterina, for exposing her person too frequently at the *jalousie*, and sometimes even entirely removing its folds, that the gaze of men might be set on her. The little prude, whether from jealousy, or whatever other motive it might be, was thus preaching a long sermon about the better application of her time, when the eye of the listener met that of the young Capitano below. The brow was no longer contracted in disdain, but smooth as ever it had been : at first she looked on him with an expression of doubt and hesitation, then the down-cast blush of the penitent took possession of her cheeks. She seemed distressed at having slighted him, as her hazel eyes besought him “ not to punish her for it by hastening away.” He feared to look on her more,—but as he retired, with a step which longed to return, he heard, though imperfectly, the re-commencement of the lesson, which the present abstraction of Caterina called for more loudly. So irritated did her fair monitor become at length, that from her quotation of *Papa Yauni’s* advice, with which she had before con-

tented herself, of being *particular* in her gaze at men, she now took her style from the anathema of the surly old Archimandrite, who, (himself crossed in love,) denounced it against her should she set her eye on any. One far-strained look after the parting Nastuli, and Caterina obeyed the injunctions of her preceptress in closing the forbidden lattice.

CHAPTER XV.

Like the eagle he flew, yet he pined like the dove,
Where the cross with the crescent had strife.

Don Carlos.

THE city gates had been already past by Baltimore and his followers, before Nastuli began to arouse himself from the uncompanionable state into which his reflections had thrown him. His palicari, who could not comprehend their nature, but imagined that some evil spirit had entered him, were in advance with the American, whose mood was more analogous at present to their temperaments. Less of a lover and more of a man of the world, the latter was telling them long tales, never intended to arrive at any meaning, but merely to gull their imaginations and give his nets a right cast for the acquire-

ment of popularity. Though in a disciplined army one may ruminate as he will, without disparagement being made him, yet here the case was quite altered; and the Palicari, indignant at not having their gay spirits shared in by their leader, already began to murmur at this change in him from his wont. Nastuli observed the effect upon their minds, and felt ashamed at not having concealed from the world, who heeded them not, his private emotions: recovering, therefore, from his error, he called out to Baltimore to moderate his unconscionable pace, and redoubled his good fellowship, to make up for his former reserve. Though at first this tranquillity was only assumed, the beauty of the scene soon gave to it reality, and changed his phantasy of love to thoughts more agreeable and better timed. The part of the Morea which lay before them, presented to the sight a perfect garden of flowers, in all its wild and untended beauty. The soft spring breezes made the climate enchanting, as the hills near Tripolizza were exchanged for the extensive level. The spontaneous ground was trampled on by well-

armed thousands, and resounded with the long-drawn monotonous harmony of the Albanian soldiers; who, to take off from the weariness of the march, sang, or rather bawled, in chorus their proud songs of Epirus, of days past which yet would come again! to the spirit of which was added, ever and anon, the neighing of a high-blooded Arab steed—token of their conquest from the Ottomans.

Although these strains, so uncouthly sent forth, were utterly devoid of any elegance of tone or composition, the simplicity of their nature, and the spirit of hope which they awakened, succeeded, nevertheless, in recommending them. The present peals of the Albanians struck only envy into the breasts of the less hardy Moreotes. The singular vigour of tone, —the extraordinary boldness of conception, characteristic in the mountain songs of the former, carry with them, universally, reproach towards the latter-mentioned dwellers on the plain. The words, and then the tone, which like every other singularity, disagreeable at first, wants only custom to soften, were demonstrative entirely of

the spirit and influence of the parts which inspired them. It was easy to perceive that they had been composed on the mountains of Greece, whose summits, though covered with eternal snows, but just rear themselves above where the earth yet feels the softening glow of the sun, and bears still verdure and flowers.

The strains at length ceased,—a sure sign that the day's march was at its close,—and in a little while the numerous banners of the Holy Cross, each differently coloured according to the phantasy of the leader, were met by the trembling peasants, who, partly to ensure their persons from outrage, partly from devotion, paid profound homage to them as they passed. The small village in which the quarters for the night were to be held, (eight hours distant from Tripolizza,) now showed itself in the vicinity of the troops, whose appearance was hailed by its inmates with loud shrieks and gloomy wailings, giving evidence of its unwelcomeness as they hurried away all their little effects, and closed precipitately the doors, to avert the all-destructive hand of the Klephtes as he passed. But,

alas ! these precautions were needless : the Klephtes was constantly prepared for them, and seldom troubled himself with solicitations to the master of the mansion to open for him, when his strong hand, with one effort, could burst the entry. As the Palicari hastened to their work of destruction, an aged priest arrested his progress to bless them ; and on his eyes encountering the stavro, added his last general absolution for all their sins, which was repeated, with still greater zeal and fervor, on the sight of the gold phermèli, pistols, and yataghan, which gleamed forth from the persons of the leaders.

The quarters were now seized on by the haughty Chious, obedient only to the will of his captain. Nastuli did not forget to secure his own : and just as the sun sank behind the surrounding hills, he found himself housed with his soldiers in a small dilapidated cottage, set in with various shrubs, and shaded by a plantation of prickly figs and palm trees, to which the soft light shed over them on the approach of evening, gave a beautiful effect. The cottage itself

was the property of the priest of the village ; before it were grazing some Egyptian cattle, and within sat the old patriarch himself, with his family around him, who welcomed the Philhellenes with a blessing : and what was infinitely more substantial, set about his eldest daughter, a fine girl of sixteen years of age, to prepare a mess of flour and peas boiled together, which, though not costly in its nature to a fastidious palate, was hailed, notwithstanding, with feelings of real gratification by his hungry guests about him. The palicari having eaten, betook themselves to repose ; and as Nastuli drew from his belt the weighty pistols, which threatened by their pressure to disturb him, a solid substance dropt out of the folds which his weapons had occupied, carefully enclosed in paper. Uncovering it hastily to see what it might contain, the first object which struck him was a small gold ring. His attention was next directed to the following words : “ It was not the bigotry of my mother, partaken of by me, which prevented an interview ; but I knew that one would not have availed you aught, save to ex-

tort vows from yourself which you are not sufficiently steady to preserve, and to trifle with affections—all that belongs to me worth having. Adieu, young Capitano, be wiser, and then I shall love you." This epistle, so enigmatically worded, troubled again and again the head of the reader: he held up first the paper, to the small lamp hanging over him, then the ring, to assure himself that he did not err in the identity of either; and when, at length, he found himself totally unable to comprehend aught implied by the words, as relative to his own proceedings, he paid them, nevertheless, the homage which he would have done to the hand that penned them, by kissing the lines with all the ardor of a lover, and depositing them within the jeppa of his gold pherméli, *that* being the place nearest to his heart. He now felt, why, he knew not, but not the less for being ignorant of the reason, that he loved Caterina more than he ever had done before; nay, he would have left the very cottage where he was; and while the rest lay buried in sleep, would himself have retrodden the mazes through which that day he

had wandered with so many, and unattended by a single being, have found his way to Tripolizza and thrown himself at the feet of his fair rebuker. All this, love struggled within him to perform ; but unhappily for its accomplishment, the heel of one of the old Vlachos, affected by a dream, struck itself violently against a cluster of burnished douphéghia, hanging suspended from the wall ; and while the sudden clattering which the movement made, brought towards it the attention of his Capitano, so did it turn the whole current of his ideas to a far different source, and reminded him that the Turkish camp—not Caterina—was now his meteor to pursue.

The morning had no sooner dawned than the march was re-commenced. The President was in an admirable mood ; his horses were not lamed by any hard rocks striking against their hoofs, for all was a plain before them ; the weather was delightful,—the Phrondistes ⁽²⁾ a good one,—and, above all, Collenio, the young Italian whom he had sent as engineer to the castle, had dispatched couriers to the army with satisfactory reports of the siege ; a sub-

ject much more interesting to his Excellency now that he was on his way towards its site.

The next day's march brought the army to Scala, and Conduriottis, who preferred talking of war to engaging in it, and had thus far led on his compatriots, determined to make this his residence, until such time as should seem needful to him, his departure. It was indeed a pretty village, and less ruined than the others, and had, in his Excellency's idea, a still greater charm, that of being out of cannon's reach of the Turks. Mavrocordato, in the meantime, accompanied by Santa Rosa, in the capacity of aide-du-camp, was dispatched forthwith towards Scoris, a small hamlet, three hours' march from the enemy, and on which held their post the residue of the army. Baltimore, his friends and followers, marched on in advance. The camp their steps tended to, was only six hours distant, and they moved rapidly and full of hope towards the seat of action. On their way they encountered a number of Stratioti, retiring from the besieged town, leading some fine Arab steeds without their riders, who seemed, by the unaccustomed mournfulness of their tread, to

sympathize in the loss they had sustained. A man of rather advanced age, with a waist shawl bound above his knee, and a large Bulgarian turban round his head, giving a sickening contrast to the paleness of his visage, moved in their van, with difficulty contriving to sit the horse that bore him. That he was wounded was evident; and Nastuli soon recognised in him the features of his old friend Luca, the captain of Hadji Christo. Their hands were joined together in a moment. While the former consoled with him on his accident, "It is but the fortune of war," replied old Luca; "I could forget my own hurts, but I grieve for my leader."

"Has he fallen then?" inquired Nastuli, with concern.

"Not so either," answered the old Capitano; "Hadji Christo is proof to bullet or sabre cut; but what is worse than all, he is prisoner. The horses which we now lead are those of his followers, who have fallen in endeavouring his rescue. I was wounded, as you perceive; but when I have been to Scala to get dressed, shall see you, perhaps, again. Adieu! it is painful to me to talk much."

her desolate property. Nastuli, fatigued and vexed at finding nothing on his arrival wherewith to allay his appetite, set no check to the abuse which Demo, his Chious, was venting on the matron, but, on the contrary, added to it his own.

“Capitano,” drawled out the matron, with a peculiar whine, “other most noble klephtes have been here before your valorship, and have eaten the flour, and killed all the fowls, and carried away the eggs in their mooselmauns; ⁽³⁾ how then can I find you more?” To enforce this declaration, the cross was made and repeated, but without producing the hoped-for effect. Nastuli relapsed into a gloomy silence, anticipating little good from all this long account: not so his Palicari: following up their code of liberty, called in mind always more strongly when appetite suggested it, they paid small heed to the credulity of their captain, but lighting a brand, set about most deliberately the firing of her hut. This scheme worked marvels, for the flour was produced, the eggs, which had been carried away, and even some

Moreote cheese, added to the repast. "We shall eat yet," said Nastuli, with a smile, as the indignation of his impatient Stratioti subsided. The observation was hardly made, when a palicar rushed breathlessly into the abode. "Bad news!" he exclaimed, wiping the moisture from his forehead, and demanding a cup of water. "What is it?" asked Baltimore, hastily. "Scortes has been attacked at Crimethi," replied the messenger, "two hours' march from hence: while raising Tambouria, on the plain, and knowing better how to put his ship about than to lead his soldiers on, has been totally routed, and of his men eight hundred were either slaughtered or made prisoners. This is not the worst: Navarene cannot hold out, being without provisions, all attempts to throw in any having been intercepted." The listeners, excepting Staunton, Nastuli, and the black standard-bearer, crossed themselves devoutly and in silence, while the old woman, with trembling hand, placed the lamp, having a double quantity of oil, before the shrine of the Panogea, ejaculating the most fervent petition to the

same, first for her own safety, then for that of her countrymen. The night was spent feverishly by some, tranquilly by others, and on the morning the party left the house, followed by the prayers and howling of all the good housewives in the place, who looked upon them as already slaughtered, and offered up supplications for the repose of their souls beforehand. Nastuli, who felt no signs of approaching death, and who rarely anticipated an evil before it arrived, felt more exhilarated than ever at the idea of the novel scenes which awaited him. Staunton, on the contrary, was thoughtful. "Why so silent?" asked his less pensive companion; "why no more tales of America this morning? Has the heavy supper of last night oppressed you?" "The news, and not the supper," replied Staunton. "What! shrink at danger, when so well prepared in conscience to encounter it!" said Nastuli. "But I know why your heart thus fails you: you repent of the lectures that you were giving so impressively to the pretty cocona, Nicolousa, at the first quarters where we halted on our march." "For

myself," replied Staunton, not heeding the last taunt, "I am insensible to the feeling of fear, since it is not from to-day that my sentiments have been formed; but I regard at this moment the state of our comrades who march with us, as callous to impression as the rocky soil they inhabit, and ignorant that even after the abandonment of this existence, they will yet have another to endure."

"Hush, my friend," said Nastuli, "for though these sentiments be good and orthodox, when uttered in a language which none save ourselves understand, I would not have them interpreted for an empire, since the translation would be attended with no other success than that of unnerving the arms, by the fear of damnation, which to-day are ready to wield the sabre for us. How could you, my dear Staunton, have joined yourself with such men, whose nature your own penetration must ere this have disclosed to you, to sigh for their sins instead of leading them on to battle?"

"You are utterly mistaken, Nastuli," rejoined Staunton, mildly; "the cause I fight for

—the people I condemn. My sword shall ever be drawn against their oppressors ; but instruction only, not my sword, can improve the hearts of the oppressed. I wish them to know merely for what reason they themselves are now united—to shew them of what is a symbol the cross they rear—and by impressing on their imaginations who died on it, and for why, induce them to forsake their sins while there be time, not intimidate them by the sight of them ; for I doubt not,” he added, “ but that one short prayer delivered from the soul to its Creator for forgiveness, would save its perdition even in the last hour.”

“ I doubt it much,” replied Nastuli ; “ I am little disposed to think that a sacrifice extorted by fear alone would ever find its way to the Creator. I would rather say, that the man who binds his hopes on his Redeemer, whom through all the pride of his chequered existence he has renounced, and makes his appeal at last to the throne of mercy, because he has no other resource, merely redoubles his sins, and echoes the sentence of his own perdition. The men

whom we have with us, are for the most part confirmed villains; leave them as such, and they will fight bravely; but place new notions into their heads, and they will trust to the swiftness of their legs, not to a heart which will cease to be steady."

As no Turks were yet to be seen, Staunton consented to forbear further discourse upon a subject which appeared to be painful to the feelings of his friend. They had approached a small hamlet, the nearest to the Turkish camp wherein the inhabitants dared to remain. The Philhellenes here took with them a guide, their soldiers being unacquainted with the situation of the advanced posts. The plain was lost sight of, and mountains, steep and wooded, promised less pleasantly to our campaigners. The streamlets, which the day before had glided along their path so gently, were now exchanged for hoarse mountain torrents, which foaming and dashing at their foot, formed the only separation between the heighth past, and the one rising for them to ascend. To this roar a new one soon added its bass—the cannons playing

incessantly from Navarene. "We are in the right road, however," exclaimed Baltimore, with a look of satisfaction, as the last sounds mingled with the stream. A sudden discharge of musquetry checked the continuance of his expressions. Nastuli and Staunton unslung their carbines, and held them in readiness, while they looked anxiously around them. "It is but the guide who has left us," said Baltimore, drily. The rascal in fact had fled, and his lank form could be traced at intervals as he darted down a steep hill, through a plantation of olives. No shot, however, reached him, and all hopes of retribution became vain. The fellow, it seems, had preferred the tending of his sheep and his hovel, wretched as it was, to being the escort of a troop of Palicari over a path dark and dangerous, just as a rainy night began to set in.

Thus rendered ignorant of their route, they halted on the summit of an adjoining hill, where the thick copses and briars seemed to promise them ambush until the morning, and taking their seats on the ground, wrapt their wet ca-

potes around them, in that sort of mournful silence generally attendant upon those who are forced to resignation, on an unlucky event, from want of ability to better it; of this only they were certain, and the knowledge of it tended little to their satisfaction, that the Turkish cavalry made their nightly rounds, and every rustling appeared to be the sound of their horses' hoofs.

Few cared to shake off their fitful slumbers as the rays of light fell on them. There is something indeed so cheering in the first dawn to those who have been brought to pass a night like this; the ideas seem to revivify with the light of it; and the danger, although in fact it may be nearer, in imagination is dispelled with the sombre shades of night. Each now dared again to regard the other, and, as the light strengthened, arose from his moist seat to take a view of where had been situated his night's abode. The rain of the past evening was succeeded by a fine sky, and the sun, glittering upon the crescent, shewed the white tents of the Musselmen at Modon. This sight, though

too near for their safety, told them, nevertheless, the danger to avoid. The black standard-bearer tried to cross himself with the rest, and even to utter a keerie eleïson ;⁽⁵⁾ but the sound died on his lips, and was succeeded by a sudden burst of joy, which nature struck out of him, spite of himself, on perceiving that he was so near the tents of his brethren. The action did not escape unnoticed, for a pistol shot was fired—not exchanged—as Hassan fell dead by the side of his pitched baïrak. The Chious of Nastuli had avenged his savage mirth, and stood with his arms akimbo, gazing with a look of keen satisfaction on the features of the Mahometan, as they writhed in the agonies of death. The rest of the Palicari did not trouble themselves even with a look either at the perpetrator or at Hassan.

Their implacable animosity towards the tribe of which the latter had been a member, had, throughout the march, made him the object of their malice, and a feeling of courtesy alone towards their leader had prevented them from anticipating long since this act of Demo, so cha-

ritable to all their feelings : a good opportunity had now occurred, and few felt sorry at Hassan's removal. Nastuli and Staunton were the only individuals of the assembly whose feelings ruffled by the event: the former was overcome by pique at seeing the law taken so arbitrarily into the hands of one of his followers. "How is this, Demo?" he demanded of the fellow who had executed in so summary a mode the sentence of condemnation given by himself. "Ef-fendi," replied Demo, with composure, "you will soon learn the service I have done you: this dog would have betrayed us all, and had he known last night the position which we occupied he would have apprised the Turkish camp of it, and had us all slaughtered." The previous ways of Hassan had not been unnoticed by Nastuli: satisfied with this excuse, therefore, he followed the philosophy of Baltimore, who, supplying on the spot, the loss of his standard bearer, motioned significantly that all had been well done: Staunton alone could not be persuaded. "That man," he said, "should not have been treated thus, even though he had

betrayed us ; though he himself had been our murderer. The fault would not have been his, but your's, Baltimore, for having misplaced your confidence. He has done but his duty in hating us, since his perverted imagination held it out to him as the only way of entering Paradise."

CHAPTER XVI.

Yet hear once more :
Hear this our last demand ; and this accepted,
We yet withdraw our war.

Siege of Damascus.

STAUNTON was interrupted in the midst of his opinion by the sound of a body of men, moving towards them, and the trampling of horses in advance. Convinced, beyond doubt, that this was a foraging party of the enemy, each obtaining a partial ambush from the copse, prepared for his defence, waiting, in breathless suspense, their approach. These fears, however, were not of long duration, but converted into an ecstasy of joy, as they discovered a numerous body of Greeks, with several Capitani on horseback, at the head of whom was a tall handsome man, who, by the thick close-cropped beard, and laughing countenance, which mark-

ed him, was easily discerned for Papa Yauni. Having heard in the village they last passed through of the distress of the Philhellenes, their ignorance of the country and scarcity of numbers, he had good-naturedly taken the road pointed out to him as theirs, and was brought ultimately to the spot where they had bivouacked, by the sound of the pistol which punished Hassan's ill-timed mirth. Giving up his horse to his Chiese, he ran towards Nastuli, and embraced him. "Where is Cashimir?" was the first demand he made, "and where the horse which used to carry you so gaily?"

"My little page," replied Nastuli, "was too young and delicate, I thought, to introduce just yet to scenes of war; I sent him, therefore, to his mother, at Athens, under the condition of claiming him on my return: my horse was lame, and I parted with him."

"Is it possible," said the Papas, gravely, "that you should have been so insensible to the merits of your young Icoglan? He has followed me in every war, shared with me in every toil, (and I have had more, I reckon, than

you have yet encountered,) without ever uttering a complaint; and has always been cheerful and of more service to me than all my Palicari around. I could have forgiven you the disposal of the misuri, but to part with Cashimir is unpardonable. However," continued the Papas, "we'll no more of this, for the tents of Ibrahim are glittering in the sun-beams, and a level lies yonder for us to pass, on which many have been left since yesterday." The plain of Crimethi, alluded to by the Papas, soon appeared, as he had predicted. Palicari were strewn thickly upon it in the sleep of death, while a very few Moslemen, forgetful of their rancour towards the sect, were reposing peacefully in the midst of them. This was the first field of slain Nastuli had ever beheld, and his eyes, unaccustomed to the sight, averted themselves instinctively. Not so Papa Yauni: passing through the bodies with a perfect indifference, he only expressed his sorrow at not having been on the spot when their souls departed, that they might have received absolution from him, and died more Christian-like.

The plain of slaughter had scarce been past, when the body of campaigners separated; the one part, in which were Baltimore and Staunton, directing their march towards Palaiocastro, a fort opposite to Navarene; the other, led on by Papa Yauni and the young Capitano, towards the town of Neocastro or Navarene, at which they succeeded in arriving. The siege was being carried on vigorously. Ibrahim had received hints of the inertness of the President, and had profited by it, in blockading with his land forces Palaiocastro and Navarene; while the Egyptian and Turkish fleets were outside the harbour, and had already made two disembarkments on the small island of Sphacteria, standing in the centre of the bay, and commanding from its little fortress both the castles. The Greeks stationed on it were few in number; their supplies were nearly exhausted, and the hope of a reinforcement destroyed, on account of the strength of the armaments of Mehmet and Topal, and the positions held by them, which defied a power so small as the Hy-

driotes materially to shake, or the skill of old Miaulis to exchange.

Mavrocordato, with Santa Rosa his aid-de-camp, was within the besieged town. 'Mid the present aspect of affairs, the cameleon hues of the former were called to their full display. The shades he now assumed were of the most sanguine hue. He felt it his interest to inspirit the Palicari by blinding their eyes to the dangers around them—a philosophy which his diplomatic spirit enabled him to support, from a full consciousness that for his individual safety he could always negotiate with Ibrahim, whom he knew, 'midst all his inveteracy, to be politic; and that once away with Conduriottis in the island of Hydra, events would redound to his own interest, however fatal they might prove to his instruments, the populace. With many he succeeded; for those Capitani whose interests were allied to his, had already inculcated his notions on their followers, and talked in the same light strain as when housed at Napoli, surrounded by coaches and

fair Caphidgees. But these feelings were not universal. Many, whose absence of the requisite claims denied them to bask in the favour of a patron's smile, and others whose pride forbade them to be hushed by it, turned from the specious Fanariote towards the generous Santa Rosa, who disdained to throw a temporary gloss over things which would so soon be divested of it by reality. Collenio, the young Italian, who acted as chief engineer of the castle, had just recovered from a wound, occasioned by the bursting of a shell: he welcomed Nastuli cordially, and procured him quarters in the wardroom.

The cannonading had not commenced on either side, and all, save a few patrols, were still buried in sleep, when the castle of Navarene was alarmed at an early hour, by the appearance of two Turkish agas, approaching, with slow pace, towards it, attended by some Arabs, beating a parley, and displaying the banner of amity. Collenio, with his Dragmaun, and an equal number of Stratioti, descended from his small apartment, and having inquired into the design of these ambassadors,

admitted them, with the accustomed ceremonies, within the fortress. The bandage was then removed from their eyes, and they sat themselves down. Ismael Aga, the most distinguished of the heralds, cast his eyes around him, to see who were his listeners, and then explained his mission. "Ibrahim," he said, "the most warlike of Pashas, " sends by me, greeting, to his insurgent slaves. He invites them to return and pay homage as before, without more of their blood being spilt, while the crescent may yet receive them, and Mahomet grant pardon."

"The siege," replied Collenio, through his interpreter, "has as yet been attended with little bloodshed: what may flow hereafter we have hearts to look on." Ismael shrugged up his shoulders.

"If the Prophet's name has no weight with you," he continued—"if you concur in refusing the sublime interposition, which, as a descendant from Mahomet, my master might have offered you, I will lay forth only the natural means for your preservation. We know

that you are starving ; that no assistance can be procured to you, for the armies of the Sultan blockade your castle by land, and his fleet your port by sea. Return then to repentance ; kiss your master's feet, as you were wont to do, and let your wives and children be spared ; for if you refuse this summons, the very cross you fight for shall be the instrument of their impalement." The door of the small wardroom at this crisis flew open, and a trencher was laid before the heralds, with wine, fine biscuits, more water than necessary for their use, and even some choice caviar. The countenance of Ismael dropped as he looked on it. "The Ghiaours mock us," he observed to his companion, in an under tone ; "the very sand they were wont to grovel in has turned to pearls for their use." The compunction prescribed to a good Musselman prevented Ismael for a time from partaking of the banquet prepared. His scruples, however, evaporated before his inclination, and after a short preparatory demand for pardon, he set to, with all the feeling of a staunch infidel. As he paid court to the wine,

which he had been unused to in the camp of Ibrahim, his native haughtiness relaxed.—“Christian!” he said, turning to Collenio, “our tribes may yet agree. The blood which has hitherto been shed has been extracted by reason of certain factions and prejudices which must soon be quelled. The feast of Baïram approaches, and before the next moon be full, I foresee that our souls will be bound together by the ties of fraternity. The Aga stopped for a moment to acquire new breath, holding out the bowl unconsciously during the pause, that the Caphidgè, who stood near, might pour into it the forbidden beverage. No sooner was it replenished than he resumed his discourse. “I will pledge you,” he said, “and then I will depart, for my master already knits his brow at the tardiness of my return. Think, Christians, of the indulgence offered to you; kiss but the feet of the representative of the Prophet, and you shall be again in favour.”

Ismael nodded his head against the trencher, as he concluded his offer, to which the Greeks replied by a shout of derision. “Tell Ibrahim,”

said Collenio, "that we have provisions for three months, our ramparts are unimpaired, our guns are good, and the hearts of those stationed at them are still better. At the end of three months, should the worst happen, we will surrender—but not tamely; for there is a train already laid, which wants only the match to it on his entering the citadel, unless he first make a suitable armistice." The heralds, who would have wished to remain longer, had they consulted the feeling of sensuality, were led back the same way they had been brought, and retired to the camp of Ibrahim, scarcely daring to give an account to the irascible Pasha of the answer which had been delivered to his condescending advances. Baffled in all their calculations on the supplies of the Greeks, from the luxuries foreign [even to Ibrahim's tent, of which they had been partakers, they little guessed that a mere *ruse de guerre* had preserved this small store, and occasioned it to be laid out for their deception, while, in fact, the citadel was suffering under such a dearth of provisions as only to allow the scantiest rations

for its defenders, and even those limited to the space of eight days. Beyond that period they must either starve or surrender. Meantime the island of Sphacteria was threatened by new disembarkments, and the small number of Greeks stationed there to defend it, found themselves unequal to the task. Mavrocordato, 'mid this emergency, called a council of war; but little could be expected from a debate where every chief made it a point of duty to oppose himself diametrically to the advice of the other. The Prince smoked his pipe, and affected to give ear to the opinions of the factious set 'round him—all the while, however, intent only upon his own schemes, to which he had accommodated his mind some weeks before. At the crisis when disputes were hottest, and there appeared least chance of coming to a conclusion, Santa Rosa entered the apartment. His noble demeanor inspired for a moment respect into the breast even of the most savage, and their debate was suspended. "Count," exclaimed the Prince, rising from his carpet to welcome him, "you seem as though sent us by heaven, to cor-

rect, by your salutary advice, the indecision which is predominant in all our plans, when we most need them to be effective."

"Sir," replied Santa Rosa, "I am far from worthy of the loftiness which you attribute to my mission. A sense of duty has called me hither, to represent to your highness what my experience assures me to be the case. The only spot which can save Navarene, is closely invaded by the enemy, and so slightly supplied with numbers, that the Greeks will not be able longer to defend it. Send reinforcements to Sphacteria, and the army of Ibrahim may yet withdraw."

"To Sphacteria!" exclaimed the Prince, with affected surprise—willing rather to surrender the town at a moment's warning, than to expose his person there—"a man so long experienced in war as Santa Rosa must be aware that its locality cannot so materially affect Navarene as to render such proposals necessary. Were it so even, the small number of Stratioti whom the most illustrious President has spared from those attending him at Scala,

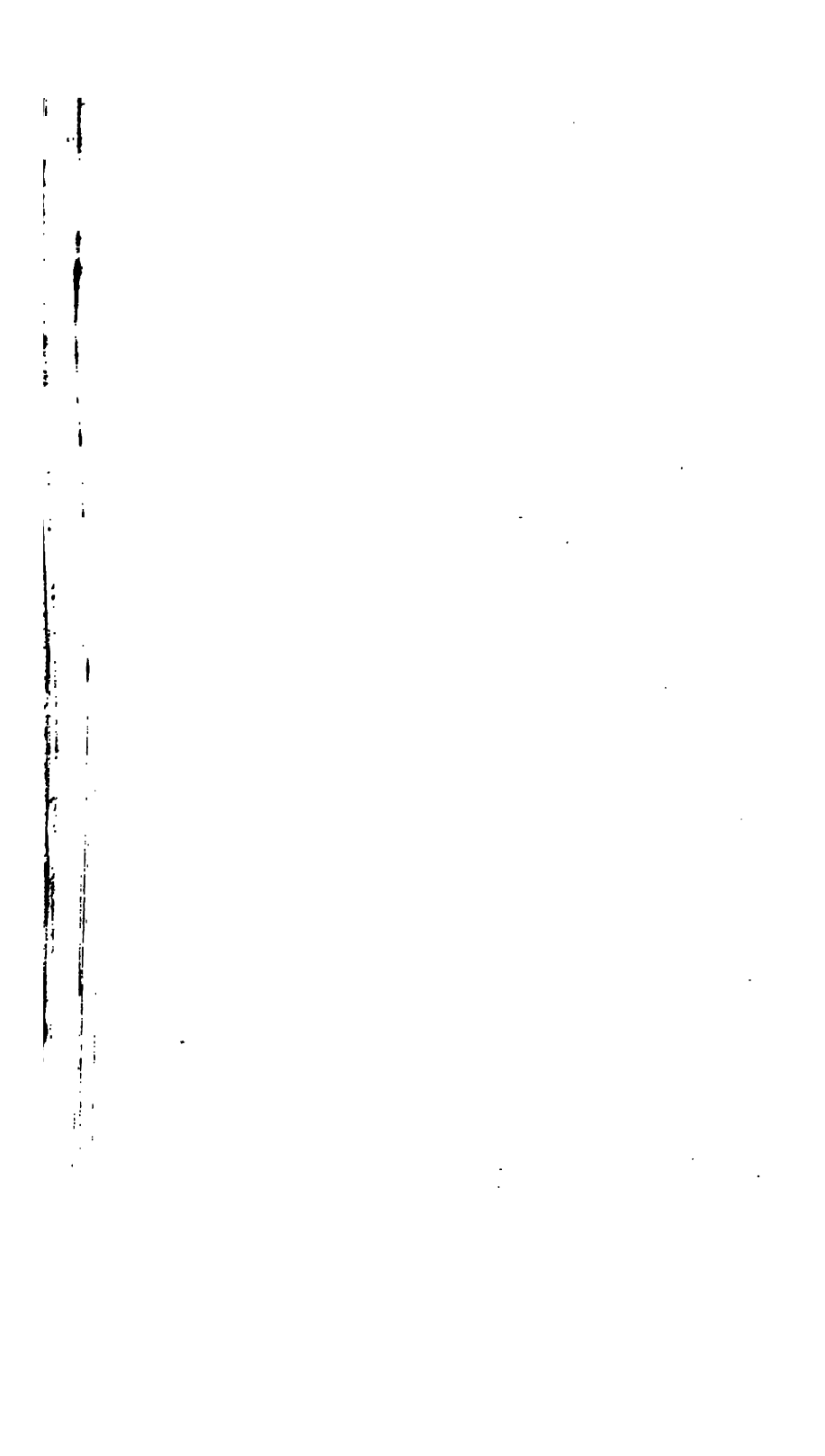
are absolutely indispensable, from their station here, for the defence of the besieged town." To these objections, which Mavrocordato studied to render specious, he was urged, by the consciousness of his own talents being sufficient to avert absolute ill from himself. He felt happy in the treaty which Ibrahim had already offered him; and although then refused, his arts, he knew, could effect its renewal when he pleased. 'The horses would, of course, previously be ready to carry the President and himself on their flight, before the terms of capitulation should be ratified, and then once housed beneath the roof of his patron, on the firm rock of Hydra, what cared he, secure in the interest of so great a man, whether the whole Morea, which he foresaw already inimical to his measures, were to incur absolute destruction? He wished not, however, to shake off Santa Rosa, of whom he knew he might yet stand in need, and therefore tempered his objectionable arguments with a certain deference to the opinion of the Count, as he observed the blood flush over his generally pale features. "For the post which

you commend," observed the former, "the Hydriote fleet, stationed there to prevent the enemy's disembarkation, I should judge to be sufficient safeguard. In short, Sir," replied Santa Rosa, without deigning to give heed to the palliative of the Prince; "you refuse to take my measures, while you ask me for my advice: I will urge it then no longer. Abide by your own judgment, and when you see the fruit of it—when the bolt which now is forging shall be riven, Santa Rosa will not be blamed. You refuse to send assistance where only it would be requisite—I will give mine alone, and endeavour to encourage a feeling of enthusiasm within the breast of those poor fellows left to be sacrificed, when they might be saved."

The Count retired hastily, not to betray his feelings, and flung himself on a small stone bench, in the ward-room of the castle. Collenio was not within there; a sense of the danger by which they were threatened had called him to the Hydriote fleet, to consult, if possible, dispassionately, on the best means for

their preservation. The business of the day had been little, the cannonading being continued on both sides at long intervals and without vigor. Nastuli, who from the ramparts had observed the hurried step and agitated manner of the Count, moved towards him, and fancying that some serious evil had arrived, shook him gently by the shoulder to awake him from his reverie, and to demand the nature of it. The Count felt disturbed to find that his weakness had been discovered. Rising hastily, he paced the small apartment: "I will no longer be the sport of them," burst from him at length, almost unconsciously; then correcting his transports, and taking the hand of Nastuli within his own, "I shall soon leave you, my dear boy," he added affectionately, "and I carry with me a presentiment that I shall not see you again."

NOTES TO VOL. I.



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CHAP. I.

- (¹) **Stratioti.**—Soldiers.
- (²) **Yataghan.**—A straight sword, worn in the pistol-belt upon the waist.
- (³) **Fanariote.**—A Greek who has held a political office under the Porte.
- (⁴) **Phermèli.**—The gold embroidered vest, which forms one of the principal ornaments to the Hellenic costume.
- (⁵) **Sarrukia.**—Shoes formed like a skait, used on the mountains for marching.
- (⁶) **Papoutzi.**—Slippers.
- (⁷) **Syneleipsis.**—Annual assembly of the nation to elect a new president.
- (⁸) **Vlacho.**—A term given to those of the soldiery who pique themselves on the length and hardship of their services, of which the filth of their garments alone form generally the honourable badge.

- (⁹) Yelee.—Waistcoat.
- (¹⁰) Chious.—The one next in rank to the captain.
- (¹¹) Epparch.—Head of a province.
- (¹²) Machmoud.—A gold coin, called after the Sultan.
- (¹³) Chimera.—The belt worn round the waist, in which the Greeks hold their money.
- (¹⁴) Pelasca.—Cartouche.
- (¹⁵) Parades, money en gros ; parà, the smallest coin in the Turkish dominions.
- (¹⁶) Will eat our heads.—*Θέ να φάγουν τα κεφάλια μᾶς*. A figurative expression, used to convey the idea of inordinate extortion.
- (¹⁷) Calabacleiki.—Baggage.
- (¹⁸) Caphidgè.—Pipe-bearer.
- (¹⁹) Chibouk.—Pipe.

CHAP. II.

- (¹) Frankistan.—Name applied to all the European nations.
- (²) Palicari.—Appellation of the mountain warriors.
- (³) The amber mouth-piece.—The principal ornament of the pipe.
- (⁴) Effendi.—Term of respect.
- (⁵) Klephtes.—Those Greeks who have never been under the dominion of the Turks, but have always waged a predatory warfare with them.
- (⁶) “Many years may you live.”—The common salutation on entering a house.
- (⁷) A Greek saying, &c.

Τὸ μεγάλο παλικάρι
 ἔχει ψύραις 'σαν κριθάρι.

The interpretation of this distich we leave to those who may themselves be conversant in the Romaic, for fear of offending some ears, should it be translated.

- (⁸) Dragomaun.—Interpreter.
- (⁹) Chitza.—A wooden bowl used for containing wine.
- (¹⁰) Carbee.—Ramrod.

CHAP. III.

- (¹) Paploma.—Quilting of silk.
- (²) Panogea.—The Virgin.
- (³) Milordo.—Any Frank supposed to have money.
- (⁴) Bairaktà.—Standard-bearer.
- (⁵) Evil year, &c. *κακό χρόνον νά χεις*.—A common anathema of the nation.
- (⁶) Tambouri.—Breast-works of stone or clay thrown up hastily by the Greeks, to resist the Turkish cavalry on a plain.
- (⁷) Calzes.—Gaiters.
- (⁸) Doupheghi.—Albanian musket.
- (⁹) Striking his stirrups, &c.—The stirrups are pointed and act as spurs.
- (¹⁰) Hadji.—One who has made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

CHAP. IV.

- (¹) Jubbee.—Cloak.
- (²) Chiese.—Groom.
- (³) With his own eyes, *μὲ τὰ μάτια μου*. An affirmation not unfrequently used to enforce belief beyond the possibility of a doubt.
- (⁴) Sacoula.—Tobacco bag.
- (⁵) Candle-snuffer nation, *ψαλιδόκηρι*.—An epithet applied to the Franks, from the similitude which their pantaloons make them bear to that machine, when it is distended for use.
- (⁶) Dervane.—A pass from Derbend, Persian.
- (⁷) Palamede.—The mountain fortress of Napoli, styled, on account of its strength, the Gibraltar of the Archipelago.
- (⁸) From her ashes.—Argos has been destroyed five times, and rebuilt as many.
- (⁹) Foustani.—Long robe, worn by the women.
- (¹⁰) Little tapers.—The relatives of the deceased are accustomed every Friday to kindle a light near the remains of the departed.
- (¹¹) Argelees.—Pipes smoked through a glass tube, containing water.

CHAP. V.

- (¹) Foustanella.—The light Albanian kilt.
- (²) The Prince.—A title still maintained by *Mavro-cordato*, on account of his family having been *Hospodars*.

- (³) Amidst the grandeur of Ali Pacha.—Colletti was first Doctor, then Minister and intimate at the court of this satrap.
- (⁴) The black Prince.—Mavrocordato is frequently honoured with this appellation, on account of the first syllable of his name denoting that colour.
- (⁵) Jeppa.—Pocket.

CHAP. VI.

- (1) His most enlightened.—Title given to the President.
- (2) Feljani.—A cup for wine or coffee.
- (2) Provisions in my drawers.—The culottes of the Greek sailors appear strange to the European eye on account of their ample folds.

CHAP. VII.

- (1) Stamboul.—Constantinople.
- (2) Raki.—Brandy.
- (2) From back to back.—As soon as the guest has finished his beverage, the page standing behind replenishes the bowl, and passes it over his shoulder to the next.
- (4) Confessor and chieftain.—These two offices are frequently united.

CHAP. VIII.

- (1) Icoglan.—Page.
- (2) Konaki.—Quarters for the soldiery.

- (²) Kiliarchi.—Literally commanders of a *tho* men, but generally glad to get *fifty*.
 (⁴) Ectalesticon.—Seat of the executive body.

CHAP. IX.

- (¹) Burnt on his haunches.—The Arabian burnt whilst colts, in streaks, denoting breed.
 (²) Misuri.—An Arab horse.
 (³) Gold coins, &c.—These are studded t about the hair, as well to poise it equally flowing state, as to denote the birth wearer.

CHAP. X.

- (¹) Armatoli.—Albanians, who, during the T government, were appointed keepers passes, and who generally contrived to lev tributions according to their own will.
 (²) Arcondissa.—Lady.
 (³) Rosin.—The wine in the Morea has rosin with it, by way of preserving it longer.
 (⁴) Calvar.—Sweetmeat.
 (⁵) Who so nobly defended Parta.—The b Philhellenes were all destroyed in an which they valiantly resisted, by the T cavalry.
 (⁶) The death-dirge.—On the decease of any a dreadful howling is commenced by the and hired mourners assembled for the oc

- (7) Kissed his hand.—It is customary thus to salute the papas on quitting him.
- (8) Astinomo.—Head of the police.

CHAP. XI.

- (1) Vracolicos.—Vampyre.
- (2) Saracostee.—Fast-day.
- (3) Ergasteri.—Shop.
- (4) Anglos.—Englishman.
- (5) The craggy isle.—Hydra.
- (6) Kerasia.—Pipe made out of the cherry-tree.
- (7) Exchanged chibouks.—A mark of friendship.
- (8) Fesh.—Small red skull-cap.
- (9) Eortee.—Feast-day.
- (10) Caphidgee.—Females of the first family in Greece officiate in the capacity of pipe-bearer to those whose birth, family, rank, or fortune, may entitle them to an extraordinary degree of respect.

CHAP. XII.

- (1) Cocona.—Equivalent to the title of Mademoiselle.

CHAP. XIII.

- (1) Kiosk.—Mosque.
- (2) Muezzim.—A cryer stationed on the roof of the kiosk to proclaim the hour of prayer.
- (3) Your Valorship.—Title ceded to those who have soldiers under their command.
- (4) Desfina.—Another name for the Virgin.

- (⁴) Comboloia.—Beads of amber, which the Greeks swing in their hands by way of amusement.
- (⁶) Evangelion.—The bible.

CHAP. XIV.

- (¹) Taiee.—A small sum of money, given instead of the rations, when the soldiers under your command are idling with you in a town.
- (²) Stavro.—The holy cross.
- (³) Grammatico.—Secretary.

CHAP. XV.

- (²) Phrondistes.—Commissary.
- (³) Moosoolmaun.—A piece of canvas oiled over, in which they enclose their guns during rainy weather.
- (⁵) Kerie eleison.—Lord have mercy upon us.

END OF VOL. I.

